CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

His Love Story and Political Life

KATHARINE O'SHEA
(Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell)

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CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

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MRS. CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

From a miniature

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

His Love Story and Political Life

BY

KATHARINE O'SHEA

(Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell)

> "No common soul was his; for good or ill
> There was a mighty power"
>
> HAWKSHAW—Sonnet IX

With Two Rembrandt Photogravures and 16 Plates

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CHARLES STEWART PARNELL

HIS LOVE STORY AND POLITICAL LIFE

CHAPTER I

ENVOY TO GLADSTONE

"*Good Cinna, take this paper, and look you, lay it in the praetor's chair, where Brutus may but find it!*"
SHAKESPEARE (JULIUS CÆSAR).

As I have recorded in the concluding chapter of the first volume, negotiations concerning the Crimes Bill were broken off, but before the end of June, 1882, I was once more acting as envoy to Gladstone. The following is a characteristic memorandum drafted by Parnell for transmission by me to the Prime Minister:—

Although the Coercion Bill as likely to pass into law is of such a character as to render it impossible for him to take any further part in the Irish Land movement, yet he trusts that the administration of the Act by the Government will be of such a moderate character as to enable him to co-operate generally with Mr. G. in Parliament and in the English constituencies in carrying to a successful end that land legislation the foundations of which were so broadly laid in the Act of last session, and in gaining those other measures of general reform for the benefit of the peoples of both England and Ireland which now constitute the programme of the Liberal Party.

Since his (Parnell's) release he has taken steps to secure that no portion of the invested surplus of the fund shall be drawn without his signature, and he will endeavour to provide that future remittances from the offices of the central organisation in America shall be added to this fund ; the remittances through the *Irish World*, however, he has no hopes of being able to control in any way.

The Bill * to go through all its stages in six days—Supply to be facilitated.

Duration to be limited to three months after assembly of a new Parliament if present Parliament is dissolved within three years—treason felony struck out on report.

Centres of disturbance are being rapidly created throughout Ireland, owing to loss by tenants of legal interest in their holdings through sale or expiry of period of redemption. The formation of the new Landlord Corporation accompanied by a harsh administration of the Coercion Act will tend to encourage landlords to resist reasonable concessions.

He has placed new clauses on the notice paper for the Arrears Bill which will go far to meet these difficulties, and will do what he can to facilitate Supply and the passage of that Bill, also to prevent obstruction to other Government business.

These notes were submitted a second time to Mr. Gladstone, with the addition of the following paragraphs :—

This danger might be met by insertion of clauses in Arrears Bill having compulsory retrospective effect as far back as June, 1880, and making provision for payment of costs.

It is most desirable that Parliament should reassemble after short holiday to make whatever permanent amendments the Government think necessary in the Land Act.

On June 29th Mr. Gladstone wrote thanking me for my letter and returning " the enclosure." Reference was made by him to the murders of Mr. Walter

---

* The Coercion Bill.

Bourke and Corporal Wallace in Galway; and though I have no doubt he did not suspect Parnell of the least shade of complicity, it was plain that he did not completely acquit the extremists of the *Irish World*. This was the enclosure he returned:—

MOUNT HOLYOKE MILLS, MASS., U.S.A.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—In the present excited and doubting state of Irish opinions and feeling at home and abroad I write to you, though knowing well that such doubt and excitement will be all allayed ere this reaches you.

To those of us here who have made a life-long study of Irish history and English misrepresentation, the present efforts to drag you into any unpatriotic attitude of dickering with English Government seem just small enough for their worth. But because I myself ("si licet parvos componere magnis") have often, while of the League in this country, been strongly tempted to throw up in disgust my official connection with such dense ignorance and chronic growlings as frequently characterised many of our followers, so I fear more from the extent of your patience to *forbear* from properly suppressing such jerky followers than from your honest resolve to *bear* the worst from our National persecutors.

This week Ford, of the *Irish World*, editorially calls for a new deal, placing Davitt as leader of the agitation, and leaving you as leader only of the Parliamentary Party to which the other should not be subordinate.

Every other Irish-American paper deprecates strongly anything like this. Every intelligent friend of Ireland here does the same. I wish to God all our people over there understood for once that the rational, organised feelings of the Irish in America are voiced, not by the *Irish World*, but by the League Executive here, which comprises the bishops, priests, and all intelligent Irish-Americans, supplemented by a goodly array of native American sympathisers.

In *you* alone centres the chief hope for success among all these. What *you* say and do is what we here have to support; were *you* now to withdraw from the leadership the injury to the cause would be incalculable. Though Davitt's and Dillon's names are sure to strike an enthusiastic chord in the hearts of the masses here, Parnell's alone combines enthusiasm, obedience, and united confidence. *You* now occupy a grand and awfully responsible position, for you have touched the heart core of a whole nation, and you've brought millions of persecuted people to the threshold of prosperity, and made the whole Irish race all the world over look to *you* as their guide and leader to future prosperity and freedom for their old cradle-land.

I only feebly—and doubtless boringly—put before you the result of the aggregate opinions gathered from our most intelligent clergy and people here. We care not for redressing the wretchedness and ignorance of the English farmers; our aims and hopes are for Ireland's progress and national independence. If the English Radicals help you, God bless them for it; but they must help you achieve Irish prosperity and self-government first ere they seek Irish support for their own cause. That is the feeling here.

Permit me here to suggest that if there were issued, in pamphlet form, a full exposure of the grand jury system, poor law guardian electoral law, public, cess and poor-rate tax, annotated by a brief, pithy explanation of their powers, privileges, and extent of controlling popular suffrage, 'twould be a strong factor in moulding American sympathy for us.

Healy's pamphlet we had republished here, and I was often, for weeks, engaged in mailing it to American readers, who were led to ask for it through the writings of Redpath and "Nasby." I wish you would get Healy to undertake to write up a pamphlet on the subjects above suggested. There is complete ignorance here—as in most rural districts at home —of the laws, customs, and powers of such institutions as grand juries, poor law guardians, Parliamentary electors, and tax gatherers.

I was chatting yesterday with our State Chief Magnate—Governor Long—who said that "if Mr. Healy were a representative type of Mr. Parnell's co-workers, then Ireland had nothing to regret in her present staff of statesmen."

I am in constant receipt of letters from Nationalists and Clan na Gaels, headed by John Devoy, all of whom promise unswerving aid and allegiance to whatever you will enjoin. This, too, in face of the energetic and persistent opposition I made at Chicago to any amalgamation of L. L. and their forces, as Healy and O'Connor can tell you.

I would beg pardon here for wearying you by so long a letter, but I write it, only for what I believe Ireland's good, to Ireland's best friend.

I won't ask you to answer it unless you "feel like" doing so yourself. Who and what I am matters not if what I say be to the point of practical work for our Common Cause.

When I was in office I forbore saying a great many things which I felt convinced should be said; I think Mr. Egan thoroughly honest and patriotic, but not fully alive to the damage done Irish unity here by the action of Ford. The moneys sent through the *Irish World* would be sent by the honest contributors had Ford gone to limbo. Egan, Davitt, Brennan, and young Quinn gave too much countenance to that editorial demagogue.

Don't fear the Nationalists here, *quorum pars nulla sum;* but the Nationalists at home, especially in the west, are *toto Corde* against Davitt and Brennan, though perfectly pleased with you. I know their "county centres" there, and often read their letters, while I am looked upon here as the most Conservative of Land Leaguers and the special "favourite" of the clergy; yet all the Clan na Gaels place full confidence in me.

But I am too wearisome. God bless you and keep you firm in your good work of self-sacrificingly working for the amelioration of our ill-treated Fatherland, is the wish of

YOURS SINCERELY, ———.

This letter was from a notorious Invincible. Gladstone had expressed a wish to see one of his letters.

The progress of the Crimes Bill was more hotly contested than ever in the committee stage, which extended over twenty-four sittings of the House. Clauses were fought word by word, sentence by sentence. On the clause instituting a levy on the ratepayers of a district as compensation in cases of murder or maiming the committee sat continuously for thirty hours. Finally sixteen of the Irish members, among them Parnell, Dillon, McCarthy, Redmond, Sexton and Biggar, and then nine others were named for obstruction and suspended. Thereafter the discussion was guillotined, and the remaining clauses were rushed through almost without debate. The exiled Irish members met and passed a formal protest against the action of the House and expressed their determination to take no further interest in the progress of the Bill, which would therefore have no moral force in Ireland. In their absence a Government amendment limiting the power of police search to the daytime was defeated in spite of the vehement support of Mr. Gladstone. The Bill was read a third time on July 8th, and was passed by the Lords four days later, receiving the Royal Assent on the following day. In less than a week 17 counties were proclaimed; and by the beginning of August 170 suspects were in custody.

An important division took place on July 6th, from which a large number of Irish members were absent. Mr. Dillon distinguished himself on this occasion by speaking against Parnell's orders. The following day Gladstone wrote complaining of both of these circumstances, and Parnell gave me the following note as the basis of a reply to the letter:—

> "Write Mr. G. that fifteen of the members had returned home to attend to their business, which had been neglected for the last two months. Mr. P., however, believes that he can keep as many men in London for the remaining stages of the Arrears Bill as for the Coercion Bill, and has sent telegrams to those absent urging their return. Dillon is curiously wilful at times, but his speech, though ill-judged, was ineffective."

Further negotiations were then in progress, and the following "notes" for my guidance therein will show their trend:—

> Mr. P. fears events of Friday and Saturday will have injurious effect in Ireland and amongst Irish in English constituencies, also upon the temper of the Irish Party, many of whom are urging that the Arrears Bill and supply should be obstructed.
>
> Centres of disturbance are being rapidly created all over Ireland owing to loss by tenants of legal interest in their holdings through sale or expiry of period of redemption.
>
> This danger might be met by insertion of clauses in Arrears Bill having compulsory retrospective effect as far back as June, 1880, and making provision for payment of costs.
>
> The formation of Landlords Corporation will tend to encourage landlords to resist reasonable concessions, and it is most desirable that Parliament should reassemble after short holiday to make whatever permanent amendments the Government think necessary in the Land Act.
>
> The Coercion Bill having been disposed of, he will do all he can to prevent obstruction to other Government business and to facilitate supply and the passage of Arrears Bill, and trusts that he may be assisted by a moderate administration

of the Coercion Act in Ireland, and that his amendment with regard to the prison treatment of political prisoners may be favourably met by the Government.

He thinks he will be able to induce his friends to vote for the simple closure, but considerable management will be requisite, and he does not wish it to be known at present that he favours anything more than an opposition to the two-thirds plan.

He still hopes that the administration of Coercion Act will be of such a character as to enable him to influence favourably Irish opinion in the English and Scottish constituencies.

He has placed a sub-section on the Notice Paper of the Arrears Bill, making it obligatory on Court to stay proceedings in ejectment and recovery of rent where tenant pays or tenders a year's rent.

He considers this absolutely necessary to prevent many landlords defeating the Bill, and so foiling its compulsory character.

If no other of his amendments are accepted, this certainly ought to be.

Arrears Bill through Committee before report of crime.

Clause in Arrears Bill dating judicial rent from gale-day next after date of application to fix rent.

Oppose any amendment to closure resolution which would involve a proportionate majority, such as two-thirds.

Land question to be dealt with at Autumn Session. Outrages month previous to Treaty of Kilmainham—nearly 600. Ditto last month—only 165.

This enormous reduction has not at all been effected by provisions of Crimes Act, as, with exception of appointment of Special Commission in Dublin, the Act has been but little used, and so far as it has been used its effect has been to increase popular excitement, to increase the distrust of the people in the administration of the law, and to bring odium upon the Government in Ireland.

The partial conduct of the trials by Judge Lawson, the action of the Crown lawyers in directing almost every Catholic to stand aside from the juries for the trial of the capital cases will render it exceedingly difficult for the Irish Members to give any support to the Government when the Session recommences.

As the winter approaches evictions of tenants who have been sold out increase. It is to be feared that the party favourable to outrages, and who receive their instructions from America, may resume their operations on a large scale, and that it may not be possible to restrain them.

Some recognition ought to be extended to those who have done so much to restore peace in Ireland during the last few months, and who are willing to do more if the Irish Government gives a chance by the suspension of proceedings which are alike irritating to the popular mind and destructive of that understanding between the Irish Members and the Liberal Party so necessary for the stability of the latter and for the carrying of measures of reform.

Have every confidence that if the Irish Government be checked as regards its objectionable proceeding, the condition of the country will continue to improve and remain satisfactory.

He (Parnell) is anxious to be in a position as soon as possible to inform Mr. E.* that if he resigns the Treasurership and returns to Ireland, *no* proceedings against him under the new Act are contemplated by the Government.

There is a sum of £16,000 in America which will shortly arrive, and which he is anxious to hand over to Mr. E.'s successor, who, in the event of Mr. E.'s resignation, will be his (Mr. P.'s) own nominee.

A standing order of the House directing that Bills relating exclusively to Ireland, after second reading, shall be referred to a Grand Committee consisting of the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, the Irish Law Officers of the Crown, and those members of the House representing Irish constituencies, and that unless the House should otherwise direct with regard to any particular Bill the Committee stage of such Bills in the whole House shall be dispensed with.

---

* Egan.

A Bill to amend the Land Act to be introduced next Session by the Irish members and read a second time on a Wednesday by help of the Closure, and to confirm the following points :—

1st. That the judicial rent shall date from gale-day preceding the application to fix fair rent.

2nd. That pending decision of application to fix fair rent the Land Commission Court shall have power to stay proceedings in ejectment and for recovery of rent on such terms and conditions as it shall think fit.

3rd. The definition of the term "improvement" as in Mr. Redmond's Land Bill of last Session, and the other amendments of "Healy's clause" of the Land Act as provided by Mr. R.'s Bill, except that instead of the presumption being in favour of the improvements having been executed by the tenant or his predecessor without limitation of time, that presumption shall only extend back for a period of thirty-five years from the passing of the Act of 1881.

4th. Power to the Land Commission to break leases on the application of either party, where, having regard to all the circumstances of the case and if it be shown by the party applying that he was not in a position at the time of contract to pay freely, the Court considers it just and reasonable to do so.

5th. An extension of the purchase clauses so as to enable the whole of the purchase money to be advanced and the period of repayment to be extended.

On July 21st the Arrears Bill passed the Commons by 169 to 98. Lord Eversley (Mr. Shaw Lefevre) rightly observes that instead of appealing to justice Mr. Gladstone based his support of the Bill on expediency. For years tenants had been burdened with excessive rents on land which their efforts had raised from prairie value. The wiping out of the accumulated arrears of these unjust rents could hardly be termed a mere act of expediency.

On July 31st the Lords returned the Bill to the Commons cut to pieces. Certain minor concessions were made, and the Bill was sent back otherwise in its original form. When next it appeared in the Lords the Irish landlord peers revolted. The Bill promised them part payment of what they had looked upon as a bad debt; and so—not for the sake of justice, but for the sake of that bait of two years' rent—they supported the Bill, which was passed by the Lords on August 10th. On or about August 18th, when it became law, fifty suspects were released.

I had addressed an appeal to Mr. Gladstone against the death sentence passed upon a young Irishman on very doubtful evidence. On September 14th he wrote saying that he would certainly bring the appeal under the notice of Lord Spencer.

I was in correspondence with Mr. Gladstone throughout November of this year, but found it difficult to pin him to a definite statement. Parnell was particularly anxious to fix a period to the operation of the Crimes Act. But the time of the House was taken up largely in devising a scheme to prevent obstruction. This scheme was "the Closure." In a letter dated November 25th Lord Richard Grosvenor, writing on Mr. Gladstone's behalf, stated that there had never been any stipulation with respect to Irish legislation.

At the opening of Parliament in the beginning of 1883 the Speech from the Throne referred in glowing terms to the decrease of crime in Ireland. But nevertheless, apparently, there was still need for coercion. I refer in another chapter to Forster's bitter attack on Parnell on this occasion.

Ireland did not figure largely in the Parliamentary legislation of 1883, though a number of minor Irish Bills, on tramways, fisheries and so forth, which received the support of Parnell, were carried. The Irish Party brought in a Bill to amend the Land Act of 1881, and on March 14th Parnell moved the second reading. The Bill proposed, among other things, (1) to date the judicial rent from the gale-day succeeding the application to the Land Court; (2) to bring leaseholders and others within the scope of the Act; (3) to amend the purchase clauses with a provision for the advance of the whole of the purchase money and for the extension of the term for repayment; and (4) the use and enjoyment by the tenant of his improvements not to be held as compensation. Mr. Gladstone offered uncompromising opposition to the Bill, which, he contended, was virtually a reconstruction of the Land Act, and it was rejected by 250 to 53.

Nearly all these concessions have since been made, and most of them by the Tory Party.

This Liberal opposition to legitimate Irish demands helped, like Forster's attack on Parnell, to strengthen the latter's position in Ireland.

Although Gladstone and Parnell were fighting in Parliament, I was still acting as the intermediary in friendly negotiations between them.

Parnell's position in Ireland was impregnable, but the extremists in America were exasperated by his constitutional agitation. Early in 1883 Patrick Ford started a dynamite crusade against England in the *Irish World,* and attempts were actually made to blow up public buildings in London, while a nitro-glycerine factory was discovered in Birmingham. Immediately an Explosives Bill of the most drastic character was introduced by Sir William Harcourt and rushed through the Commons in a single sitting. The Irish Party offered no opposition.

It is significant of the tactics of Mr. Gladstone that he was secretly striving to influence the Vatican against Home Rule. A Mr. Errington, an Irish Catholic, but a Whig member of Parliament, had been sent to Rome with a letter of recommendation from Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone had also written about him through Cardinal Manning, who was opposed to the mission. His business was at first to work for a Papal reprimand of priests who engaged in Land League agitation. He succeeded finally in engineering a rescript, dated May 11th, 1883, calling upon bishops to restrain priests from taking part in the Parnell testimonial.

The following telegram will serve to show somewhat of the conditions under which the Liberal and Irish Parties were working in the late summer of 1883 :—

August 6th, 1883.

From Mrs. O'Shea, Eltham,

To Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P., House of Commons.

Most important Tramways Bill should be postponed. Please telegraph to me if it is possible to postpone it. If it does not come on at reasonable hour, if impossible to postpone it, can you see me for few minutes if I go up ?

Mr. Parnell wished the Bill postponed in order to have time to get the full voting strength of his Party together, if the full voting strength was required.

In a letter to me under date of August 25th, Lord R. Grosvenor assumed that I should be satisfied with the arrangements made for the Registration Bill. He seemed very much shocked by recent speeches of Irish members in the House, and he alluded to the restraining influence of Parnell's presence; Parnell had been ill the previous Saturday and unable to attend the House. Lord Richard said some very kind things about Parnell's good intentions.

Here are some further "notes" for consideration by Mr. Gladstone for my use in the negotiations:—

The Irish Local Government Board should sanction the giving of outdoor relief in the Unions scheduled under the provisions of the Emigration Sections of the Arrears Act, and more especially should this be done in the case of evicted families, hundreds of whom, owing to inability to pay costs, have been unable to obtain the benefit of Arrears Act, and are living in extreme poverty.

* * * * * * * *

He (Parnell) has been considering what useful measures for Ireland the Government might pass this session without the expenditure of much time or incurring any risk, and he has selected the following as complying with these conditions:—

(1) The Registration Bill of the Chief Secretary with the amendments of Mr. Dawson.

(2) The Labourers Bill.

(3) The Poor Law Guardians Election Bill, as read a second time and including the abolition of the proxy vote.

He also thinks that the Government should agree to define the expression "undue influence" in the Corrupt Practices Bill in a manner satisfactory to the Irish members.

If he were assured of the passage of these measures, and if the Registration Bill were passed or material progress made with it in the intervals of the stages of the Corrupt Practices Bill, he feels sure that he could influence his friends from time to time during the rest of the session so as to secure considerable facilities for Government business, except the Criminal Code Bill, which he must continue to oppose owing to certain objectionable provisions contained in it.

A suitable definition of " undue influence " is of great importance, as it would enable him to afford his friends a fairly sufficient reason for withdrawing from further opposition to the Corrupt Practices Bill, since it is not desirable that he should take them into his confidence as regards the prospect or promise of the legislation for Ireland indicated above.

* * * * * * * *

Leaseholders.

The lessee of any holding who at the expiration of any lease existing at the passing of the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881, would be deemed to be a tenant of a present ordinary tenancy from year to year, at the rent and subject to the conditions of the lease, shall from and after the passing of this Act and notwithstanding that such lease has not expired be deemed to be a tenant of a present tenancy at the rent mentioned in said lease, and his holding shall be subject to all the provisions of the said Act of 1881 with regard to present tenancies. Provided that such lessee shall not be deemed to be a present tenant.

(*a*) Where substantial consideration has been given by such lessee for the said lease and such lessee objects to being deemed a present tenant.

(*b*) Where such lessee is not the immediate occupying tenant of such holding.

(*c*) Where the holding is of such a character as to come under any of the exceptions contained in the fifty-eighth section of the Land Law (Ireland) Act, 1881.

(From Arrears Act, s. 13).—Suspension of Proceedings.—

Where any proceedings for the recovery of the rent of a holding to which this Act applies, or for the recovery of such holding for non-payment of rent have been taken before or after an application under this Act in respect of such holding, and are pending before such application is disposed of, the Court before which such proceedings are pending shall, on such terms and conditions as the Court may direct, postpone or suspend such proceedings until the application under this Act has been disposed of.

* * * * * * * *

Revision of Rents.

(1) The landlord or tenant of any holding, subject to statutory conditions, or such landlord and the tenant jointly, at the expiration of three years from the commencement of the statutory term, may apply to the Court to revise the judicial rent of such holding.

(2) In making such provision, the Court shall have regard to the prices of the principal articles of produce of such holding as compared with the prices when the judicial rent was fixed.

Date of Judgment.

In any application to the Court made within three months after the passing of this Act for the fixing or revision of a judicial rent the judgment of the Court shall date and have effect as from the date of the gale-day coming next before the date of the passing of this Act.

Shall apply to any rent due on ordinary payable on the last gale-day of the present year.

Willie was very anxious that Mr. O'Hart (O'Hart's Irish Pedigrees) should be granted a pension from the Civil List. Mr. Gladstone had already declined to include him in the List of Beneficiaries. Now at Willie's urgent request I most reluctantly asked Mr. Gladstone to reconsider his decision as to Mr. O'Hart, and on

September 19th, 1884, received a snub for my pains. I had told Gladstone that Lord Spencer was credited with having expressed the opinion that Parnell had some connection with the Phœnix Park murders. Gladstone now said he was sure that Spencer did not really believe this.

In October, 1884, Mr. Trevelyan ceased to be Irish Secretary and entered the Cabinet as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. The vacant post was offered to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, but on hearing that Lord Spencer intended to seek for the renewal of the Coercion Act when it expired in September, 1885, he refused the offer. Mr. (afterwards Sir Henry) Campbell-Bannerman became Chief Secretary on October 24th.

CHAPTER II

THE DAWN OF HOME RULE

"*No one has the right to limit the aspirations of a people.*"
CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

DURING 1884 Parnell had kept quiet, and my negotiations on his behalf with Gladstone were intermittent.

In the early part of the year, however, a document of tremendous import was submitted—none other than "A Proposed Constitution for Ireland," drawn up by Parnell, which was as follows:—

An elected Chamber with power to make enactments regarding all the domestic concerns of Ireland, but without power to interfere in any Imperial matter.

The Chamber to consist of three hundred members.

Two hundred and six of the number to be elected under the present suffrage, by the present Irish constituencies, with special arrangements for securing to the Protestant minority a representation proportionate to their numbers; the remaining 94 members to be named in the Act constituting the Chamber.

The principle of nomination regarding this proportion of members to last necessarily only during the duration of the first Chamber.

The number of elected members, suffrage, and boundaries of constituencies for election of succeeding Chamber to be capable of alteration by the preceding Chamber, excepting those special arrangements for securing to the Protestant minority a proportionate representation, which arrangements shall be fixed and immutable.

The first Chamber to last for three years, unless sooner dissolved by the Crown.

The Chamber shall have power to enact laws and make regulations regarding all the domestic and internal affairs of Ireland, including her sea fisheries.

The Chamber shall also have power to raise a revenue for any purpose over which it has jurisdiction, by direct taxation upon property, by Customs duties, and by licences.

The Chamber shall have power to create departments for the transaction of all business connected with the affairs over which it has jurisdiction, and to appoint and dismiss chief and subordinate officials for such departments, to fix the term of their office, and to fix and pay their salaries; and to maintain a police force for the preservation of order and the enforcement of the law.

This power will include the constitution of Courts of Justice and the appointment or payment of all judges, magistrates, and other officials of such Courts, provided that the appointment of judges and magistrates shall in each case be subject to the assent of the Crown.

No enactment of the Chamber shall have the force of law until it shall have received the assent of the Crown.

A sum of one million pounds sterling per annum shall be paid by the Chamber to the Imperial Treasury in lieu of the right of the Crown to levy taxes in Ireland for Imperial purposes, which right would be held in suspense so long as punctual payment was made of the above annual sum.

The right of the Imperial Parliament to legislate regarding the domestic concerns and internal affairs of Ireland will also be held in suspense, only to be exercised for weighty and urgent cause.

The abolition of the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and all other offices in Ireland under the Crown connected with the domestic affairs of that country.

The representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament might be retained or might be given up. If it be retained the Speaker might have the power of deciding what questions the Irish members might take part in as Imperial questions, if this limitation were thought desirable.

Such Naval and Military force as the Crown thought requisite from time to time would be maintained in Ireland out of the contribution of one million pounds per annum to the Imperial Treasury; any excess in the cost of these forces over such sum being provided for out of the Imperial Revenue (i.e. by Great Britain).

The Militia would also be levied, controlled, and paid by the Crown, and all forts, military barracks, posts, and strong places of the country would be held and garrisoned by the Crown forces.

No volunteer force to be raised in Ireland without the consent of the Crown and enactment of the Imperial Parliament, and, if raised, to be paid for and controlled by the Crown.

On May 11th, 1884, Lord Richard Grosvenor wrote a non-committal acknowledgment of the receipt of this memorandum.

The Government was then devoting its attention to the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution of Seats Bill, and it had been decided to incorporate Ireland in the scheme. This Parnell considered to be of tremendous importance. Speaking in December, 1883, at the Dublin banquet held in his honour, he alluded to the force which had then been gained for Ireland. The change was, in fact, enormous. Instead of the franchise being confined practically to the farmers, it would now include the labourers and the cottier tenants, and the number of voters in Ireland would go up from 200,000 to 600,000. How would those labourers and cottier tenants vote? Lord Randolph Churchill (who supported the Bill against his Party) and Mr. Chamberlain thought, strangely enough, that their inclusion would help the landlord interest. Parnell knew better, and when the Bill became law, in December, 1884, he leapt into action. This was the weapon for which he had been waiting. From December to March of the following year he went through Ireland organising for the imminent General Election.

In the early months of 1885 the Liberal Government was in a bad way. It had narrowly escaped defeat on the vote of censure for its failure to relieve Gordon at Khartoum. The Cabinet was divided against itself. Many of the Liberal members were inclined to rebel, and the Irish were working with the Tory Opposition. Ireland was the rock upon which the Government was to come to a wreck. The majority of the Cabinet was in favour of continued coercion. Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Shaw Lefevre were strongly opposed to it. But on the subject of local government for Ireland the difference of opinion was even more dangerous. Chamberlain submitted a scheme for an elective National Council in Dublin, with control over administrative Boards and Departments, but not over the police and the administration of the law. It had been ascertained indirectly that Parnell would accept this scheme, and would not oppose a moderate Coercion Act. Gladstone was prepared to go a step farther and give the National Council control over the police. A vote was taken in the Cabinet. All the Peers, with the exception of Lord Granville,* were against, and the Commoners, with the exception of Lord Hartington, were in favour of the scheme. Therefore " for the present " the scheme was abandoned. This was in May. The battle over coercion remained to be fought. In less than four weeks the Government was out of office.

Gladstone had not been able to make up his mind to abandon coercion altogether, though he had endeavoured to sweeten the draught with the promise of a Land Purchase Bill, and Parnell had been able to arrange privately with the Conservative Opposition that if they came into power coercion would be dropped.

On June 8th the Government was beaten on the second reading of the Budget. The ostensible question, which concerned nobody, was that of a tax on wine and beer. The whole of the thirty-nine Irish members voted for the Opposition, and the Government was beaten by twelve. Thereupon Gladstone resigned and Lord Salisbury formed his first Ministry. Parnell held the key of the position. He had put the Tories into power; at his will he could put them out again.

Lord Carnarvon became Lord Lieutenant, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach Chief Secretary, and the intention was expressed to govern Ireland by constitutional methods. Coercion for the time being was abandoned, Lord Carnarvon had thought much on Irish questions, and his rule was in marked contrast to that of his immediate predecessors.

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* Lord Morley has stated that Granville voted for the scheme, and Lord Eversley that *all* Peers voted against it.

On July 14th Lord Richard Grosvenor suddenly remembered Parnell's draft Constitution for Ireland which I had submitted to Gladstone. Did it still hold good? To this letter I replied, and on July 23rd Lord Richard wrote again asking for a plain answer. But this at the moment it was impossible to give, for the attitude the Tories would take up with regard to Home Rule was not yet certain. Lord Carnarvon, the Lord Lieutenant, was believed to be very favourably disposed to the Irish demands, and Lord Randolph Churchill seemed willing to go far. On July 28th Lord Richard wrote again, imploring us to show our hand. Evidently the Irish vote was worth securing.

It is interesting to note that on July 17th Mr. Chamberlain, speaking at Holloway, urged that the pacification of Ireland depended on the concession to her of the right to govern herself in the matter of purely local business.

At the end of July Parnell met Lord Carnarvon in London. The Lord Lieutenant had already been in communication with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Mr. Justin McCarthy upon the subject of Home Rule, and there can be little doubt he was in earnest in his agreement with the principle. How far he was used by his Party as a catspaw to play for the Irish vote is another question. At least Lord Salisbury knew of the proceedings of his colleague, and was perhaps not averse to using Lord Carnarvon's convictions to win Parnell's support at the forthcoming elections without giving a definite Party pledge. The conversation between Lord Carnarvon and Parnell led the latter to believe that the Tories were prepared to support a measure of local government for Ireland. But how far were the Liberals prepared to go?

On August 4th Mr. Gladstone wrote to me further with reference to the proposed constitution for Ireland. Did this represent Parnell's views now? He was urgent in asking for an answer. In one of my notes I had spoken of the suggestion that a proposition of his son, Mr. Herbert (now Lord) Gladstone, should be substituted for it. Mr. Gladstone now assured me on the best authority that no such proposition had been made. I gathered, however, that his son had made some suggestions.

To this a long and comprehensive reply was sent—apparently too long and comprehensive. No doubt he wanted a definite and limited scheme to be set before him. I had referred in my letter to certain changes which had occurred since the draft was sent. I knew that Gladstone knew what those changes were, for the frantic appeals for a definite statement were precisely the counter-bidding against the heightened biddings of Lord Randolph Churchill and the Conservative Party in which Gladstone declared he would not engage. He was obviously disinclined to make an offer until Parnell had pinned himself down to a final demand. If only he could know what the Home Rule Party wanted!

The following day Mr. Gladstone set out on a yachting expedition (to Norway), and a few days later, on August 11th, Parliament was prorogued.

Parnell opened his campaign in Dublin on August 11th, when he announced that he and his Party would stand for an Irish Parliament and nothing else. There was no talk now of a National Council. Lord Hartington replied declaring Parnell's proposals to be fatal and mischievous, and on September 9th Lord Richard wrote, on behalf of Mr. Gladstone, who was back in England, pleading for details.

On October 7th Lord Salisbury, speaking at Newport (Mon.), made a diplomatic statement about Ireland which suggested much and promised nothing.

Later in the month I sent Mr. Gladstone a paper containing the views of Mr. Parnell, and on November 3rd Lord Richard Grosvenor replied, referring me to the Government of the day, but thanking me for the information. There was some mention in the letter of Willie's prospects for Mid-Armagh. Apparently that affair was off, since Willie had himself written to such an effect. Willie was given a gentle rap on the fingers for having in Ireland talked over the plans for his election with another person.

On November 9th, at Edinburgh, Mr. Gladstone made a speech which rivalled Lord Salisbury's in elusiveness. The constitutional demands of Ireland must not be disregarded, but it would be a vital danger if at such a time there was not a Party politically independent of the Irish vote.

Parnell desired precisely the contrary, and on November 21st, the eve of the General Election, a manifesto was issued calling upon Irish voters in Great Britain to vote against the Liberal Party.

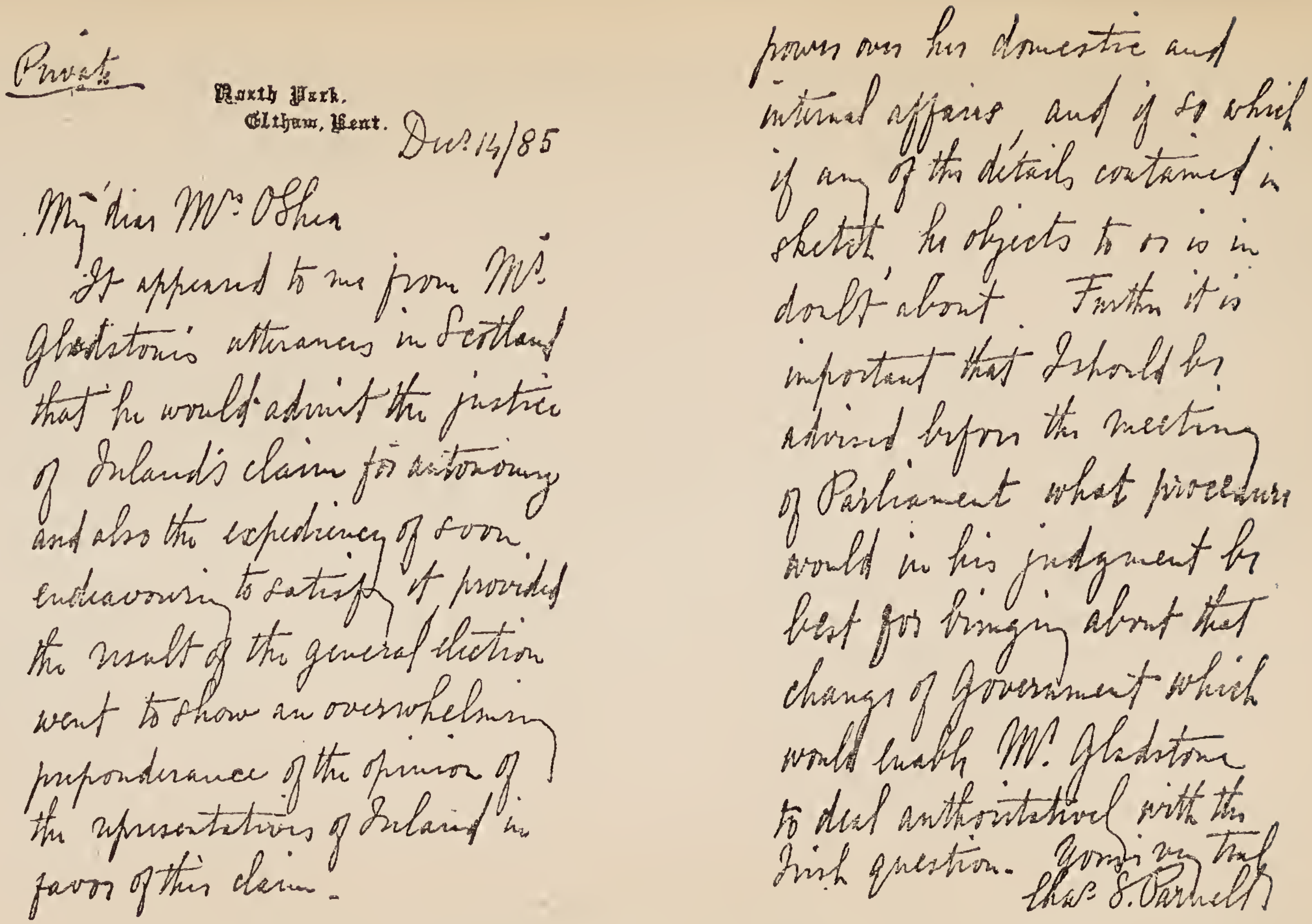
Before Parnell's interview with Lord Carnarvon I had sent Gladstone Parnell's suggestions for a new Home Rule Bill. Mr. Gladstone wrote expressing satisfaction at the news of the intended interview, but he would not be drawn. Nevertheless Parnell made another attempt, and on December 14th, 1885, addressed the following letter from my house at Eltham :—

North Park, Eltham, Kent,
December 14th, 1885.

My dear Mrs. O'Shea,—It appeared to me from Mr. Gladstone's utterances in Scotland that he would admit the justice of Ireland's claim for autonomy, and also the expediency of soon endeavouring to satisfy it provided the result of the General Election went to show an overwhelming preponderance of the opinion of the representatives of Ireland in favour of this claim. A very proper reservation was also made regarding the maintenance of the supremacy of the Crown in Ireland and all the authority of Parliament necessary for this supremacy.

We now know that more than five-sixths of the Irish members elected by household suffrage have been returned, mostly by very large majorities, as supporters of the institution of an Irish Parliament, that a clear majority, seventeen out of thirty-three, from the Ulster constituencies have been so returned, and that only one county and one city in Ireland, Antrim and Belfast respectively, are without Nationalist representation.

Under these circumstances does it not seem that the question has now resolved itself firstly into a consideration of the details of the proposed settlement, and secondly, as to the procedure to be adopted in obtaining the assent of Parliament, and if needful of the British electorate to this settlement ? As regards the first matter, the rough sketch, which I sent you some weeks back, appeared then, and still appears to me, the smallest proposal which would be likely to find favour in Ireland if brought forward by an English Minister, but it is not one which I could undertake to suggest publicly myself, though if it were enacted I would work in Ireland to have it accepted bona fide as a final settlement, and I believe it would prove to be one.



Private

North Park.
Eltham, Kent. Dec. 14/85

My dear Mrs. O'Shea

It appeared to me from Mr. Gladstone's utterances in Scotland that he would admit the justice of Ireland's claim for autonomy and also the expediency of soon endeavouring to satisfy it provided the result of the general election went to show an overwhelming preponderance of the opinion of the representatives of Ireland in favor of this claim.

powers over his domestic and internal affairs, and if so which if any of the details contained in sketch he objects to or is in doubt about. Further it is important that I should be advised before the meeting of Parliament what procedure would in his judgment be best for bringing about that change of Government which would enable Mr. Gladstone to deal authoritatively with the Irish question. Yours very truly

Chas. S. Parnell

REDUCED FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST AND LAST PAGES OF MR. PARNELL'S LETTER PRINTED ON PAGES 26 TO 29.

This proposal was carefully designed with a view to propitiate English prejudice, and to afford those guarantees against hasty legislation, interference in extraneous matters, and unfair action against particular classes, apprehended by many persons as a result of the establishment of an Irish Parliament. It did not involve a repeal of the Act of Union, an irrevocable step, and the Imperial Parliament having conferred the privilege by statute would thus always be in a position to recall it by a similar method, if the privilege was abused.

It provided for a special proportionate representation for the large Protestant minority of Ireland. It also left to the Imperial Parliament the practical decision from time to time as to the matters which did or did not come within the province of the local legislature. These are all important concessions and guarantees, and some opinion must surely have been formed by now upon these and other details.

As regards the question of procedure, I am desirous of knowing after a time whether the solution of the Irish question would be made the first and only business by a Liberal Government till the question was settled. The reform of procedure would probably be found not so necessary or pressing if the Imperial Parliament could get rid of its Irish work. It appeared to me that the best way to turn out the present Government would be by a general vote of censure without special reference to Ireland, or by a vote directed against some act of policy other than Irish, for which occasion may shortly arise. We might then either abstain or vote for the censure as might be deemed best. I have not seen Lord C.,* and shall probably not arrange to do so for a week or two, as I wish to know how the other side is disposed first. I have always felt Mr. Gladstone is the only living statesman who has both the power and the will to carry a settlement it would be possible for me to accept and work with.

I doubt Lord C.'s power to do so, though I know him to be very well disposed. However, if neither party can offer a solution of the question I should prefer the Conservatives to remain in office, as under them we could at least work out gradually a solution of the Land question. You will see from this letter that I am very much in the dark, except as to my own mind and that of Ireland, that I want information as to whether Mr. Gladstone has, as I suppose, accepted the principle of a Chamber for Ireland with power over her domestic and internal affairs, and, if so, which, if any, of the details contained in sketch he objects to or is in doubt about. Further, it is important that I should be advised before the meeting of Parliament what procedure would in his judgment be best for bringing about that change of Government which would enable Mr. Gladstone to deal authoritatively with the Irish question.—Yours very truly, CHAS. S. PARNELL.

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* Lord Carnarvon.

I sent this letter to Gladstone, and on December 16th, three days before the completion of the General Election, he dispatched from Hawarden a long reply; but he said nothing more than he had already said in public at Midlothian and elsewhere and in private letters to me. Throughout this period the one fact apparent was that he would pledge the Liberal Party to nothing until he was in office and supported by the Irish Party. While there was a Tory Government in alliance with Parnell he would do nothing. Whether or no he was sincere in his advice to us to take Home Rule rather from the Tories than the Liberals if possible—because many Liberals would support a Tory Home Rule Bill, while all Tories would oppose a Liberal measure—this I cannot say. He offered it constantly, though he urged that a trafficking with both Parties for the purpose of getting the best terms possible, when, as in the end it must be, avowed, would injure a Tory measure and kill a Liberal one.

The result of the election was that the Tories in alliance with the Parnellites outnumbered the Liberals by four. The Liberals in alliance with Parnell would have outnumbered the Tories by 167. Parnell had swept the board in Ireland, and in the House of Commons he was dictator.

Immediately after the General Election the Salisbury Cabinet met to consider its Irish policy, and Lord Carnarvon at once tendered his resignation. The conclusion to be drawn is obvious. Compact or no compact, Lord Carnarvon had reason to believe that the Cabinet were prepared to pursue a certain line of policy which it now appeared they had no intention of pursuing. The reason for the *volte face*, too, is plain. Tories plus Parnellites formed too narrow a majority of the House for Governmental purposes. The Irish were no longer of any use, and they were abandoned.

Correspondence with Mr. Gladstone continued, and his letters were still cautious. He seemed to fear the soreness of certain Liberals over the Parnellite opposition at the polls, but he professed to be very willing to co-operate with the Tory Government in the matter of Home Rule, and he stated that he had acquainted the Government with his disposition. Letters of December 19th, 22nd, and 24th are all more or less to this effect. He harped on the word "bribe."

As a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone had approached the Cabinet through Mr. Balfour, both personally and by letter, urging that it would be a calamity if this great question were to fall into the lines of Party conflict. The Cabinet seem to have treated Mr. Gladstone's letter with scant respect. In spite of Lord Carnarvon's tendered resignation, Lord Salisbury was resolved to make no concession to Home Rule. Lord Carnarvon agreed not to resign until the opening of Parliament.

A statement in the Press inspired by Mr. Herbert Gladstone to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was prepared to concede an Irish Parliament in Dublin was declared by the latter to be "inaccurate and not authentic." But on December 26th he issued a memorandum to certain of his more reliable followers to the effect that he would support the Tories in a Home Rule policy which should satisfy him and the Irish Nationalists, and that if he were called upon to form a Government the preparation of a scheme of duly guarded Home Rule would be an indispensable condition.

On December 29th I wrote to Gladstone, forwarding a memorandum from Parnell. On the last day of the year he sent me a memorandum marked "Secret," in which he summarised the position between Parnell and himself. It amounted to this: Parnell wanted a definite pledge that there should be no more coercion before throwing the Tories out of power and putting the Liberals in. Gladstone, while realising the gravity of O'Brien's statistics in the *Nineteenth Century* as to the result of exceptional legislation, refused to give this pledge. He alluded philosophically to the probable course of events if the Address went through unamended. Mr. Parnell wrote to me to the following effect embodying the points I was to pass on to Gladstone.

Dear Mrs. O'Shea,—In reply to your query it would be inexpedient that the Government . . . . But, in any case, we should move a series of separate amendments to the Address —one asking for a suspension of the support by the naval, military and constabulary forces of the Crown of ejectments, pending the consideration by Parliament of the proposed Land measure; another praying the Crown to remove Chief Justice May from the Bench; a third condemning the practice of jury packing, resorted to by the Crown in all the recent trials; a fourth asking her Majesty to fulfil the promise contained in the Speech of last year for the equalisation of the borough franchise in Ireland to that in England; a fifth condemning the proclamation of the meetings at Brookeboro' and Cullohill; and a sixth protesting against the proclamation and additional police force sent to several of the counties.

This would be an assault along the whole line of English misgovernment in Ireland, and should, in my opinion, be delivered before we allow the Address to leave the House. The first fortnight or so of the session would thus be occupied while the Government were making up their minds as to their proposed Land Bill.

At the meeting of the Party I think of proposing a resolution recommending the minority to pay more deference to the opinion of the majority than they did last session, and urging all the Irish members to sit together in opposition.

Kindly let me know what you think of these proposals.—Yours truly, Charles S. Parnell.

These blanks were left in the letter as the phrases omitted were too confidential to be written. I learnt them and quoted them to Gladstone.

On January 9th, 1886, Gladstone wrote a reply in the usual vague terms. On the 24th he referred to what he had said before about communications from him to Parnell before the Tory Government had had its chance. As to Mr. Jesse Collings's motion he was not yet resolved. But two days later he had apparently made up his mind that the motion would benefit the recently enfranchised agricultural labourers and please their representatives, for he announced his determination to support it.

On January 29th he wrote asking me to assure Parnell that should he become Prime Minister the objection to private negotiations would disappear.

To this letter I replied:—

> Mr. P. has not expressed any apprehension of the nature which has been reported to you.
>
> Yesterday Mr. Labouchere introduced the subject to him and stated that he had been requested by Mr. Herbert Gladstone on your part to ask whether he (Mr. P.) would have any objection to "open communications" of the nature of those which took place with Lord Salisbury on the Redistribution Bill, if they should become necessary by and by.
>
> Mr. P. put off Mr. Labouchere by saying that he would think about the matter.
>
> If you should in future have any messages such as those which Mr. L. has represented himself as having been authorised to make to him during the last few days, he thinks it would be more prudent that they should be sent through myself or Lord R. Grosvenor, as Mr. P. has not a high opinion of Mr. L.'s discretion.
>
> When the time comes he will be glad to learn from you through Lord R. Grosvenor or myself the method you think it best to adopt for the purpose of the full interchange of views you deem desirable and indispensable with regard to Irish autonomy.
>
> It may interest you to learn that some days since Mr. P. sent Mr. Harrington to Ireland, with directions to overhaul the doings of the branches of the National League, and with

power to dissolve any that would not keep within bounds. The first result of this you will see in enclosed cutting.

K. O'S.

From Lord Richard's reply of January 30th I gathered that Labouchere, as usual, had been romancing. Lord Richard seemed of opinion that there were more desirable Mercuries.

The difficulty with Mr. Labouchere was that he had the habit of mixing his own opinions with those of the person to whom he spoke and delivering the mixture in public.

On January 21st Parliament met to transact business, and the resignations of Lord Carnarvon and Sir W. Hart Dyke were announced. Notice was given of a new Coercion Act, and on the 26th the Government was defeated by 331 to 252 votes—not, however, on an Irish amendment, but on the motion of Jesse Collings raising the question of "three acres and a cow."

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST HOME RULE BILL

> "*Memories, images and precious thoughts*
> *That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.*"
>
> WORDSWORTH.

BEFORE forming his Cabinet Mr. Gladstone enunciated the necessity for an examination whether it was practicable to establish a legislative body to sit in Dublin, and to deal with Irish, as distinguished from Imperial affairs.

Five of the members of his last Cabinet—Lords Hartington, Derby, Northbrook, Selborne and Carlingford—signified their absolute opposition to Home Rule. Two—Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan—agreed to the inquiry provisionally. Two—Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Shaw Lefevre—had been defeated at the General Election. Seven—Lords Granville, Spencer, Kimberley, Ripon and Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Childers—agreed absolutely. Four new men—Mr. Morley, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Mundella and Lord Herschell—came into the Cabinet. Mr. Morley became Irish Secretary. A scheme was drafted by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley. It consisted of two Bills, a Home Rule Bill and a Land Bill. On the scheme being laid before the Cabinet Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan resigned.

On April 8th, 1886, the evening of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, Mr. Gladstone sent his private secretary down to Eltham with a letter to me asking me to telegraph one word, " Yes," if he was to introduce the Bill that night. In this case he was to speak shortly after four o'clock. Mr. Parnell had not given him the required answer earlier, as he had up to the last moment been trying to induce Mr. Gladstone to give the Bill wider and more comprehensive clauses than the G.O.M. would assent to. Now, however, he had said to me, as he started that evening for the House: " This Bill will do as a beginning; they shall have more presently. If the Old Man wires to know if it is all right answer ' Yes.' " Mr. Gladstone had previously arranged with me that I should be at home waiting for his message in order that I might let him know that Parnell and the " Party " were ready.

His messenger was so late that I simply snatched Gladstone's letter from him and, scribbling my " Yes " on the enclosed Government form, sent my waiting servant flying to the telegraph office with it. After which I had time to join in the regrets of Mr. Gladstone's secretary that his master had made it impossible for me to get up to the House in time for his introduction of the Bill. The secretary told me that he would have " derived considerable interest " from the proceedings, but I felt much more keenly than that about this Bill that I had taken so often in its swaddling clothes from parent to foster parent, and I was very much disappointed at not being present at its introduction to a larger life.

The debate on the first and second readings lasted sixteen days. It is to be remembered that in his attack on the Bill Mr. Chamberlain did not oppose Home Rule, but only this particular scheme.

There was a Mrs. Rae, an elderly lady, who haunted the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons, and whom I and Mr. Parnell were not always successful in avoiding, she being most anxious to help Mr. Parnell politically. So far as I can remember Mrs. Rae had in this instance become possessed or involved in some most curious scheme, purporting to bear the authority of Mr. Gladstone, in regard to measures affecting Ireland. On March 18th he wrote saying that he did not know the lady and did not understand her scheme. He seemed to desire Parnell to co-operate with Mr. Morley.

A great wish of Willie's was to be appointed Under-Secretary for Ireland. I had on various occasions made the suggestion to Mr. Gladstone, but without successful issue. Gladstone had a perfect manner of refusing appointments when personally asked for them; it was always an apparent pain to him; nothing but the knowledge of his duty restrained him from interference, and though I was not really anxious that Willie should receive this appointment I was willing to please him by asking for it, and it might have excited suspicion if I had not asked. I must admit that Mr. Gladstone never to my knowledge of him all those years made an appointment from motives of private favour. Here once more, when he wrote regretting he couldn't poach on his colleagues' patronage preserves, his manners were perfect.

On May 8th an urgent letter from Gladstone at

Downing Street was delivered at my house. Mr. Morley had lost track of Mr. Parnell, and wanted to know where he was. It was apparently the most natural thing in the world to ask me where was Parnell. A form of Government telegram was enclosed for my reply.

In view of the fact that Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were so pained, surprised, and properly shocked, when Mr. Parnell was publicly arraigned as my lover, the frantic way in which they applied to me, when they were unable to find him, was, afterwards, a source of considerable amusement to us both.

From the time of my first interview with Mr. Gladstone onwards, no time was lost in " failing to trace him here " before hurried application was made to me at *my*—and Parnell's—permanent address. I did not choose that the Irish Party should have his private address—nor did Parnell choose it—but I was most particular that the Government should know it. Governments—especially Liberal Governments—are before all things simple-minded and of childlike guilelessness.

I remember when on one occasion the Government desired to know Parnell's views on certain matters before elaborating a Bill shortly to go before the House, a special messenger was sent to Eltham with a letter. I had gone to the seaside with my children, and my servants had standing orders that they knew nothing of Mr. Parnell or of his whereabouts. So the nonplussed Governmental messenger meditated upon my doorstep for one moment only, then, armed with

"*Mrs. O'Shea's* address" at Hastings, came straight on to receive Mr. Parnell's reply, and safely deliver it within the stipulated time. But there can be no doubt, of course, that Mr. Gladstone's "Poor fellow, poor fellow, what a terrible fall," subsequent to the hounding, at his word, of his gallant opponent to death by the Irish sycophants, alluded to the breaking of the eleventh commandment of social life: "Thou shalt not be found out" (publicly), rather than to the seventh of orthodox Christianity.

On May 14th Gladstone wrote with regard to the rules laid down by the Government for the Home Rule debate. He complimented the Irish on their speeches.

On June 7th Mr. Parnell spoke on the Home Rule Bill. It was the last night of the debate, and he had carefully prepared his speech for that night. I give the substance of it herewith. He said:

"During the last five years I know that there have been very severe and drastic Coercion Bills, but it will require an even severer and more drastic measure of coercion now. You will require all that you have had during the last five years, and more besides. What has that coercion been? You have had during those five years—I don't say this to inflame passion—you have had during those five years the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act; you have had a thousand of your Irish fellow-subjects held in prison without specific charge, many of them for long periods of time, some of them for twenty months without trial and without any intention of placing them upon trial (I think of all these thousand persons arrested under the Coercion Act of the late Mr. Forster scarcely a dozen were put on their trial); you have had the Arms Act; you have had the suspension of trial by jury—all during the last five years. You have authorised your police to enter the domicile of a citizen, of your fellow-subject in Ireland, at any hour of the day or night, and search any part of this domicile, even the beds of the women, without warrant. You have fined the innocent for offences committed by the guilty; you have taken power to expel aliens from the country; you have revived the curfew law and the blood money of your Norman conquerors; you have gagged the Press, and seized and suppressed newspapers; you have manufactured new crimes and offences, and applied fresh penalties unknown to your law for these crimes and offences. All this you have done for five years, and all this and much more you will have to do again.

"The provision in the Bill for excluding the Irish members from the Imperial Parliament has been very vehemently objected to, and Mr. Trevelyan has said that there is no half-way house between separation and the maintenance of law and order in Ireland by Imperial authority. I say, with just as much sincerity of belief and just as much experience as the right hon. gentleman, that in my judgment there is no half-way house between the concession of legislative autonomy to Ireland and the disenfranchisement of the country and her government as a Crown Colony. But I refuse to believe that these evil days must come. I am convinced there are a sufficient number of wise and just members in this House to cause it to disregard appeals made to passion, and to choose the better way of founding peace and goodwill among nations; and when the numbers in the division lobby come to be told it will also be told, for the admiration of all future generations, that England and her Parliament, in this nineteenth century, were wise enough, brave enough, and generous enough to close the strife of centuries, and to give peace and prosperity to suffering Ireland."

The rejection of the Bill by a full House—343 against 313 votes—was immediately followed by the dissolution of Parliament. Thus in July, 1886, the Liberals went out in *alliance* with the Irish leader, whom, only twelve months before, they had gone out *denouncing* with all his followers.

* * * * * *

So ends the most important period of my negotiations with Gladstone. The subsequent course of them may be sketched briefly.

In July, 1886, Gladstone replied to certain suggestions of Parnell recommending perseverance with the Home Rule scheme, with the objection that he was unable to carry the Gladstonian Party beyond a certain point.

There were times when Mr. Gladstone became somewhat uneasy in regard to the possible consequences of so many interviews with me. Also someone said once to him, "Supposing Mrs. O'Shea told Parnell you said so and so, and it was more than you meant to say?" On June 15th, 1887, for example, he wrote asking with utmost politeness for a letter instead of an interview.

However, on August 22 of the same year I find him writing from Hawarden thanking me for some gift (of game or fruit) and expressing hope of the future.

Gladstone now told me that he wished to meet Parnell in order to talk over the political situation, and I suggested that a visit to Hawarden by Parnell would have a good effect politically. Gladstone then asked Parnell to Hawarden to talk over the political situation, an invitation which Parnell did not answer at once, as he first wished to ascertain the tactics of the Conservative Party.

On August 30th, 1889, Mr. Gladstone wrote to Parnell a *most private* letter, lamenting that he had not heard from him and his friends with reference to a visit to Hawarden. The fact was that since Parnell had received Gladstone's invitation the Tories had been making advances, and had just proffered a Roman Catholic University for Ireland. Gladstone was right in supposing that here was the cause of Parnell's silence. He was not angry, but he threatened Parnell with the effect of this new proposal on Nonconformist and Presbyterian Liberals. In October the air was clearer, the Government's Irish University scheme had gone awry, and Gladstone was jubilant. He wrote on the 16th renewing the invitation. With regard to the Home Rule Bill he was all for reserve; with regard to Parnell's action against the *Times* all for dispatch.

It was two months later, however (on December 19th), that Parnell, on his way to Liverpool, visited Gladstone at Hawarden. It was a short but agreeable visit, and at dinner Mr. Parnell sat next to Miss Gladstone. The conversation turned upon actors and acting, and Miss Gladstone said, " Who is the greatest actor you have ever seen, Mr. Parnell ? "

"Your father, undoubtedly!" he promptly returned, much to her delight.

As Parnell became moderate in politics Gladstone became more extreme. I remember one evening in April or May, 1888, driving with Parnell to Morley's house in Elm Park Gardens where Parnell and Morley had a quiet conversation together.

I waited in the hansom cab a little way off the house for a considerable time, and at last Parnell came out with an amused expression on his face. As we were driving home he said:

"We can never satisfy English politicians! They imprisoned me for causing agitation in Ireland, and now they *want* agitation, if not outrage. Morley said to me: 'The people must be made to wake up a bit; can't you do anything to stir them up?'" Then with a laugh: "If they knew how easy it was for me to stir Ireland up, and how confoundedly difficult I have found it to quiet her down again, they would be very careful before giving me such an invitation!" And, with the experience of the past to give force and conviction to his words, he had shown Mr. Morley the extreme danger of Mr. Gladstone's suggestions.

CHAPTER IV

MR. PARNELL IN DANGER—FOUNDING OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

"*He who for winds and clouds*
Maketh a pathway free,
Through waste or hostile crowds
Can make a way for thee."—PAUL GERHARDT.

ONE morning in 1882, I saw in the morning papers a cable message announcing the death of Miss Fanny Parnell. Mr. Parnell was at my house at the time, but asleep. After an all-night sitting I would never allow him to be roused until four in the afternoon, when he would have breakfast and chat with me until it was time to go to the House. On seeing the newspaper cable from America about his sister I thought it better to wake him and tell him of it, lest he should read it while I was away with my aunt. I knew that Fanny Parnell was his favourite sister, and he had told me that she was the cleverest and most beautiful woman in his family. This I knew was high praise, as Willie had met Mrs. Thomson—another of Parnell's sisters—and had told me that she was the most strikingly beautiful woman he had ever met.

I woke him and told him of his sister's death as gently as I could, but he was terribly shocked, and I could not leave him at all that day. For a time he utterly broke down, but presently a cable arrived for him—sent on from London—saying that his sister's body was to be embalmed and brought to Ireland, and his horror and indignation were extreme. He immediately wrote out a message for me to cable from London on his behalf, absolutely forbidding the embalmment of his sister's body, and saying that she was to be buried in America.

The idea of death was at all times very painful to him, but that anyone should be embalmed and taken from one place to another after death was to him unspeakably awful. For this, amongst other reasons, I could not bear to have him taken to Ireland—to Glasnevin Cemetery—after his death. My desire was to have him near me and, as he would have wished, to have taken care of his grave myself. But I gave way to the longing of the Ireland he had lived for, and to the clamour of those who had helped to kill him. How they dealt with him alive is history now, but how they dealt with him in death is not so well known; and I give an extract from the message of a friend, who had gone to see his grave a few short years after his death: "Your husband's grave is the most desolate and neglected spot in the whole cemetery, and I grieve to tell you of the painful impression it made upon me."

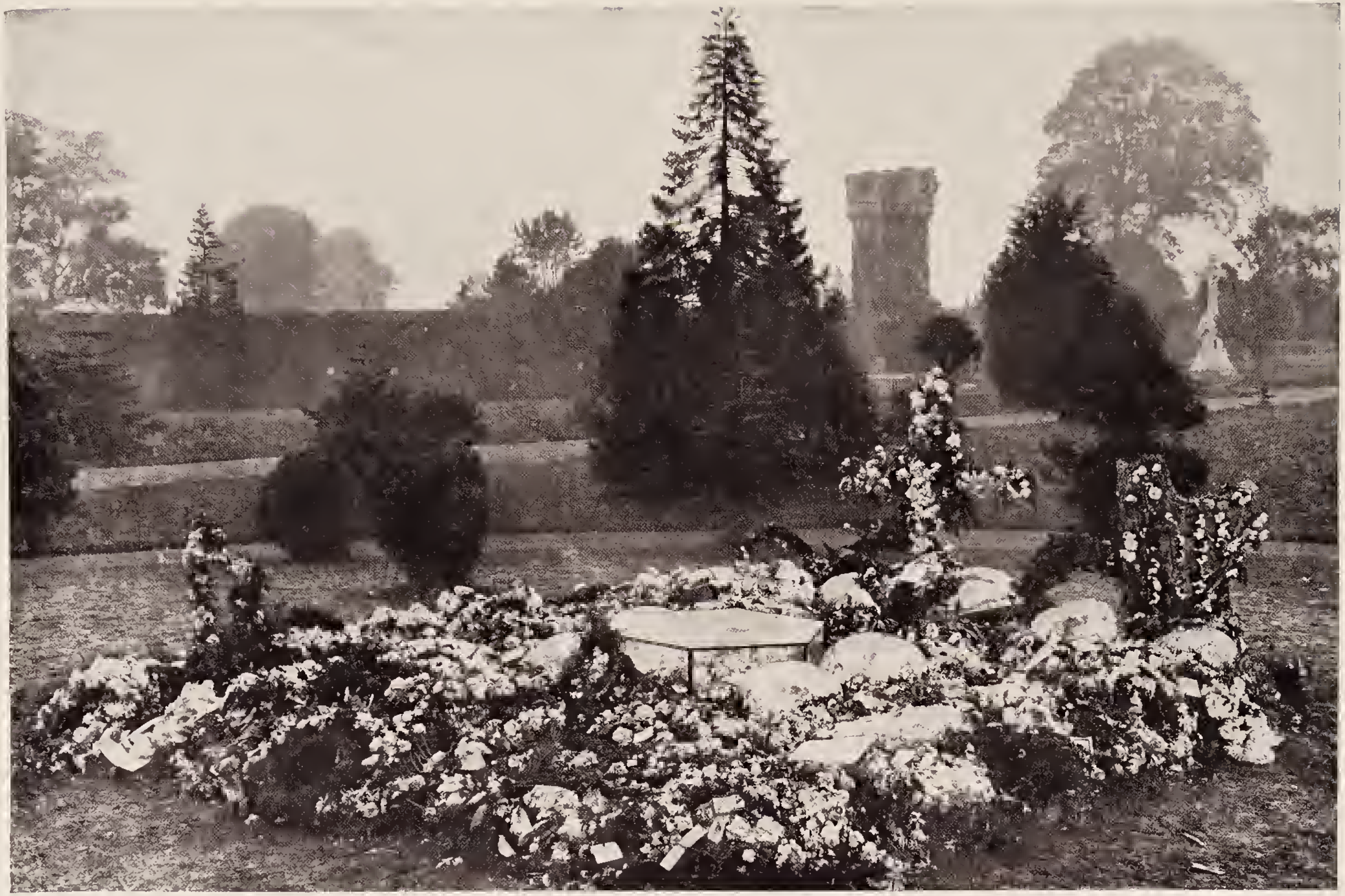
I then sent over a servant, with some flowers, and his report was even worse. Fragments of glass from the broken artificial wreaths, placed there years before; trampled, neglected grass, and little of that but weeds; and the bare untidy backings and wires of the wreaths I had been sending for the greeting of so many days marked only in the calendar of our love.

Poor Ireland—a child in her asking, a child in her receiving, and so much a child in her forgetting.

When Mr. Parnell first came to Eltham he told me that he had had, since his boyhood at school, a habit of sleep-walking whenever he was at all run down in health. When he was in America he used to lock the door of his room and put the key into a box with a spring lock that he had bought for the purpose. He feared he might wander about the hotel in his sleep. Also he warned me, when he first came, that he was subject to " night terrors," very much as a highly-strung child is, and in these he would spring up panic-stricken out of deep sleep, and, without fully awaking, try to beat off the imaginary foe that pressed upon him. It was a species of nightmare ; not apparently excited by any particular cause other than general want of tone. After a few years of careful dieting I succeeded in freeing him of these painful and most wearing attacks.

When the attacks came on I went into his room and held him until he became fully conscious, for I feared that he would hurt himself. They were followed by a profuse perspiration and deep sleep of several hours. He was terribly worried about these nightmares, but I assured him that it was only indigestion in a peculiar form. " You *really* think so ? " he would reply, and when I told him that they would pass off with careful dieting he was reassured, and he followed my directions so implicitly as to diet that he soon proved me right.

He became very much run down again after his sister's death, but recovered perfectly, and had no recurrence of these attacks until some years after, when he suffered from a nervous breakdown brought



PARNELL'S GRAVE AT GLASNEVIN AFTER THE INTERMENT

(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin)

on by overwork. Sir Henry Thompson treated him then, and he quickly recovered.

Soon after I met Mr. Parnell I sent to Worcester for some white roses in pots to keep in my hothouse in order to provide my exigeant lover with buttonholes. He loved white roses, he told me, and would not be content with any other flower from me; nor would he wear a rose from my garden, as he said anyone could have those who asked me for them. So I had to keep a constantly blooming company of white roses in my conservatory to provide a buttonhole of ceremony on his speech days, or on other occasions when I wished him to look particularly well. Sometimes we would drive out miles into the country. Keston Common was a favourite resort of ours, and, as we rarely took a servant with us, we would either put up the horse I drove (Dictator, given to me by Mr. Parnell) at some inn, or tie him to a tree while we wandered about or sat under the trees talking.

He would do his best to learn the names of the wild flowers he picked for me—with uncomfortably short stalks!—but, beyond being at last able to name a dandelion or buttercup at sight, he did not shine in any branch of botany. "What did you call this fine plant?" he would ask with a glimmer of fun in his eyes. "It is not a plant you have, but a single flower branch, and it is called a king-cup—picked *much* too short!" I would answer severely, and he laughed as he tumbled his trophies into my lap and insisted that the ferns ruthlessly dug and cut out with his pocket-knife would grow all right, in spite of their denuded roots, if I "made them do it, in the greenhouse!"

When it was too wet to go out, or if he was not well, he used to amuse himself at home in my sitting-room practising shooting with an air-gun. He used a lighted candle for target, and became so expert in putting out the light this way that it became too troublesome to light the candle so often, and we substituted other targets.

Sometimes he would go to the farther end of my aunt's park, where there was a pond basin, dried up long before, and many happy hours were spent there, shooting in turn, with his revolvers.

I remember on one Sunday afternoon my aunt's bailiff came down, having heard revolver shots, though the sound was deadened by the high banks. The bailiff was much perturbed by our Sunday sport, chiefly because it *was* Sunday. He did not dare press his opinion upon me as he knew my position in my aunt's household was impregnable, but he had always been jealous of my coming to Eltham, where he had served her for over forty years, and he was now so plainly antagonistic that Mr. Parnell, who did not particularly wish his presence with me talked about, rose to the occasion with the tact he could exert when he considered it worth while.

"Oh, is that you, Mr. —— ?" rising from an absorbed examination of his last bull's-eye. "Mrs. O'Shea was telling me when we started this match of your being such a good shot with a gun. Do have a shot with my revolver; see here, I've got a bull's-eye five times running against Mrs. O'Shea's one. Now let us see what you can do."

Mr. —— hesitated; he was a fine shot and had won prizes in his youth, and was susceptible to flattery.

Mr. Parnell said dryly: "I don't suppose you have had so much practice as I lately, but——." The bailiff turned a wary eye on his wife, who was waiting for him at the gate of a rookery some way off, and Mr. Parnell smiled as he said: "The lady will not see you," in such a gently sarcastic manner that Mr. —— was nettled, and picking up the revolver shot so wildly that he missed the little target altogether.

I said: "Mr. —— *can* shoot, really, Mr. Parnell, as I told you, but he is nervous!" So Mr. —— went on, making shot after shot with varying success till Mrs. —— appeared on the scene dressed in her best and Sunday virtue, which was resplendent in Eltham. She gazed with pain upon Mr. ——, who to appear at ease, entered into a discussion of revolver patterns with Mr. Parnell. I talked cheerfully to her for a few moments, and introduced Mr. Parnell, which gratified her immensely, and the two went off happy, but so conscious of the enormity of having given countenance to such desecration of the Sabbath, in Sunday shooting, that we knew we were safe from their perhaps inconvenient chatter.

Mr. Parnell was always interested in cricket, and I had a private pitch laid out for him at Eltham in a two-acre field. As a young man he had been an enthusiast, and the captain of his eleven. He never went to matches, however, after he entered Parliament.

He talked to me much about Avondale. He loved the place, and was never tired of planning the alterations and improvements he meant to make in the old house when we could marry. He often went over to Ireland expressly to see how things were going there, but after 1880 he could never stay even a few days there in peace. The after-effects of the awful famine, in such terrible cases of poverty and woe as were brought to his notice the moment he arrived in his old home, made it impossible for him to remain there at all. No one man could deal charitably with all these poor people and live, and as time went on Mr. Parnell's visits became necessarily shorter, for the demands were so many, and the poverty so great, that he could not carry the burden and continue the political life necessary to their alleviation. He told me that he despaired of ever having a penny in his pocket when he took me there, as he always hoped to do.

He was very fond of the old woman he kept at Avondale in charge of the house, and who attended to his few needs when he was there; and whenever he went there he would get me to go to Fortnum and Mason's to buy a pound of their 4s. a pound tea for the old dame, who much appreciated this delicious tea, though she of course stewed it into poison before drinking it.

This old servant of his had the most curious ideas on "first aid to the injured," and when on one occasion Mr. Parnell had his hand crushed in some machinery at his Arklow quarries, she dressed the injured fingers with cobwebs from the cellar walls. To my astonishment he asked for cobwebs at Eltham once, when he had cut his finger, to "wrap it in." My children, with delighted interest, produced cobwebs (and spiders) from the cellar, and I had the greatest difficulty in preventing a "cure" so likely to produce blood-poisoning. He accepted the peasant lore of Ireland with the simplicity of a child, and I still remember his doubtful "Is that so?" when I told him it was most dangerous to put anything so dusty as a cobweb on an open wound. "Susan Gaffney said cobwebs would *stop* the poison. They all do it," meaning the peasants.

On August 16th, 1882, he was presented with the freedom of the City of Dublin. He wished to avoid a public demonstration, but the Corporation insisted on making the most of the occasion.

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN,
Saturday, August 20, 1882.

MY OWN QUEENIE,—Your two letters have given me the greatest pleasure, and I am so much obliged to Wifie for the trouble she has taken about the request I made to her.

The two D.'s* have quarrelled with me because I won't allow any further expenditure by the ladies and because I have made arrangements to make the payments myself for the future. They were in hopes of creating a party against me in the country by distributing the funds amongst their own creatures and are proportionately disappointed.

I hope to have everything settled by Tuesday evening so as to enable me to leave town then, and after a week in the country propose to return to Wifie.

YOUR OWN HUSBAND.

In October, 1882, was founded the National League, which was to fill the gap caused by the suppression of the Land League. A Convention had been called for the 17th of the month.

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* Dillon and Davitt.

October 10, 1882.

My own Queenie,—I hope to be able to start for London on Thursday evening.

The doctor says it was an attack of dysenterical diarrhœa, but not of a severe character, and very little fever. It is now quite over. He says my stomach must have been getting out of order for some time.

I hope Wifie has been taking good care of herself, and that she has not been alarmed.

Her husband will go right back to her, and will not return to Avondale for the shooting.

With ever so much love, my own Queenie,

Your loving Husband.

Friday evening, October 14, 1882.

My own darling Wifie,—I have been so longing to be with you during all these dreary hours, still more dreary as they have been made by the knowledge that Wifie has been unhappy and anxious all the time. Her letters came to me quite safely and were a great pleasure, and I want some more.

On Tuesday or Wednesday, I forget which, I left my room for the first time and caught a slight cold, which threw me back somewhat, but I have more than regained my lost ground to-day, and am to leave my room again to-morrow, and if I don't over-eat myself or catch cold again, shall go on all right.

The Conference will most probably last two days, but I hope to be able to leave on Wednesday, or at latest on Thursday evening, to be with my Queenie until the end of the Session.

Do please write me a nice letter, my darling.

Your own Husband.

October 17.

My dearest Wifie,—I have arrived all right, and got through the first day of the Convention successfully.

You will be glad to hear that the telegrams which I missed were of no importance, and I received them this morning unopened, as well as yours also unopened.

With best love to my own Katie.

The Convention duly met, Parnell presiding, and the National League was formed, with Home Rule and peasant proprietorship as the two main articles of its creed.

Sunday.

My own darling Wifie,—I have been so delighted to receive both your letters quite safely; you have no idea how much I long for a letter or a wire from you, and how frightened and nervous I feel when, as sometimes happens, a whole day goes by without any news.

I was very much afraid that my little wife would not have approved of all my speech, and so much relieved to find that you did not scold me.

Has anything been done about the monument yet? I hope there will not be any hitch.

Am trying to get together a meeting of directors in Dublin for next Saturday, which I can take on my way back to you, and which I trust may afford the desired relief. I have been doing a good deal of healthy and necessary work since my arrival here, out riding or driving in the open air all day long. I ride a horse called Tory, a splendid thoroughbred of my sister's, though he has now seen his best days. He goes just like an india-rubber ball. I have been very successful in that part of the business which I came over for that I have been able to attend to thus far; having already discovered several quarries *on my own land*, much nearer to the railway station than the one we are working on, and for which we have to pay a heavy royalty. I have every confidence that one and all of them will be found suitable upon trial. Kerr is rather a duffer about anything except book-keeping. He ought to have found these out for himself long since, as I gave him the clue when leaving here last September.

My brother-in-law's funeral takes place to-morrow. I am going in a closed carriage, and shall be careful not to expose myself or stand about in the churchyard.

I am certain of being able to finish up everything here so as to leave Ireland on Saturday or Sunday at the latest, and shall soon have my only and best treasure in my arms again.

YOUR LOVING KING AND HUSBAND.

I shall be in Dublin on Tuesday evening, and shall sleep at Morrison's that night, returning here next day.

From these quarries at Arklow Parnell supplied the Dublin Corporation with "setts" for many of the streets in Dublin. These setts (granite, pavement kerbing) were not turned out quickly enough by his men at first, so he tried the experiment of giving the men a share in the profits, and this he found answered well in keeping the supply up to the demand of the corporation.

Some of the polished granite work turned out by his men was beautiful, and a heavy granite garden vase and a Celtic cross appeared in the London (Irish) Exhibition and also in the Cork Exhibition.

1882-83 was a very anxious time for me, and the nervous tension caused by the violence in the political world and the continual threatenings of violence, intrigue, and physical force, made privately to Parnell, against him and others, was so great that, by the end of '83, if I had not had my lover's health to care for I should myself have broken down altogether. As it was, there were days when the slightest sound or movement was an agony to me in the throes of neuralgia brought on by the overstrain of the nerves. But for his sake I concealed my misery of pain as well as I could, and in so doing won back a measure of health for myself, which would perhaps have been lost to me had I been able to give way to my "nerves."

During this time I attended the sittings of the House as often as I was able, going up to town as soon as I could leave my aunt for the night, so that I might hear Parnell if he spoke, and in any case drive home with him. We always drove home in a hansom cab, as we both loved the cool of the night or of the early morning air.

During these anxious days I did not let Parnell have one-half of the threatening and other worrying letters he received. He brought me his letters and parcels from the House, and from a London address he had, to be sorted out. I gave him those for his secretary's answering, any personal ones I thought he would wish to see, and just as many "threats" as I thought would make him a little careful of himself for my sake. The bulk of the "warnings," threats of murder, and invitations to murder I kept to myself, fearing that he would worry himself on my account and object to my continual "shadowing" of him, which I considered his chief protection. He always carried a revolver in his pocket during this time, and insisted on my being similarly provided when I drove home with him at night.

These precautions may appear fantastic in these later sober times, but they were very necessary during that time of lawlessness and unrest in Ireland, when the prophecy made by Parnell to me ere he finally decided to leave Kilmainham on the Treaty had become fact: "If I turn to the Government I turn away from them—and then?"

The force of his personality was carrying him through the seething of the baffled hatred he would not use, but not without a danger so real and so acute that many a time I was tempted to throw his honour to the winds and implore from the Government the protection he would have died rather than ask for himself. But I held on to the end till the sheer force of his dauntless courage and proud will broke down the secret intrigue of spleen that, held by him back from England's governance, would have revenged itself upon the holding hand, had it dared.

There was a lonely part of the road between London and Eltham after going through Lee, over a common where, to the right, was a deep ditch, and, beyond, the land of (the late) Mr. Blenkiorn, breeder of racehorses. There were no houses near in those days, and on moonlight nights we could see a long way on each side of a rather desolate bit of country. The moon which gave light also gave shadows, and more than once from some way off we saw the shadow of a man running behind the hedge on the way we had to pass. I always took the side of the hansom near the park, as I thought it would conceal to some degree the fact of Parnell's being there. I knew, too, that the fact of my being a woman was still some little protection, but I took the precaution of telling the driver to drive quickly and not stop for anyone at any lonely point in the road. Once, to my horror, when we were nearly over the common, I saw a man rise from the ditch and the glint of steel in the moonlight. The man driving saw it, too, and, with a lurch that threw us forward in the cab, he lashed his horse into a gallop. I could just see that the man threw up his arms as he staggered backwards into the ditch and a shot rang out; but nothing dreadful had happened after all. The man had obviously slipped as he sprang up the bank, and, in throwing up his arms to recover his balance, his pistol had gone off—for neither of ours had been discharged. So this exciting drive had no more serious consequences than the rather heavy price of the cabman's putting up in the village till day brought him renewed confidence in the safety of the London road.

Sometimes after a late sitting Parnell and I would get some coffee at the early coffee stalls for workmen on the way from London. In the early morning half-light, when the day was just beginning to break, we loved to watch drowsy London rubbing the sleep from her eyes, hastening her labouring sons upon their way to ease the later waking of their luxurious brothers. Parnell was always interested in manual labourers; he loved to watch them at work, and he liked to talk to them of their work and of their homes. A man with a hammer or a pick-axe was almost an irresistible attraction to him, and he would often get me to stand and watch the men engaged on a road or harbour work.

About this time (it was in 1883) Mr. (afterwards Sir) Howard Vincent, head of the Detective Department of Scotland Yard, sent a note to the House of Commons asking Parnell to see him for a few minutes, as he had an important communication to make to him. Parnell was just going to speak, so he brought me the note up to the Ladies' Gallery, and, hastily putting it into my hand, said : " See to this for me."

It was a morning sitting, and I hurried off to Scotland Yard hoping to get back in time to hear Parnell speak, and yet anxious to hear what the note meant. I was shown into Sir Howard Vincent's private room directly I arrived, and he expressed great pleasure, as well as great surprise, at seeing me. I showed him his note to Parnell, and asked him to what it referred. He answered that the " officials " all considered the matter serious, and that the Government were prepared to give Mr. Parnell protection if he wished it.

I told him that Mr. Parnell would, I was sure, not like that at all, and, after a long conversation of no particular definiteness, Sir Howard said : " I do not think you believe in this particular threat against Mr. Parnell, do you, Mrs. O'Shea ? "

I replied : " Well, it does seem rather like a hoax to me. Would you mind letting me see the ' letter of warning ' ? " He laughed and said : " Not at all, but I've torn it up and flung it into the waste-paper basket."

I promptly picked up the basket in question and turned it over on his table, saying : " Let us piece it together." He pretended to help me for a few moments, as I neatly put together various uninteresting documents, and then, with a deprecating smile, swept them all together, saying : " It is your game, Mrs. O'Shea ; you are too clever. Why didn't you send Mr. Parnell round ? " and we parted with laughing expressions of goodwill and amusement on his part that we had not been taken in.

The Government, of course, were bent on forcing " police protection " on Parnell as a convenience to themselves and a means of ascertaining the extent of his influence over the Invincibles. The Government did not trust Parnell, and they wished to frighten him into care of himself and thus weaken the trust of the Irish in him.

One evening in 1882 or 1883, when Parnell and I were waiting at Brighton station to catch the train to London, we noticed that there was much crowding round the bookstall placards and much excitement among buyers of newspapers. Parnell did not wish to be recognised, as he was supposed at that time to be in Ireland ; but, hearing Gladstone's name mentioned by a passer-by, our curiosity got the better of our caution and we went to get a paper. Parnell, being so tall a man, could see over the heads of the crowd, and, reading the placard, turned back without getting a paper to tell me that the excitement was over the report of " the assassination of Mr. Parnell." I then asked him to get into the train so that we should run no risk of his being known, and managed to get through the crowd to buy a paper myself. How the report arose we never knew, but at that time, when every post brought Parnell some threat of violence and my nerves were jarred and tense with daily fear for him, it took all my fortitude to answer his smile and joke at the unfounded report which left me sick and shaken.

CHAPTER V

A WINTER OF MEMORIES

> "*Feeling is deep and still, and the word that floats on the surface*
> *Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.*"
>
> LONGFELLOW.

MR. FORSTER made his notorious attack upon Mr. Parnell in February, 1883, accusing him of encouraging and conniving at murder, outrage, and treachery. On his return home Parnell showed, as he would not deign to show in the House, a fierce joy in the false move of his enemies and the scorn and contempt of the lack of control which could lead a politician of Forster's experience into such a *faux pas* as this personal attack on him. Here, then, he had what he wanted; in this attack was the repudiation of those charges, made by the "extremists" in Ireland and America, of pandering to the Government—made by them ever since he left Kilmainham on the Treaty—here was another cord to bind the Nationalist forces together without in any way repudiating that Treaty. Here was a fresh weapon given into his hand by an ex-Government official who could not govern his personal spleen by political intelligence.

"No," he said to me, when I asked him if he did not mean to answer Forster at all, "I shall not answer. I shall let him hang himself with his own rope."

But the Party would not have this, and urged him so strongly that he did—not answer—but show his contempt of the whole thing and of the English politicians who had played their hand so badly. He said to me before he started for the House: "By the judgment of the Irish people only do I, and will I, stand or fall," and this he repeated in the House.

The astonishment of the House was unbounded. It had been prepared for anything but this scornful repudiation of the right of the English to judge him—for a downright denial of the charges made, for a skilful fencing with the arguments. The speech of Parnell was a challenge to war. Impassive as ever, betraying no slightest sign of emotion, he tore up the accusations and threw them scornfully in the face of his accuser.

"I can assure the House," he said, "that it is not my belief that anything I can say at this time will have the slightest effect on the public opinion of this House or upon the public opinion of the country. I have been accustomed during my political life to rely upon the public opinion of those whom I have desired to help, and with whose aid I have worked for the cause of prosperity and freedom in Ireland, and the utmost I desire to do in the very few words I shall address to the House is to make my position clear to the Irish people at home and abroad.

"I say it is impossible to stem the torrent of prejudice that has arisen out of the events of the past few days. I regret that the officials charged with the administration of this Act are unfit for their posts. I am sure the right hon. gentleman, the present Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, must admit that to the fullest extent, and when he looks round on the right hon. member for Bradford, he must say : ‘ Why am I here while he is there ? ’ Why was he (Mr. Forster) deposed, he—the right hon. gentleman who has acquired experience in the administration of Ireland —who, according to his own account, knew everything, although he was almost invariably wrong ? Why was he deposed and the right hon. gentleman (Mr. Trevelyan), a ’prentice, although a very willing hand, put in his position ? I feel that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant must say with the Scriptures, ‘ I am not worthy to unloose his shoe latchet.’ It would be far better to have the Act administered by the seasoned politician now in disgrace and retirement. Call him back to his post ; send him to help Lord Spencer in the congenial work of the gallows in Ireland. Send him back to look after the secret inquisitions in Dublin Castle. Send him to distribute the taxes which an unfortunate and starving peasantry have to pay for crimes not committed by themselves. All this would be congenial work for the right hon. gentleman. We invite you to man your ranks, and to send your ablest and best men to push forward the task of misgoverning and oppressing Ireland. For my part I am confident as to the future of Ireland. Although the horizon may be clouded, I believe our people will survive the present oppression, as they have survived many and worse misfortunes, and although our progress may be slow, it will be sure.

The time will come when this House and the people of this country will admit, once again, that they have been deceived, and that they have been cheered by those who ought to be ashamed of themselves; that they have been led astray as to the right mode of governing a noble, a brave, a generous, and an impulsive people; that they will reject their present leaders, who are conducting them into the terrible courses into which the Government appear determined to lead Ireland. I believe they will reject these guides and leaders with as much determination, and just as much relief, as they rejected the services of the right hon. gentleman the member for Bradford."

Some time afterwards, in an interview I had with him, Mr. Gladstone referred to this declaration of Parnell's—that he would stand or fall only by the judgment of the Irish people.

He said: "You know Mr. Parnell's inmost feelings better than others; does this truly represent his mind, Mrs. O'Shea?"

I answered, as I could truly do: "Yes, Mr. Gladstone, that is his only and absolute ideal. I may say Ireland's is the only voice he regards as having any authority over him in the whole world."

"Yet Mr. Parnell is so much an Englishman in his coldness and reserve?"

"He is a paradox, Mr. Gladstone, the enigma of genius herself, a volcano capped with snow. Englishman himself, at least he is descended from Englishmen, he hates England and the English and does not understand them; he loves Ireland and her people through and through, understands them absolutely, and is in nature as apart and aloof from the Irish nature as you are yourself."

The hard, flint-like eyes softened a little in the eagle face as the G.O.M. answered with a little sigh: "I have much sympathy with his ambitions for Ireland, Mrs. O'Shea. His is a curious personality; you are right, I think—yes, a paradox indeed, but a wonderful man!"

At the end of June, 1883, Parnell went over to conduct Mr. Healy's election at Monaghan (an Ulster stronghold), for which division he was returned a month after he had quitted Richmond Prison.

He immediately afterwards (on July 4th) attended the Cork banquet given in his honour. He wrote the following letter to me to allay the fears I had expressed in regard to certain political actions which he here repudiates and which had reached my ears from other sources:—

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin,
Tuesday night.

When I received your note I at once determined to go over to you to-morrow morning and to give up my engagement to speak at the Cork banquet to-morrow night, as I knew my own was very much troubled about something, and felt sure that I could comfort and reassure her. I have since been besieged the whole evening by entreaties and threats not to throw over Cork, and it has been represented to me, and with truth, that half the result of the Monaghan victory will be lost if I leave Cork to the Whigs and my enemies. I have been very much perplexed and dragged in different ways, but have at this hour (2 a.m.) made up my mind to ask my own Wifie to suspend her judgment for another twenty-four hours about whatever is tormenting her, to place some little confidence in her husband's honour and fidelity for that short time, and to believe that he now swears to her, and that he will repeat the same oath to her on Thursday evening, that whatever statement has been made about him which is calculated to lower him in his wife's opinion in the slightest degree is a foul lie.

I feel that I can ask this of my own Wifie, and that she will not withdraw her confidence and love from her own husband until he can return and defend himself.

I shall leave for Cork by to-morrow morning's train at nine o'clock, speak at banquet, and return by night mail the same day to Dublin, and be in time to leave Dublin by mail train for London on Thursday morning. Let me know at Palace Chambers where I shall see you on Thursday evening.

Trust your husband, and do not credit any slander of him.

AVONDALE, RATHDRUM,
2 *a.m.*, *July* 4, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. O'SHEA,—I seize a vacant moment to write you a few words, as it does not look as if Irish affairs would permit me to see you for some time longer. Perhaps even a week or ten days may pass by before I can see Eltham again. I also wish you to forward enclosed to Captain O'Shea, as I have not got his address.

I have had several conversations with Fr. White, who is a very superior man, and has impressed me very much.

I intend to make it my first business to look up West Clare, and trust that Captain O'Shea may be able to meet me there.—With best regards, yours always sincerely,

C. S. PARNELL.

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN,
Tuesday.

MY DEAREST WIFIE,—Your letters received, and always give me the greatest happiness to read.

Please continue writing. I will make arrangements to have them kept out of sight here.

Shall see him* Wednesday evening or Thursday morning, and do what I can. I fear his position in Clare is irretrievable.—With best love,
YOUR HUSBAND.

AVONDALE,
Sunday.

MY DEAR MRS. O'SHEA,—Will you kindly direct, enclose, and post enclosed.

Many thanks for your letter, also for two from Captain O'Shea, which I will reply to shortly.—Believe me, in haste, yours very truly,
CHAS. S. PARNELL.

Just before Christmas in 1883 I took a furnished house in Brighton for three months for my children. I had arranged to take a house in Second Avenue, which both Parnell and I liked, but Willie came down and insisted on my taking a house facing the sea in Medina Terrace; so I (with difficulty) got out of my former agreement, and certainly the house Willie chose was very much pleasanter, owing to its close proximity to the sea.

Willie undertook to stay here to be with the children while I went back to my aunt (coming myself to Brighton for one or two days in the week).

Willie asked Parnell to come and stay. He did so, and Willie and he discussed the Local Government Bill at all hours, as Parnell wished to find out what the views of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tories were—better ascertainable by Willie than others.

I went back to my aunt for Christmas Eve. It was bitterly cold, and as the old lady never cared for festivities, she was soon glad to shut herself up in her warm house and "forget in slumber the foolish junketings I permit in my domestics, my love."

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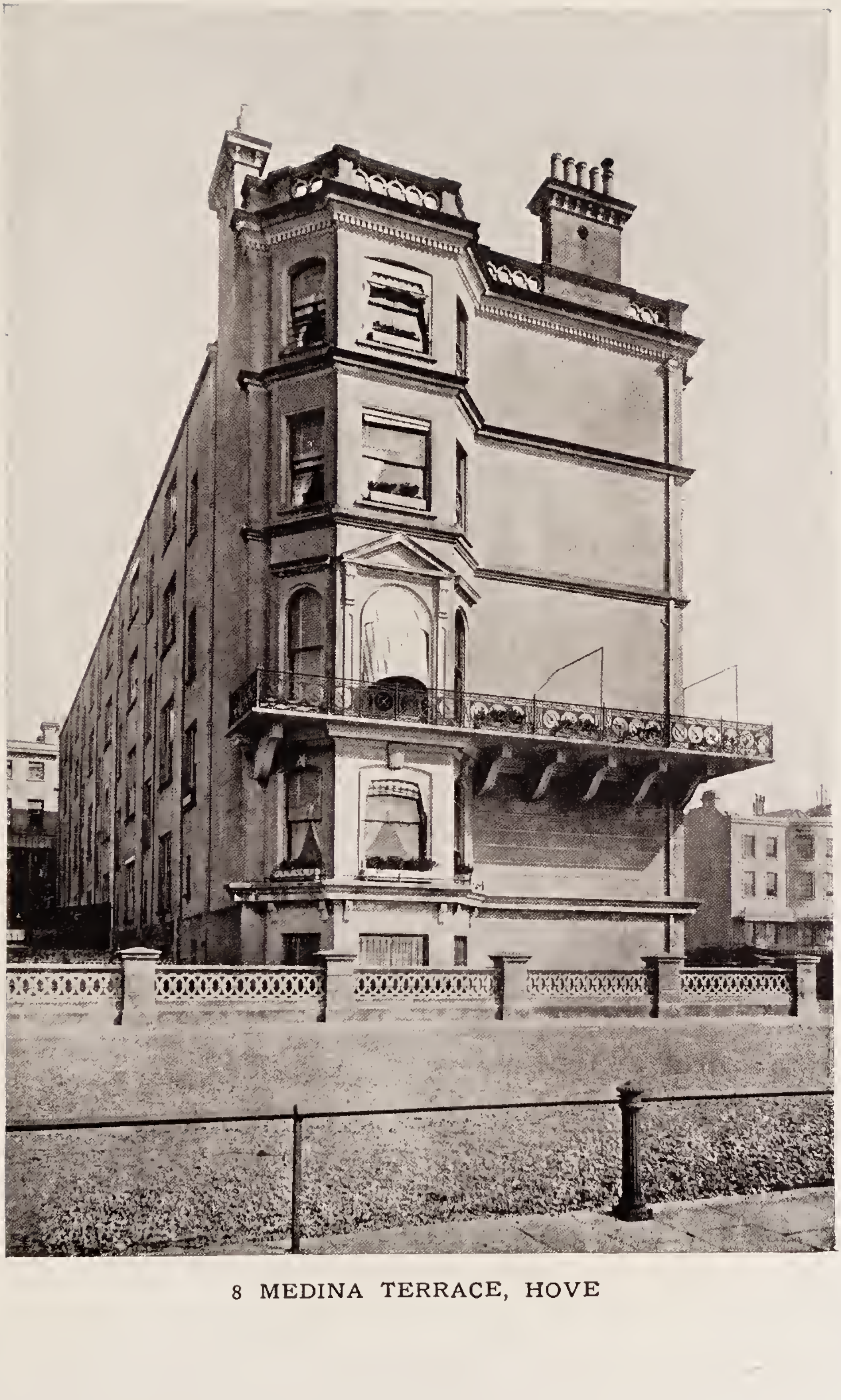
* Captain O'Shea.



8 MEDINA TERRACE, HOVE

A WINTER OF MEMORIES

There was snow that Christmas, very deep at Eltham; and Parnell, who had joined me there, walked round the snowy paths of my aunt's place with me in the moonlight. Now and then he moved with me into the shadow of the trees as a few lads and men, with the inevitable cornet and trombone of a village "band," plunged through the drifts on their short cut to the old house. There they sang Christmas carols to their hearts' content, knowing they were earning their yearly bonus, to be presented with a polite message of her "distaste" for carol singing by "Mrs. Ben's" (as she was affectionately called in the village) man-servant the next morning.

Parnell and I enjoyed that pacing up and down the wide terrace in the snowy moonlight. The snow had drifted up against the old urns and the long, low balustrade that divided the north and south lawns; and the great shadows of the beech trees looked unfamiliar and mysterious—pierced here and there, where the blanket covering of snow had dropped off, by the cold glitter of moonlight on the whiteness.

Right away to the south lay the "Chase," leading away to Chislehurst, wide, cold, and lonely in the moonlight, and I told Parnell that the cloud shadows that flitted over the glistening whiteness were the phantoms of the hunters of King John's time, who used to hunt over this ground, renewing their sport in the moonlight.

Parnell loved to hear these little imaginations, and I loved to tell them to him for the sake of seeing the grave smile come, and of hearing the naive "Is that so?" of his appreciation.

We walked up and down in the moonlight till the carols died away, and we heard the church clocks strike twelve. Then we stood together to listen to the Christmas bells sound clear and sharp from many villages on the frosty air, while Parnell again spoke to me of his belief that the soul after death resumed life in the planet under whose influence it was born. He spoke of his belief in a personal destiny and fate, against which it was useless for mortals to contend or fight, and how he believed that certain souls had to meet and become one, till in death the second planet life parted them until the sheer longing for one another brought them together again in after ages.*

I said, "But it seems so lonely like that!" and he answered, "It is lonely; that is why I am so afraid always of death, and why I hope with every bit of me that we shall die together."

The next day I went to Brighton to see the children for Christmas, and in the New Year Willie went to Ireland, returning to Brighton to stay with the children for a short time before they came home in February and he went to Lisbon.

The following telegrams and letters show the development of affairs during the course of this year:—

(*Telegrams.*)

Feb. 29, 1884.

(Handed in at the House of Commons Office.)

From Parnell.

To Mrs. O'Shea, Eltham, Kent.

Thanks. Happy to accept your invitation to dinner this evening for seven o'clock.

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* On the day of Parnell's death, October 6, 1891, a new planet was discovered.

May 30, 1884.

From Parnell, Avondale.

To Mrs. O'Shea, Eltham.

Captain and I arrived safely.

(Willie went to stay at Avondale for a couple of days.—K. P.)

May 31, 1884.

(Rathdrum Office.)

From Parnell.

To Mrs. O'Shea, Eltham.

Captain leaves here to-morrow (Sunday) morning, and leaves Kingston to-morrow evening.

Dublin,
Sept. 10.

Willie is looking very well indeed, in fact much better than I have ever seen him before.

I hope soon to be through pressing business here and in country, and to be able to leave on Saturday.—Yours,

C. S. P.

Friday, Oct. 28, 1884.

My dear Mrs. O'Shea,—I shall be at Dover for a few days longer, and afterwards propose visiting the Netherlands and returning through Paris. If I thought that Captain O'Shea would soon be in England I should wait for him, but if not should take my chance of meeting him in Paris on my return.

My stay in the Netherlands will not exceed three days, but I shall remain in Paris for at least a similar period. I say "the Netherlands" because I don't yet know whether I shall have to go to Holland or Belgium or both. Kindly let me have a line or wire to former address.—Always yours,

Chas. S. Parnell.

I was ill at the time the following letters were written, and Captain O'Shea was coming to Eltham a good deal.

Eltham, 1884.

Should have come sooner, but could not get away. There was an explosion of a bomb at the Home Office just before I left; it blew down a large piece of the front wall and did a great deal of damage, they say.

I will not go near the hotel to-night if I see a crowd there, and will leave early in the morning and come down here to breakfast.

Eltham,
Friday, 4 p.m.

I came down here late last night and was immensely relieved to hear that you were better.

I slept very comfortably here last night, and had an excellent breakfast this morning, which Phyllis brought me.

Am now going up to London to settle the report of Labourers' Committee, which had not time to attend to yesterday, and hope to be back about eleven o'clock.—Yours,

C. S. P.

Eltham.

Do you think I had best wait here or go up to London and wait for a telegram from you?

We finished our committee yesterday, so if he* goes early I could return perhaps early enough to see you this evening for a few minutes.

I felt very much relieved by your letter last night. However, it is evident you must take great care.

If you think I had best not wait, will you telegraph? Otherwise see me later, when I will wait.—Yours.

---

* Captain O'Shea.

ELTHAM.

Many thanks for kind note.

I am going to London now, and hope to return reasonably early, as the debate is not likely to last long. I do not feel the cold at all.

There ought to be no difficulty in my seeing you to-morrow, and I will manage it.

I do not like your having a headache, and you must really take care of yourself and not get up too soon.—Yours always.

I am obliged to go up early to attend Labourers' Committee, which meets at *eleven* to-day to consider its final report.

Please send me telegram to House if you can, as I ought to be able to return early this evening.

Phyllis is looking after me first rate.—Yours.

Parnell was always unselfish and most considerate when I was ill, and once when I was very weak after an illness of some duration he returned home to Eltham in broad daylight in a hansom-cab, triumphantly supporting one end of a large couch, the other end of which spread its upholstered length over the roof. This invalid's chair he, with the help of my maids, arranged in my sitting-room, adjusting its complicated " rests " with earnest abstraction, after which he led the procession up to my room, and in spite of my amused protests carried me down and placed me on the couch amid cushions and shawls, and spent a happy evening in " watching me " as I lay comfortably on my new possession.

In 1884 we ran down to Hastings for a few days in the middle of the Session, when my aunt's old friend came to stay with her and gave me freedom. Parnell delighted in these sudden " run-away " visits to the sea when the House was in full swing of business, and said they braced and freshened him up more than anything else could do. We stayed at the Queen's Hotel, and Parnell revelled in the sudden freedom from politics—casting all thought and care from him as we walked by the sea and gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of the fresh salt air.

He was hugely pleased, on going into a shop in Robertson Street for notepaper, to find some embossed with the monogram "K.P." in blue and gold. He declared it was a good omen, and bought me more boxes of it than I could use for many years. He also bought me a little red diary, after long and earnest efforts in selection. Red he did not like much, as he said it was the sanguinary hue of English oppression; but diaries can apparently only be bound in red, green, or purple, and purple was the colour of sorrow, and green the most painful expression of all ill-luck!

This diary was to make up to me for my natural indignation at, nearly, his first act on returning to me from some absence. He had gone over to the fire and caught sight of my diary, bound in green, that I had inadvertently left on the mantelpiece. With an exclamation of horror he had thrown it straight into the fire, holding me back from the rescue I struggled to attempt, and only replying to my indignant protests that he was sorry if the contents were really so valuable as I said, but anything between green covers was better burnt!

In these short visits to the seaside we always looked about for a house that Parnell could buy later on, but as he always kept a regretful eye upon Brighton, where it was inexpedient that we should be seen much together, we never really settled on one for purchase, though he rented one in Eastbourne with that idea, only to discover that a brother of his was living there. When we had a few hours to spare we had very happy times hunting round Sussex in the neighbourhood of Brighton (Brighton air did him so much good), hoping to find a suitable country house, but the train service was always a difficulty, except in the town itself.

CHAPTER VI

HORSES AND DOGS

"*Amid all the forms of life that surround us, not one, excepting the dog, has made an alliance with us.*"—MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

IN 1885 I had a new room built on to my house at Eltham, adjoining my sitting-room and leading into the greenhouse, and thence to the garden. Parnell and I took the greatest interest in the building of this room; he superintended every detail, saw that the cement was laid to the proper depth under the flooring, and sent to Avondale for sufficient sweet-chestnut wood to have the room panelled half-way up and to make beautiful, heavy double-doors, window settings and the mantelpiece and fittings. It was a very comfortable and warm room when finished, and, to celebrate its completion—it was to be Parnell's own study and workroom—I photographed him in it, sitting in his own special easy chair, surrounded by his assaying paraphernalia and holding his pestle and mortar. This photograph (which serves as the frontispiece to Vol. I. of this book) was published years ago without permission or acknowledgment by one or other of two persons to whom I had given it, after my husband's death, as a very private and special memento of him. It hurt me much when I first knew of it—but people do these things.

Early in 1885 Parnell bought a new horse in Ireland which he arranged to bring to England, and subsequently brought others over. The two letters which follow refer to these matters, and were written to me in case the horses should be noticed arriving in Eltham and the fact reported to Captain O'Shea.

AVONDALE,
January 14, 1885.

MY OWN QUEENIE,—A word to say that your promised letter has not yet reached me, and I suppose it may turn up to-morrow. The parcel came safely to Dublin, and the hamper here. Mary and I unpacked it with fear and trembling, lest there should have been no tea and sugar, as I had forgotten to say anything to you about them; but they were all right.

The new horse is very quiet and a very fine one; strong and short legs, with plenty of bone, a splendid fore-quarter, and a good turn of speed. I suppose I may bring him back with me. The telegram I sent you on Day of Convention was found late at night *posted* in a letter box, and was returned to bearer, who never said anything to me about it, otherwise you would have heard result about six o'clock.—With best love to my little wife,
YOUR KING.

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN.
February 3, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. O'SHEA,—I have sent two horses to London to-day (Euston) and should feel very much obliged if you would allow them to stand in your stables *for a few days*, until I can make other arrangements.

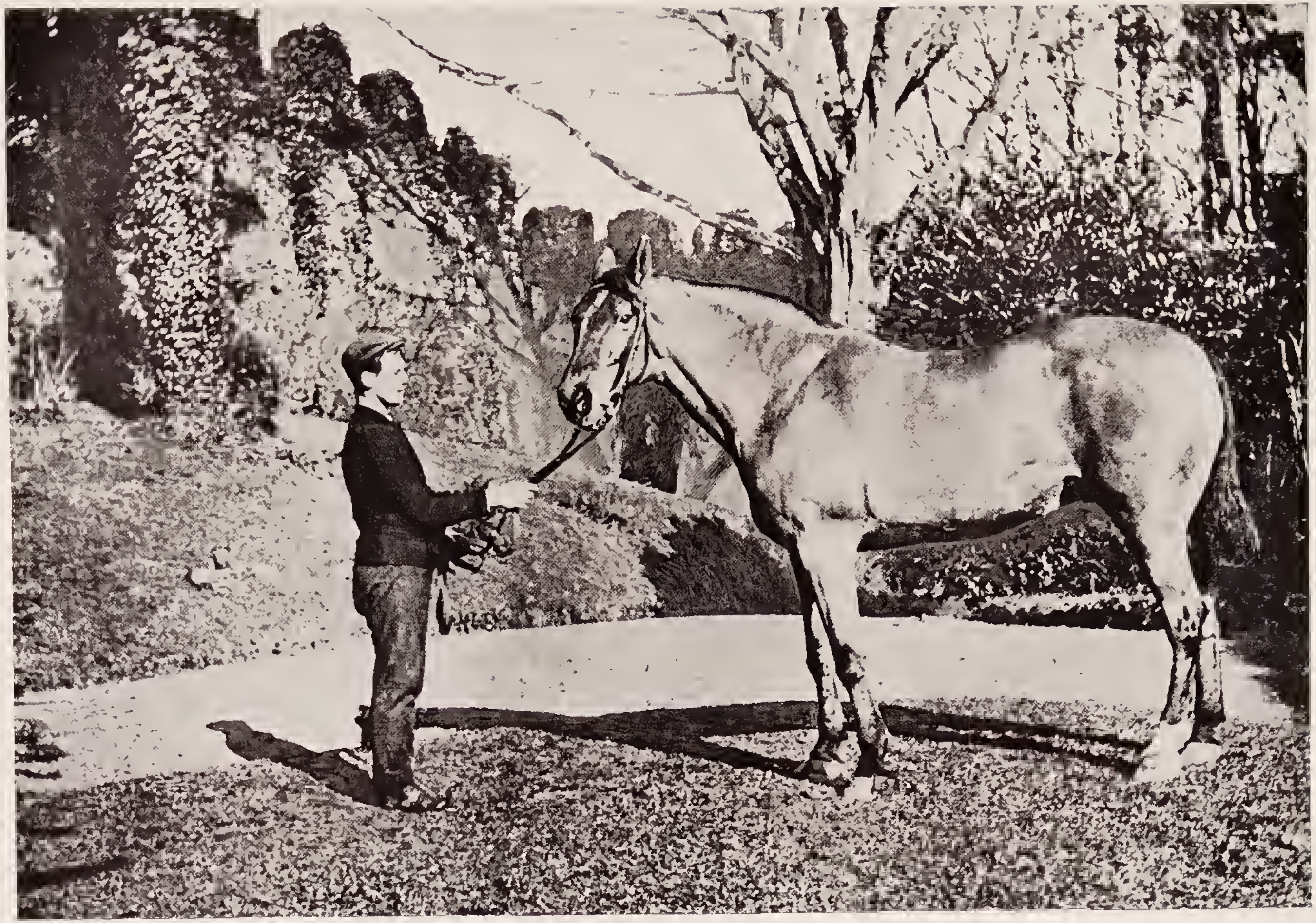
They will reach Euston about 1 p.m. to-morrow. Could you find two careful men to meet them? One saddle is gone with the horses, so another saddle would be necessary. They should be walked carefully through London, as one of them specially is very shy and unused to town.

I am going over to Liverpool to-night. I enclose order for the horses.—Yours very truly,
CHAS. S. PARNELL.

Parnell rented some stables fairly near my house for his horses, and took much interest in their welfare. He was not a man who had very much knowledge of horses, but he was a fine horseman, and on his hunter President, a beautiful horse of sixteen hands and a weight-carrier, he looked remarkably well. He took a scientific interest in the shoeing of the horses and, to the great annoyance of his grooms, would constantly try new methods of shoeing in order to deaden the "jar" of the contact of the road. This trial of new methods proved a boon to my horse Dictator—given me by Parnell—for the tenderness of his feet was completely cured when Parnell, dead against the conservative ideas of my stableman, insisted on his having leathers inserted between Dictator's foot and shoe.

This horse Dictator was a great pleasure to us, though he pulled rather badly. He was very fast and extraordinarily sure-footed, keeping his feet in the worst frost, even when driven on the slippery London paving in hard night frosts. He would trot away to London in much less time than Parnell could get there by any other means. Parnell did not drive well, leaving the reins slack upon the horse's back, so that he had no control over it in any emergency. My nervousness in this was so great that he very good-naturedly left all the driving to me, saying: "Well, that's how the jarveys drive in Ireland!" in answer to my plaintive "I've never seen anyone drive like that."

President was a very solid horse, in mind as well as in body, and once when Parnell had ridden him up to New Cross in a frost President sat down violently and was so impressed with the safety of his position that he



DICTATOR

refused to get up again until Parnell—who was of immense muscular strength—with the help of a couple of stalwart policemen, literally lifted him to his feet.

Parnell then went into an adjacent saddler's shop to buy a "rubber" to give President a rub down and, finding a rather original make of pocket-book on the counter, with beautifully-sewn leather covers, became so immersed in the selection of one for me that at length an irate policeman looked in to order him to remove his horse at once, as it was causing "an obstruction!" Parnell, recalled to the problem of how to get President and himself to Westminster Bridge, where his servant was waiting to take the horse, proceeded to rub him down while considering the matter, thereby delighting the crowd of onlookers.

The policeman besought him to "get on the 'orse, sir, and ride hoff," before the whole street got "'eld hup," but Parnell gently declined, as he knew that President had now no chance of keeping his feet on the ice-coated pavement. After fully considering the matter he found the chief thing was to get himself out of the crowd as quickly as possible, and, slipping a little comfort into the constable's hand, he ordered him to put the horse up at the nearest stables and drove off, ignoring all queries and protests.

He sent me a telegram from the House to assure me of his safe arrival, but forgot all about his waiting servant, who, after some hours, not daring to return home, telegraphed to me to know what he was to do, as his master had not arrived. The whole thing amused Parnell intensely, but unfortunately he had given the policeman the name of Prescott, and, in absence of mind, sent his groom the next day to find and bring back the horse of "Mr. Stewart." It was a most expensive trial of President's utility. The pocket-book I still use daily, and prize very highly; it is as perfect, though much worn, as when he bought it, some twenty-six years ago.

After my old collie Elfie died, Parnell offered to get me another dog, and, as I wanted an Irish wolf-hound, he and I went to see one that was advertised for sale. It was a magnificent animal, but we had much doubt as to its true breed, and decided that Mr. Parnell should not buy it.

He then suggested bringing me an Irish setter the next time he went to Ireland, and, as the idea pleased me, he brought a half-grown setter given him by Mr. Corbett, M.P., who said this dog, Grouse, was the very best he had ever had. Grouse became at once the constant companion and pleasure of his master and myself. He was a beautiful dog, and most faithful and affectionate. Mr. Parnell would tease him by pretending to be jealous when Grouse lay at my feet with his head on my foot, and when the dog rose with the dignity that always characterised him, and went over to Parnell, resting his head on his knee and assuring him of his absolute devotion, I would in my turn despair at having no dog to love me.

After a few moments of this game poor Grouse would sit exactly between us, looking from one to the other, and whining at the impossibility of pleasing us both at once. Then Parnell would move to my side on the sofa so that Grouse could rest his chin on our clasped hands, to his great contentment. The dog always slept in Parnell's room, and, in his last illness, when the doctors wished to have Grouse removed, Parnell would not allow it.

Mr. Corbett was very sad when he heard that Grouse had become a lady's pet, as the old sportsman considered it a sin to " spoil " a gun dog ; but I think that if he had known the pleasure Grouse gave "the Chief " he would have been glad that the dog should have exchanged the Wicklow Mountains for the hated Saxon's home. Parnell took Grouse over for the grouse-shooting one season and telegraphed to me that he had done very well, but he soon brought him back to me.

Another dog that Parnell brought home to me from Ireland was a mongrel Irish terrier that he had found wandering in the streets of Killaloe. He had been dreadfully starved and ill-used, and was quite savage when handed over to me at Brighton with muzzle and chain on, but with kindness and good feeding he soon became as devoted to us as Grouse was, and with him used thoroughly to enjoy following Parnell when he rode over the Downs for his daily exercise.

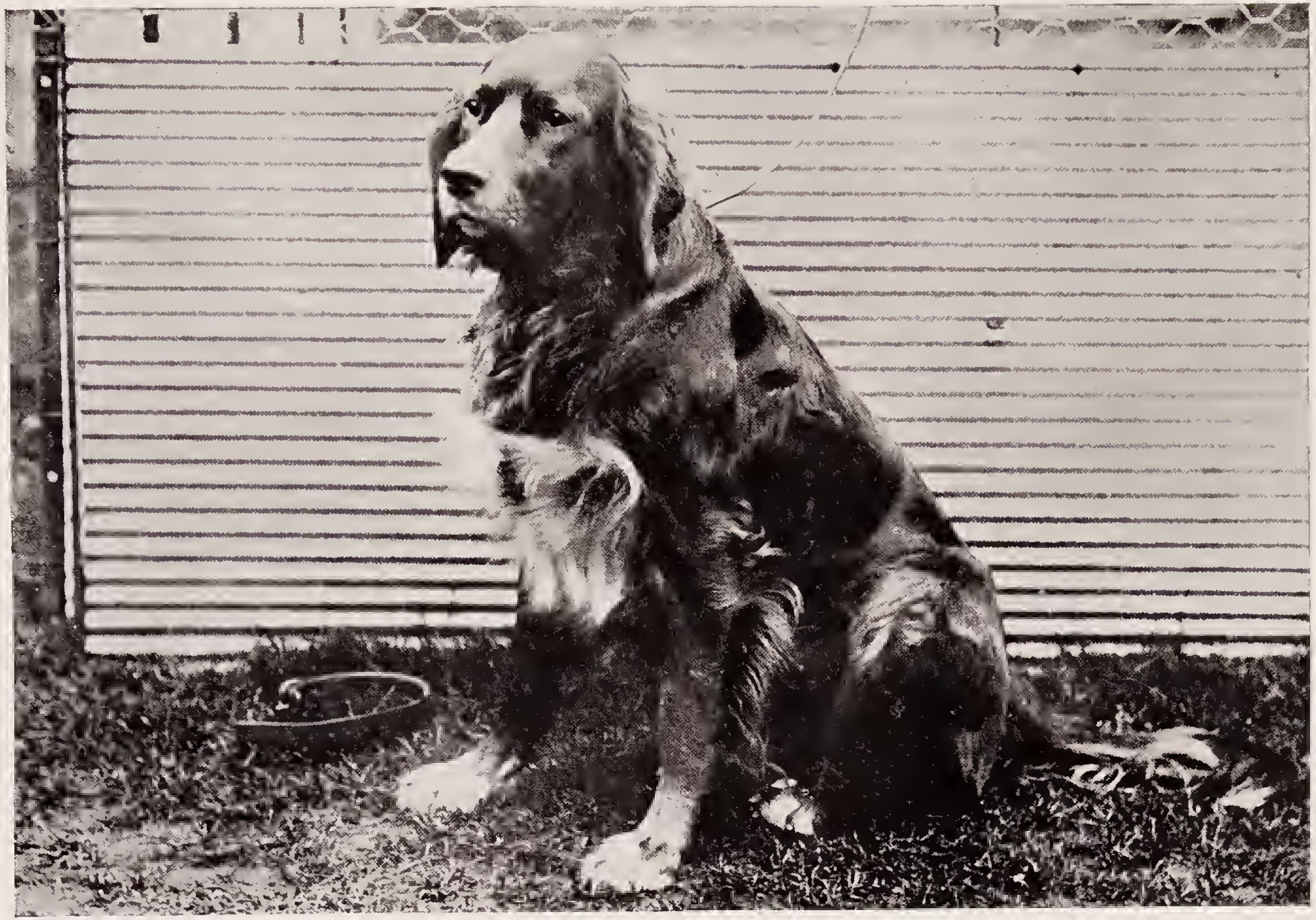
After we went to Brighton Parnell would give the dogs a swim in the sea every day, and Grouse's strong swimming was a great delight to his master. Pincher, the terrier, was the cause of much anxiety, as he used to swim right out to sea—so far that we lost sight of the little dark head—and Parnell had very often to get a boat out and fetch the exhausted little beast back. This little dog lived for many years after his master's death (Grouse only two years), but he would never allow another man to touch him without trying to bite him. He was fond of Parnell, but always on guard with other men, though quite good-tempered with women. Parnell used to say that Pincher must have been so badly treated by some man that he had learned distrust of all males. Many a time he came home from his rides with rueful amusement at the exaggerated value placed upon their legs by shepherds or labourers he had met on the Downs who had been bitten by Pincher with a careless indiscrimination that at last earned him a muzzle.

Parnell also brought to Eltham a very old setter, Ranger. He had been a splendid dog, and now his limbs were too feeble to follow his faithful heart in his master's sport. So Mr. Parnell took pity on him, and asked Mr. Corbett to let him have the dog for a lady who would care for his old age, and Ranger came to us, spending the evening of his life in basking on the sunny lawn at Eltham, wagging a dignified tail of appreciation and greeting to those of us he met on his stiff walks about the place or dreaming his doggie dreams of the sport of the past, happy and cared for till he died.

* * * * * *

The following letter was sent to *United Ireland* on April 11th, 1885, in regard to the proposed visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland :—

> You ask for my views regarding the visit of the Prince of Wales. In reply, I desire to say that if the usages of the Constitution existed in Ireland as they do in England there would, to my judgment, be no inconsistency in those who believe in the limited monarchy as the best form of government taking a suitable part in the reception of the Prince. But in view of the fact that the Constitution has never been administered in Ireland according to its spirit and precedents,



MR. PARNELL'S RETRIEVER GROUSE

that the power of the Crown as wielded by Earl Spencer and other Viceroys is despotic and unlimited to the last degree, and that in the present instance the Royal personage is to be used by the two English political parties in Ireland for the purpose of injuring and insulting the Irish Nationalist Party and of impeding, if possible, their work, I fail to see upon what ground it can be claimed from any lover of constitutional government under a limited monarchy that the Prince is entitled to a reception from the independent and patriotic people of Ireland, or to any recognition save from the garrison of officials and landowners and place-hunters who fatten upon the poverty and misfortunes of the country. Let me suggest a parallel. Would it be tolerated in England for a moment if the Government, for their own party purposes, on the eve of a general election, were to use the Prince of Wales as an electioneering agent in any section of the country, and were to send him upon a Royal progress in order to embarrass their political opponents? The breach of constitutional privilege becomes still graver when we consider that it is the march of a nation which is now sought to be impeded—the fruition of a long struggle and of many sacrifices which the adventitious aid of this Royal visit is enlisted to injure. I have, however, every confidence that our people, having been suitably forewarned, will not allow their hospitable nature and cordial disposition to carry them into any attitude which might be taken as one of condonation for the past or satisfaction with the present state of affairs.

Charles S. Parnell.

This letter was written at Eltham, and there was a laughing battle between us over the writing of it. I threatened to make him hang out "Union Jacks" from every window of Avondale if he made things unpleasant in Ireland for the Prince, and he, in pretended horror, wrote the above, and tossed it to me for the alterations (which I, of course, did not make) that my

"English prejudices" demanded. But he seriously believed that this visit of the Prince to Ireland was timed by the advisers of his Royal Highness with singular and malicious advertence to the state of the political situation, and he commented most strongly upon the poverty of imagination and chivalry of a great country such as England who could find no better use for her Prince than that of an electioneering agent.

CHAPTER VII

CAPTAIN O'SHEA'S PARLIAMENTARY DIFFICULTIES

"*Anfanck bedenck das Ende.*"
GERMAN PROVERB.

CAPTAIN O'SHEA had made himself so thoroughly unpopular in the Irish Party that when, in 1885, he desired their co-operation on his seeking re-election for County Clare none but Parnell was ready to help him. From his first entry into the House he had refused to sit with the body of the Irish Party, and from his vantage point of the Ministerial benches kept up an undercurrent of sneering comment, or, still more galling, an appearance of deprecating amusement at the mannerisms, accents, or garments of his colleagues, which was the more irritating to them from its intangible air of tolerance.

With his own set, in and out of the House, Willie was very popular. He was witty, and his wit was a little cruel; a raconteur, his stories lost nothing in the telling, and as a diner out he was much sought after. But his set did not include the then Irish Party. To Willie it would have been sacrilege to himself not to be at all times perfectly dressed, and to dine out of evening clothes as bewildering as to dine in them would have been to the majority of those on the Irish benches.

To point out to Willie that most of these men were giving their services to their country at considerable loss to themselves, and that more than one had been singled out and invited to enter the lists by Parnell solely because of some outstanding merit of cleverness, was to provoke the languid rejoinder that he could "rejoice in, but could not sit with, unvarnished genius."

Willie's intimacy with Mr. Chamberlain was also a considerable factor against his position with the party, and his persistent voicing of Mr. Chamberlain's opinions provoked considerable distrust. "Listen to him then, with his 'Chamberlain and I,' and will ye tell me how much is 'Chamberlain' and how much 'I' in that cabal ?" was how one of them voiced their discontent.

To give an instance of the feeling of some of the Irish members I may tell of one incident that certainly had its funny side also. Parnell came home one night, or rather early morning, while Willie was still member for Clare. After his supper, and while placidly lighting a cigar, he observed with a slight smile, "A man was waiting in the Lobby to-night for Willie—to kill him." "To do *what?*" I exclaimed with horror. "To kill him; it's all right; don't get excited!—was much too drunk to be able to kill anyone; but I wish Willie would not annoy them all so much. From what I could make out Willie smiled at his pronunciation of 'Misther Spaker, Sorr.' Willie's smile is a bit of a twister sometimes!"

And now Willie was keenly anxious to be returned again for Clare, and was making it known to all that he did not intend to give the party pledge again.

I was very anxious that Willie should remain in Parliament. Politics were a great interest to him and gave him little time to come down to Eltham. When he did so the perpetual watchfulness and diplomacy I had to observe were extremely irksome to me. Years of neglect, varied by quarrels, had killed my love for him long before I met Parnell, and since the February of 1882 I could not bear to be near him.

* * * * * *

Avondale, Rathdrum,
October 23, 1885.

My dear Mrs. O'Shea,—Will you kindly enclose in envelope and direct and post enclosed?

The weather here has been very wet and cold, but I hope to get away soon and see you shortly on my return to London.

Kind regards to all.—Yours very truly, in haste,

Chas. S. Parnell.

The enclosure was the following private letter to me, sent thus to allay suspicion if they were seen at Eltham.

Avondale, Rathdrum,
October 23, 1885.

My own little Wifie,—He[*] arrived here this morning and left for the North, where he is to see one of the leaders and ascertain whether they will let him in. He then wants me to see Lord R.,[†] but I would much prefer not doing so, as it would very probably come out.

If the Old Man [‡] agrees to proposition the best plan will be for you to write and tell W. that it is all right, so as to get me out of seeing Lord R.

I suppose you have been advised as to nature of proposition, so I need not detail it here.

When I arrived at Euston I found him [§] on the platform

[*] Captain O'Shea. [†] Lord Richard Grosvenor. [‡] Gladstone.
[§] Captain O'Shea.

before me, also T. P., and we all then went over together. I asked the latter about the former's chances, and he was positive he had none, pledge or not. O'K.* on my arrival was of the same opinion, and advised me strongly to let him go North or else make some provision for him outside politics. He called to see me next morning and told me he considered his chances very bad, also that nothing would induce him to take pledge. I said very little, and while we were talking over the situation O'S. tapped at door. He said he would like to consult O'K., so invited him in. The latter strongly advised him not to stand, and while conversation was proceeding he informed O'K. he would not take pledge, when O'K. told him at once that it was not in the power of mortal man to get him in for any National constituency without it, and that even I could not do it. He then decided to give it up, and it was arranged he should stand for a constituency in the North which we do not intend to contest, and where he will have a chance. The rest you know.

I hope to be able to cross Sunday, if not obliged to attend Galway Convention Monday, where the " ring " is endeavouring to put in a man who is obnoxious to me.

I often wish that I had wings and an invisible suit, so that I could fly across to you every evening after my day's work is done. I hope my queen is driving out every day. Home Rule will draw either phaeton or buggy by himself if you give him his time, and the more quiet exercise he gets the better, but Dictator goes too fast for him.

H. behaved very badly about Fermanagh, threatening and striking O'K. on Monday evening to intimidate him from going forward, but the latter squared up to him like a man and cowed him.

I shall go to Dublin to-morrow morning by first train, and shall be there all day and probably Saturday night.

YOUR OWN KING AND HUSBAND.

On Parnell's writing to me that it really was practically impossible to get him returned again for County Clare, nor, without the pledge, for any other Irish seat under his control, I wrote to Willie, and in return received a letter of bitter complaint accusing Parnell of ingratitude and treachery. Now already, in the use of these terms by Willie, certain persons—enemies of Parnell's policy—with that over-anxiety of the dishonourable to use the meanest weapons of attack in preference to those of nobler forging—professed to see indications of a loathsome treaty between Parnell, Willie, and myself. Willie was under the impression that he had been the chief negotiator of the Kilmainham Treaty, and that he had, on another occasion, done Parnell signal political service in a certain negotiation with Mr. Gladstone, and thinking, as he did, that this was so, and having a very keen sense of his own importance, with far too much vanity to understand that he had become not merely unpopular, but absolutely disliked in the party, he believed, and fervently protested, that Parnell was behaving with singular ingratitude and treachery to him in not more strongly supporting his candidature. That Parnell had, and was pressing it so strongly as to jeopardise his own position he could not understand. His true reason for doing so —my desire—he did not know; nor did he know, what Parnell knew, that ugly rumour had already begun the campaign of brutality that, not daring to meet its foe in the open, wars with the dirty word, the filth flung at a woman's love and, with only the knowledge of its own motives and methods, the belief that where there is a wrong that wrong must surely be of the basest kind.

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* O'Kelly.

Parnell could not apply to Lord Richard Grosvenor himself—as was Willie's cool proposition—but on receipt of Parnell's letter, after some consideration, I went to see Lord Richard, point-blank told him that I most particularly wished Willie to continue in Parliament, and asked him if there was any chance of getting him returned for one of the divisions of Liverpool. Lord Richard was very kind, and though full of the business caused by the General Election, he devoted a whole morning to showing that I was asking, if not the impossible, at least the unreasonable thing of him. He said, "And we don't even know what O'Shea's politics are!" "You know Chamberlain's," I replied, and in spite of a smile he sat down again to consider the matter afresh.

The upshot of this interview was that, on leaving Lord Richard, I wrote to Willie that Lord Richard Grosvenor had promised to use his influence for him for Liverpool, and I give the interchange of telegrams that resulted:—

DUBLIN,
October 21st, 1885.

To O'SHEA, ELTHAM.

No use, am leaving for Birmingham to-night to see Chamberlain.
B.*

CREWE,
October 22nd, 1885.

To O'SHEA, ELTHAM.

Energetic action on Gladstone's part necessary; wrote you from Chamberlain's.
B.

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* My pet name in our early married life for Willie was "Bopsie."

DUBLIN,
October 24*th.*

To O'SHEA, ELTHAM, BLACKHEATH.

He* is at Morrison's. Fairest compromise offered me in North, but he declares himself, as usual, powerless. B.

Thereupon I wrote to Gladstone, and on 24th October he replied to the effect that the matter lay wholly within the province of Lord Richard Grosvenor, to whom he was forwarding my letter and one of Willie's of the same date. He might perhaps see Lord Richard, and in any case would tell him, what he already knew, how sorry he would be if Willie was not elected for the new Parliament. To go beyond this would, as I should understand, lead to much inconvenience and confusion of duties.

THE SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN,
Sunday, October 25*th,* 1885.

DEAR KATE,—I am going to Belfast to-morrow. I scarcely know why. However, one likes to see a game out.

I have kept my temper more or less well so far. Mr. Chamberlain, with his knowledge of what I did at various times for Mr. Parnell, considers the latter—well, thinks very ill indeed of him. He (C.) and all my life friends say that if he had any feeling, any spark of honour, he would have told his party that he was under such a promise and such an obligation that my seat must be secured, or he would resign his leadership.

Lord Claud Hamilton was in the train in which I returned last night, and pointed me out to the Orangemen at Portadown, so that it appears the murder is out, and that my attempt at Mid Antrim will appear to-morrow morning.

My impression is that I shall be in London on Tuesday, and that I was not wrong in fearing, ere I left it, that I was on a wildgoose chase.

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* Parnell.

No one can ever deal successfully with lying and treachery. —Your B.

Dickson was very civil, but, of course, wants S. Tyrone, for which they are starting O'Brien.

On October 29th Lord Richard telegraphed to me from Chester acknowledging the receipt of my letter late the previous night. "He had hoped to be able to reply definitely that day, but was unable. He had not heard, as expected, that morning."

The Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin,
November 2, 1885.

Dear Kate,—The doctor cannot yet tell me when I may hope to leave this wretched place. I am certainly recovering, but very slowly. He says the slightest cold would bring on a relapse which might be fatal. I shall stay a night at Chamberlain's on my way back.

Of course I knew nothing about your political movements and arrangements.

All I know is that I am not going to lie in ditch. I have been treated in blackguard fashion and I mean to hit back a stunner. I have everything ready; no drugs could make me sleep last night, and I packed my shell with dynamite. It cannot hurt my friend,* and it will send a blackguard's reputation with his deluded countrymen into smithereens.

I have got your telegram. He won't be of high "importance" soon.

I wonder the little girls have not written to me; no one cares a bit for me except my poor old mother.

I am very tired from writing a lot of letters.—Yours,
W. H. O'Shea.

* Chamberlain.

In spite of my letters and telegrams Willie was still indignant and unwilling to leave Ireland for an English constituency. He was ill and felt his disappointment the more keenly for this reason. After this last letter I saw Lord Richard Grosvenor again, and on the result wired to Willie as follows:—

November 4, 1885.

To O'Shea, M.P.

Grosvenor says as you written declining he working another direction, but says if anything done must be done by him alone, so if you think any besides old place do communicate him first before any whisper gets out about it. Address twelve Upper Brook Street. We just going your mother.

Dick.

Dublin,
November 4, 1885.

To O'Shea, Eltham, Kent.

Letter mistaken. He[*] first refused to perform promise respecting present place, pleading inability to cope with opposition of his own friends. He then offered compromise North, stating only minority 550, then to you 700. It is actually 2,000.

Willie.

On receipt of a letter from me of the 4th November Willie began to waver in his determination to keep to Ireland and replied:—

Dublin,
November 5th, 1885.

To O'Shea, Eltham.

What seat? C.[†] thought nothing left England except forlorn hopes. Representatives of fishermen came to-day. Very sorry their friend [‡] so perfidiously sacrificed.

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[*] Parnell.
[†] Chamberlain.
[‡] O'Shea.

On the 8th he wrote me as follows:—

Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin,
November 8th, 1885.

Dear Kate,—I shall leave by the mail packet to-morrow night.

I lunched to-day at Sir Richard Martin's; Lord Justice Barry and four or five other gentlemen there. There is much talk in Dublin about my affair. All agree that Parnell's conduct is loathsome, except a few who say he is a poor cur whipped by O'Brien and Healy.

He has run away to England.

As I have reason to believe, he may deny his having promised me to secure my re-election "without trouble." I wrote him duplicate notes last night, one to Avondale, the other to Morrison's Hotel, which must effectually prevent his telling that lie through forgetfulness.

Chief Justice Lawrence sent me a very kind message.

I shall stay at Holyhead to-morrow night, as I am still very weak and easily tired.—Yours, W. H. O'Shea.

I then wrote more fully to him, and again urged Lord Richard to do his best for him in Liverpool. He replied by wire on the 9th, saying that he would write to Liverpool on Saturday. He had wired that day.

On November 13, the Parliamentary agent, Wyllie, wired me that he had informed their Liverpool correspondent and had wired Willie.

On the same date Willie telegraphed me from Chamberlain's that another man had been chosen, and that he should return to London. By this time I was so determined that Willie should be returned for Liverpool that I threw all caution to the winds so far as Lord Richard and Gladstone were concerned and sent a peremptory message to Wyllie asking where the former was. He replied from London that Lord Richard was expected there that morning, and on receiving my further message, Grosvenor replied with really natural irritation that he could not possibly tell what candidate had been settled on the previous day.

I then telegraphed to Willie on the morning of November 14 :—

> If you think it wise, tell your Liberal friends (Holt and others) privately that you have reason to know that Mr. P. will stand unless you are accepted. I can get that put in Liverpool papers to-night if you telegraph him. Am to hear from Grosvenor this morning.

Willie replied that he was ill and had to come to London to see Montagu (*) about some company affairs ; he could return to Liverpool on Monday, and thought Stephens would retire in his favour "if Grosvenor put pressure on." That evening I heard from Lord Grosvenor that the fulfilment of my wishes was possible but complicated, and the following morning he telegraphed me that he had wired Liverpool fully as required that morning and would wire Gladstone as wished. The next day he sent another message to the effect that he was surprised to have received no news from Liverpool. Wyllie wired that he was doing his best and hoped that Willie would not contemplate going elsewhere. They did not know that Willie had returned to London. The latter wired me that he would return to Liverpool, but that he must have strong recommendations from Gladstone and Grosvenor to present to the Council the next day.

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* Afterwards Sir Samuel Montagu and Lord Swaythling.

This caused me much thought and considerable annoyance. Determined as I was that Willie should be returned for Liverpool, and (as a Liberal) no longer be in the Irish Party—to the great benefit of its leader—I did not wish to rouse the irritation of Mr. Gladstone by too strong insistence on his intervention. He was in Scotland, of course, busied by the election, and making speeches daily, and I knew by this time far too much of men and matters to be guilty of the indiscretion of forcing the hand of the G.O.M. on a matter which was not essential, even though I most keenly desired it. Parnell was in Liverpool trying to ensure Willie's candidature without appearing to do so. I had not time to consult him, and felt that, if it could be done at not too great a loss, we must get Gladstone's influence on the side of keeping Willie out of Ireland until the Home Rule Bill was passed. So I sent a carefully worded telegram to Gladstone and the next day received the reply that he must first know who was the other candidate and would consult Lord Richard.

So here I had another check, and I grimly determined that I would make Lord Richard Grosvenor's life a burden to him until I had landed Willie safely on the Liberal benches.

From Willie I now heard that "Chamberlain said" that if proper measures were adopted Willie was the best possible candidate, but Gladstone's and Grosvenor's recommendations were indispensable, and must be immediate. After a few moments' thought

I deliberately telegraphed to Willie (now at Liverpool):

> You will hear from Grosvenor and Gladstone before or at meeting. Important not to disclose P.'s (Parnell's) knowledge of your candidature until accepted by local Liberals, even then best allow P. himself announce his acceptance of your candidature. DICK.

I then wired Lord Richard for an appointment. He distressfully replied that he had telegraphed to Liverpool as I desired; but this would not do; Gladstone's approval of Willie's candidature was also necessary, Grosvenor could obtain it, and the G.O.M.'s weak "consult Lord R. G." had left this way open to me.

So I went to him and he was extremely kind, though he did say, "We have our own troubles, Mrs. O'Shea, in this election, don't harry us more than you can help! Yes, Gladstone shall telegraph, as it is your good pleasure. I am not at all sure that I approve of you in your political capacity; you are so terribly strenuous and determined! What! No, I will most certainly *not* go to Liverpool myself!" But before I left he promised me that he would go if I felt it was absolutely necessary, and let him know the next day.

I had given him the following message, given me by Parnell before he left me for use in case of too much difficulty in getting the G.O.M. and Lord Richard to act on Willie's behalf:—

"If Liberal Party adopt O'Shea as candidate for Exchange Division of Liverpool, and withdraw their candidate from either Kirkdale Division of Lancashire, whichever of these two it might be arranged that P. should stand for; the latter would secure the Liberal candidates the Irish vote in the other six Divisions of Liverpool and the Bootle Division of Lancashire; Scotland Division, of course, going to T. P. O'Connor.

" This arrangement would secure without doubt three out of the following four Liberal candidates: Smith, Southurst, Samuelson, and Whitbread, candidates respectively for Abercrombie, Kirkdale, and West Toxteth Division of Liverpool, and Whitbread for Bootle Division of Lancashire, giving Liberal candidates fair chance of six divisions—otherwise Parnell, J. Redmond, A. O'Connor, J. Barry, will be brought forward for four of former divisions."

On my return home I was confronted with fresh work. Some time before Willie had asked me to come to his chambers to lunch and to meet Mr. Samuel Montagu, with whom he was working some loan business (for the Spanish Government) on behalf of the latter's banking company. Willie wished me to meet Montagu as the latter was very desirous of getting into Parliament, Willie having told him that I often acted as private messenger between the Irish and Liberal Leaders. He was very anxious to ask me if I would try to secure him the Irish vote in the Whitechapel Division of London.

Willie was anxious to please Montagu, with whom he had much business in hand—owing to his having so complete a knowledge of Spain and the Spanish language. I had told him that he over-rated my powers, but he pressed the point so earnestly that to please Willie I said I would do my best.

Now I had asked Parnell about getting the Irish vote for Mr. Montagu, and he had said he did not see what harm Montagu could do, and it was just as well to get the Irishmen to support him as not. In the stress of Willie's business we had both forgotten him, however, and now he plaintively telegraphed for news and should he see anyone. To him I replied that the Irishmen would vote for him, I was assured, and wrote at once to Parnell to ask him to do what he could. The next morning Mr. Montagu telegraphed to me with touching simplicity, thanking me for kind advocacy, and stating that Willie had telegraphed him that he had nothing to fear. Yet, he pointed out, O'Connor had spoken absolutely against Gladstone and the Liberal Party. Possibly an exception might be made according to promise.

I felt that events were becoming almost too much for me, but sent him a message to say that his return was certain (as a matter of fact, I believed his opponent was obnoxious to all parties), wired to a London agent of Parnell's (under such name as he would know the message emanated from him) to beat up the Irishmen for Montagu; told Parnell I had done so, and then set myself again to attend to Willie's candidature.

On the morning of the 20th Willie wired me:—

> "If Grosvenor would come all might be put right,"

and I forwarded this to Grosvenor so that he might redeem the promise he had made me the day before. He replied that he had wired Liverpool, and would go down that night if still wanted, but that it was exceedingly inconvenient.

At the same time I had a telegram from Parnell, at Liverpool, to " send W. a tip to be civil." Willie was, I believe, incensing the Irishmen of Liverpool by talking of Parnell's " perfidy " again.

I went up to London, and told Lord Richard that now he absolutely must go, as he had promised me he would. He said : " Well, look here, Mrs. O'Shea, it is an awkward position, but I'll go, as I said I would, but I want you to come with me."

I looked quietly at Lord Richard, and held to my self-control with all the force I possessed. Go with him to Liverpool to help by canvassing and by the influence of my personal charm, my husband by law to contest this seat, backed and aided in my efforts by the presence of my lover himself! Was Grosvenor mad ? or was it possible that all this time that I had been in constant communication with him and Gladstone as the only intermediary they had known, between themselves and Parnell, he had imagined that I did this work from a sheer love of politics, from vanity, from any one thing in the world but the love of Parnell himself ? Was this man a monk, a priest, an absolute child, to think these things could be?

These thoughts raced through my head, but no! as I stared across at Grosvenor making little lines and figures on his blotting pad, and not looking at me, I knew that this courteous gentleman knew full well ; that he was a man of the world (no less than Gladstone, who was well aware I did not live with my husband, and who had received so many letters from Parnell dated from my house), I knew that he was asking me not to press him into a false position.

I said: "Parnell is in Liverpool working quietly for Willie." He replied, still not looking at me: "I was not sure." I went on: "I cannot personally work for Willie in Liverpool, and," after a pause, "I am more useful to him here."

"Yes, you are more useful to him here, but—well, don't be too useful to him!"

"You will go down, Lord Richard?"

"Yes, I will go down, and I will do my best—we owe you that—but frankly I do not want it known. It will be safe to tell him that."

We arranged that in telegraphing to me that he would call Willie "Jack" for better privacy, and he asked me to drive round with him to fetch his things so that I could explain exactly how matters stood in Liverpool in time for him to catch the train.

On my return home I found a telegram from Willie saying:—

> Offer finally rejected, would he retire man Scotland * in view of great services received in past and necessary in future?

I at once replied that such a scheme was impossible, that R. (Grosvenor) was going down and G. (Gladstone) would immediately send "approval." But Willie was off at a tangent and replied:—

> Considerable Liberal majority Scotland. Liberals have handsomely left division for Irishmen; therefore nothing more suitable. He (Parnell) will not like doing it yet; only way to redeem his character.

To this I did not reply, thinking that the morning

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* Division of Liverpool.

might produce saner vision all round. But that night came :—

Awaiting your views. It will be disgraceful if Scotland not arranged.—B.

Almost at the same time :—

Telegram just come authorising me state Mr. Gladstone wishes me obtain seat. Stephens has issued address. They have done everything with eyes open, saying it will be best in the end.—B.

I replied :—

Issue your address for Exchange to-night. Stephens must retire if you are firm. Am sure Scotland impossible.—Dick.

The next day I received the following letter from him :—

Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool,
November 19.

My Dick,—To finish everything my stylographic pen won't mark, and the pens here are the worst things in the inn.

One must always remember that it is the Whigs who manage things whenever Chamberlain and Schnadhorst are out of it, for it is they who subscribe to the organisation.

The Liberal candidates are a wretched lot—Sam Smith didn't attend the meeting this morning. Holt was with him until after twelve last night. At first he was warmly in favour of the arrangement, but afterwards said it would be bad for the party in Liverpool in the long run, that the howl would play the mischief, the howl of a Parnell treaty. I could plainly see that Parnell's candidature is looked upon as bogus. There is a move to withdraw Stephens by and by, so as to leave Parnell, if he means business, to fight the Tory candidate single-handed. How would this look if he were at the same time ordering his men to vote for the Tories in the other divisions? I suggested that Parnell might do exactly the same thing—retire himself as soon as Stephens had done so. I said there is a Liberal majority in Scotland Division, because I heard it stated with confidence several times. I cannot see why in any case Mr. P. should not give me that seat, because it isn't more difficult than lying, and it was a distinct bargain made by himself the night of the close division about Egypt. He said: "*If you vote with us against the Government I promise you your re-election without trouble or expense.*" However, I suppose I may as well make up my mind to be out of it. I am not the bit the worse of coming here this time, but I have been taking the greatest care.

Some said some of the Dissenters would be as mad as the Whigs.—Your B.

On the 21st Willie telegraphed me first that he had had a long interview with Grosvenor, and was to have another later. This was followed by:—

When speaking or writing about me essential (Parnell) should say advised them* to support me on account great services rendered country. B.

Later still:—

If the treachery† in Ireland had been acknowledged in September I could have had any suitable English seat. The regret of all classes and execrations against S.‡ extraordinary. B.

Lord Richard Grosvenor had returned to London. I had communicated with him the night before and he now wired that he had only received the telegram at eight that morning and had replied. He most particularly asked me to prevent Willie publishing the letter he wrote in regard to Willie's candidature. He now pressed this point and reassured me as to Willie's nomination.

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* Electors.

† What Willie considered was Parnell's treachery.

‡ Stephens.

At 1.5 that day Willie wired:—

> O'Shea, Baily, Parnell, and Stephens nominated. Hope Grosvenor will telegraph permitting me to publish letter he wrote with Chamberlain's and Bright's.

I had already told him he must not do this, and now replied:—

> Don't publish letter. Lord Richard's address: Arms Hotel, Crewe, to-night.

Now came a wail from poor Mr. Montagu that at a large Irish meeting people were told to vote for his opponent. He had telegraphed to Liverpool.

I sent him a hopeful message, which was really all I could do for him then, and when a little later I received a message from Parnell saying "Stephens will retire" I felt that for the moment Parnell must be allowed a little respite from my importunities.

The same evening I was much depressed at receiving from Grosvenor a message sent at Wrexham on his way to Crewe, saying that

> Jack had published his letter on the Saturday evening, had heard nothing since the morning. P.* not nominated. He slept at Crewe Arms that night.

In publishing Lord Richard Grosvenor's letter, against my promise, Willie had done much mischief, and I felt that in view of the way Grosvenor had put himself to an immensity of trouble to secure his candidature, Willie's action was more than inconsiderate.

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* Parnell.

On December 14th Lord Richard wrote me from the Liberal Central Office, 41 and 42 Parliament Street, to say that he had just that minute (5.30 p.m.) returned. Here was the letter—*no one* had seen it, and to only one man (Billson) had he mentioned the fact contained in it. He was very sorry that his journey and efforts had produced no result, but he had tried his best, and they had sat in conclave till 2 a.m. that morning. O'Shea should leave Liverpool that night, and on no account meet Parnell there. As it had failed everything must be blotted out and forgotten. Stephens had no chance whatever—he made that safe before leaving—so no notice need be taken of him, but he would go to the poll.

He found it would be impossible now to find Captain O'Shea a seat, but vacancies were sure to occur before long, when he would not be forgotten where a suitable chance offered.

Mr. Parnell worked harder than ever he had before to get Willie returned for Liverpool, but it was in vain. With all the weight of Parnell's influence upon the Irish vote in Liverpool, with all the support of Lord Richard Grosvenor and, through him, of Mr. Gladstone, Willie was beaten by a few votes. The next day Parnell came back to me. I was suffering from a nervous breakdown owing to the sudden relaxing of the intense strain and work that I had been through, coupled with my bitter disappointment at Willie's defeat, and Parnell nursed, soothed and comforted me as tenderly as a woman.

And now came the demand we expected from Willie. He could not bear to be out of Parliament, more than all he could not bear to be out of it by defeat, and he went to Parnell in the House and insisted that his " services in regard to the Kilmainham Treaty and also in acting between Chamberlain, Mr. Gladstone, and himself" deserved the recognition of Parnell's support in again trying for an Irish seat. Moreover, he declared that Parnell had long before solemnly promised him his support should the occasion arise, soon after their first meeting indeed.

Parnell pointed out that the situation was so utterly different that such a promise, even if made, was, by force of circumstances, most certainly cancelled, that his candidature for the only Irish seat available (Galway, vacant by the fact that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, elected for both, had chosen Liverpool) would be met by the fiercest opposition, and that he even doubted his (Parnell's) own power over the Irish Party being strong enough to bear the strain of such a nomination for Galway. Willie replied angrily that he was extremely popular in Ireland, and that he would be very sorry to be on terms of popularity with such a " rapscallion crew " as the party.

" Well, then, you need not be sorry, for you are very unpopular with them," Parnell replied, busily thinking.

Meanwhile Willie fumed and urged his point with the deadly, nagging persistency that I had so often known and given in to, in the old days, for the mere sake of hearing no more of a subject.

Presently Parnell said consideringly, " And you will not take the pledge even " (the party pledge to sit, act, and vote together), and Willie answered " No, he would sit where he liked, and vote as he pleased," to which Parnell could only reply : " Then the thing is not worth discussing further," and left him.

But Willie would not leave it there. He *must* be in the House, and there was only Galway available.

The party were worrying Parnell for a nomination and uneasy at the delay in his proposing a candidate. Parnell and I were much troubled. We feared that if Willie once contested an Irish seat again the foul insinuations of Callan and Co. would surely be used against him as being Parnell's nominee (see letter of January 15th, 1886, from Mr. Parnell to me, p. 215), and these would necessarily be investigated by Willie and the truth sifted from the foul lie.

That this would lead to action that might endanger the triumph of the Home Rule Bill was fairly certain, and the silence of years made of none effect at the very time when this silence was to be rewarded by Ireland's freedom. Over and over again had Parnell said: " Once we get Home Rule through Ireland is safe, and we may be happy in sight of all the world ; but till then I fear these English hypocrites." However, Willie would give me no peace. I must see Mr. Gladstone, Lord Richard Grosvenor, Mr. Parnell. It was nonsense to suppose that with all the " wire-pulling " I had had to do I now had not the small amount of influence he required to secure him a seat in Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain fully supported him in this view, he said, and considered Parnell shamelessly ungrateful for not proposing him for Galway. In the end he told me that he intended to go to Ireland, that he meant to stand for Galway, and should get proposed by someone else if Parnell would not do it, adding that it was my " duty " to see Parnell, and tell him firmly that I would no longer be his " cat's-paw " with Gladstone if he did not support Willie now.

Of course, without Parnell's advocacy Willie would have had no chance at all of being returned for any Irish constituency, but he would have had the opportunity of doing much mischief, and there were at work against " the Chief " certain hostile factions whose venom was all the more bitter for being hidden and, as they supposed, secret.

In going over the problem with me, weighing up the pros and cons, Parnell said : " I can force Willie upon Galway, but it will be such a shock to my own men that they'll not be the same again. Or I can leave it alone, and . . . and . . . will do almost as much mischief with him there. Queenie, you must see him again, and tell him I'll propose him if only he will consent to take the party pledge. Tell him I cannot insult the others by proposing him without this."

I did so, but it was no use. Willie was not well, and would not even discuss the matter, merely reiterating his intention of going to Galway the moment he could get his shoe on (he suffered much from gout), and his disgust at the ingratitude of "the man he had let out of prison," to say nothing of Gladstone's, Grosvenor's, and my own ingratitude.

I went home, and on Parnell's return I told him of my failure. He only nodded, and, gazing into the fire, said quietly, " It is no matter, Queenie, I was thinking this afternoon that we are giving ourselves much trouble about what really does not concern us. I'll run him for Galway, and "—with sudden fierceness —" I'll get him returned. I'll force him down their throats, and he can never again claim that I have promised and not performed. It will cost me the confidence of the party, but that much he shall have, and I shall be done with his talk of pledges."

Then, after a pause, " We won't mind, Queenie, if it leads to worry and fuss. If it were not for the Bill (Home Rule) I should be delighted, and, after all, if the country (Ireland) wants Home Rule she'll get it sooner or later. Anyhow, what shall be shall be, and I told T. P. to-night that I meant to propose Willie." As I looked at him amazed, for I had had no idea that he had come to this decision, he laughed with the rare flash of humour that sometimes beset him at unlikely moments. " You should have seen his face, my Queen; he looked as if I had dropped him into an ice-pit."

Captain O'Shea was returned for Galway.

CHAPTER VIII

SEASIDE HOLIDAYS

> "*Green leaves a-floating,*
> *Castles of the foam,*
> *Boats of mine a-boating,*
> *Where will all come home?*"—STEVENSON.

IN May, 1886, I took my children to the Queen's Hotel, Eastbourne, for a change, and, after a few days spent in looking for lodgings, I settled them in St. John's Road. Parnell enjoyed the bathing at Eastbourne greatly, and was much distressed that the weakness of my heart prevented my joining him in his swims, and that boating had most disastrous effects on me.

He was boyishly determined that I should at any rate join him in some way in his sea "sports," and one warm May evening he insisted that if I went into the sea fully dressed it could not hurt me. I thought it would at any rate be most uncomfortable, but to please him I held tightly to his arm while we waded far out to sea till the waves came to my shoulder and threw me off my feet.

He held me tightly, laughing aloud as the ripple of waves and wind caught my hair and loosed it about my shoulders; and, as I grew cold and white, my wonderful lover carried me, with all the weight of my soaked clothing, back to the shore, kissing the wet hair that the wind twisted about his face and whispering the love that almost frightened me in its strength. Luckily the dusk of evening had come down upon us, and I was able to get back to the house in my wet things, half-walking and half-carried by Parnell, without unduly shocking Eastbourne's conventions.

As I thought I should be able to be away from my aunt, with occasional flying visits to her, for about two months, Parnell had two of our horses brought down to Eastbourne. He had during that time to go to London and Ireland, but it was on the whole a peaceful little interlude in his strenuous political life, and we were very happy. He rode his horse President in the morning, and afterwards I drove him far out into the country around Eastbourne with Dictator in my phaeton.

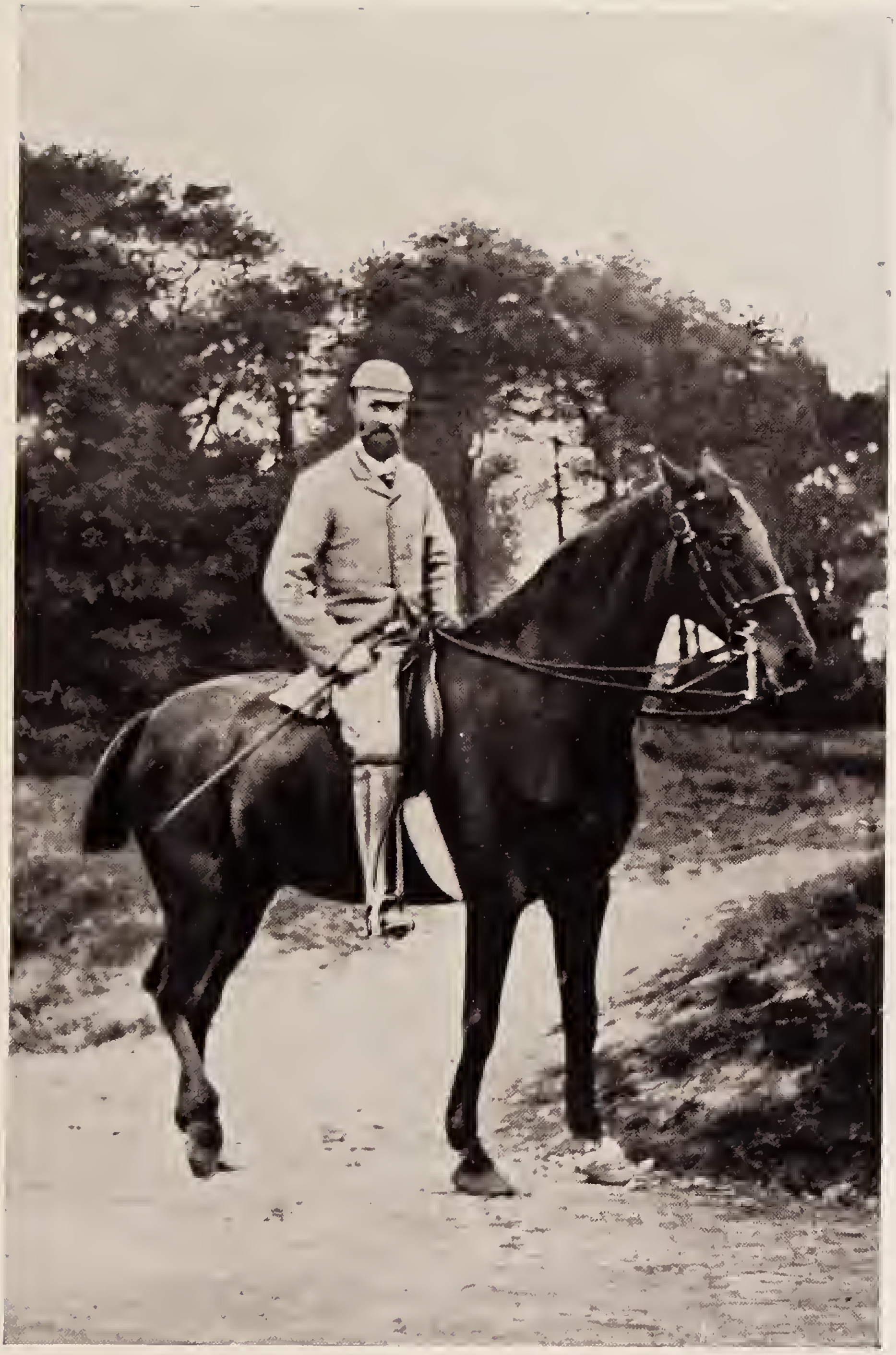
We often drove out to Birling Gap—a favourite haunt of ours—and there we selected a site for the ideal house of our dreams; a place where one could hear nothing but the beating of the surf on the rocks below and the wild call of the sea-birds. He loved that place, where we could be absolutely alone save for the coastguardsman along the cliff, who never intruded his interesting conversation, but who was always ready for a chat when we cared to hear his stories of the sea.

It was impossible to drive near the place, so we had to leave Dictator and the phaeton far off on the last bit possible to drive upon. Parnell had an easy method of " hitching " a horse to something, in the firm faith that he would find it there on return a few hours later, and this made me very uneasy where my far from patient Dictator was concerned. Parnell would settle the horse with a feed, in charge of his groom, well sheltered behind a hill, and take a fantastic pleasure in observing the sulky gloom of the young man's face after an hour or so of this isolated meditation.

Parnell had a great love of sea-storms, and when there was a gale blowing from the west, and rough weather assured, he loved to get me out to Birling Gap to listen to the roar of the sea and the screaming of the wind as it blew around us, nearly carrying us off our feet. He would tie his coat about me, and hold me firmly against the wind as it tore about us, and while we gazed out at the raging waves he would exclaim: "Isn't this glorious, my Queen? Isn't it alive?"

Our coastguardsman friend always seemed somewhat pleased to see us, though undoubtedly he thought us odd in our amusements. I have often thought since that if we had built our house in that isolated loveliness, where the sound of the sea and moan of the wind were incessant, there would have been some truth in what was said afterwards as to our house in Walsingham Terrace, that it was so "terribly dreary."

On one occasion we drove to Pevensey, and, passing the station on our return, a crowd from some local train came pouring out. Parnell asked me to pull up to let the crowd go by; but to his consternation this attracted the attention of some young men in the crowd, who at once recognised him, and, waving their hats, cried "Parnell, Parnell!" with that horrible emphasis on the "nell" that is so prevalent. Parnell, lifting his hat, urged me in an agonised tone to drive on, but it was too late. The crowd clustered about us, insisting



MR. PARNELL ON HORSEBACK

(The only photograph taken of the kind)

on shaking hands with him, and throwing covertly interested glances at his companion. They would not let us go on till he had made a little impromptu speech on current affairs, after which we drove off amid cheers.

Parnell never swore, and " Goodness gracious ! " learned from his nurse in extreme youth, was the strongest expression he ever used, but the dull, quiet anger such a contretemps as this caused him would, I felt, have been relieved could he have acquired the habit of " language." This little incident at Pevensey would lead to newspaper paragraphs, and it was hard we could not have a few days' quiet amusement without having it boomed through the country. However, a brilliant thought struck me. If we were to be bothered by paragraphs let them be our own ! So we drew up by the wayside, and concocted a paragraph which told an over-interested world that " Mr. Parnell had been staying at Hastings with his sister, and on visiting Pevensey with her had," etc., etc. This, forwarded to the Press Association, left us in peace at Eastbourne to complete our little holiday.

Apropos of Parnell's " Goodness gracious," he was at first quite unconscious of his use of the words, and it was only on Willie's plaintive query as to why he did not d——n like other men, instead of using " that foolish and vulgar expression," he became aware of it. He then admitted with some amusement that he liked the homely old expression and did not d——n merely because it never occurred to him to do so.

On the cliffs towards Beachy Head is a house that at that time was built but not quite finished. Parnell took me up to see it, and suggested that it might be a charming seaside retreat for us, even though not the ideal we always had in our minds. This house then had a beautiful and wide outlook over the sea, and I liked it so much that he arranged to take it on a three years' agreement directly it was finished. He wanted to have all the walls distempered instead of papered, and we spent many hours over this and the selection of the Minton tiles for the hall. The details of the house interested him greatly, and one day when the men working there had gone to dinner Parnell showed me how to lay the tiles with so much energy that we had finished their work by the time the men returned. He then insisted upon my writing "Heatherbell Cottage" on a tile, which he proceeded to inlay over the front door, earning the comment from the men working there that he seemed to know as much about the "job" as they did.

He then turned his attention to making a smooth lawn in our little garden, spending hours pulling a roller up and down, while I sat on the steps writing from his dictation "A Proposed Constitution for the Irish and the English Peoples"—a production that excited the greatest wrath in the minds of some of the Irish Party at a subsequent meeting. I do not think that the English members of Parliament were ever made acquainted with the benefits proposed for their consideration under this "Constitution."

This Constitution was more fun than anything else. Parnell undoubtedly put it before certain members of the Irish Party instead of one drafted by his own hand. He told me afterwards that they looked "absolutely ill" when they saw my handwriting, so he would not withdraw it in favour of his own—till later.

I was sitting on the doorstep of our new house one day, idly watching Parnell build a bank that was to be turfed over to keep us from prying eyes, when he stopped suddenly and, leaning on his spade, said: "I am a poet! And descended from the poet, Thomas Parnell."

"*Not* a poet," I answered gently, "even though descended from one."

"I *am* a poet myself; give me a pencil and paper." And, throwing himself down beside me, he wrote down the following verse proudly. "It came to me while I was digging," he said as he tossed it over to me, "and it is a real poem, and makes me a real poet. It's as good as any of Tom Parnell's stuff!"

I was forced to confess that I agreed with him, as I do now, that it was, and is, as good as, and better to me than, any of Thomas Parnell's stuff, or "the stuff" of any poet who ever graced the world with song. This is it:—

"The grass shall cease to grow,
The river's stream to run,
The stars shall ponder in their course,
No more shall shine the sun;
The moon shall never wane or grow,
The tide shall cease to ebb and flow,
Ere I shall cease to love you."

CHAS. PARNELL.

One evening in 1886, on his return from town, Parnell told me about Mr. O'Brien's Plan of Campaign. He did not approve of it, and said that he did not wish to have anything to do with the working of it, saying: "I shall let O'Brien run it by himself."

Parnell was looking and feeling very ill at this time, and when Mr. O'Brien took upon himself to call at my house to see him, entirely uninvited, Parnell was not really well enough to see him. He was suffering from nervous breakdown, chiefly brought on by gastric trouble, which in its turn was produced by overwork and the strain of political life. All through his life Parnell was delicate. From 1880, when I first met him (and nursed him into health) to 1891, when he died, it was only by incessant watchfulness and care that I was able to maintain his health at all. It is certainly the fact that only his indomitable will and power of mind rendered him capable of enduring the strain of his public life and of the feats of strength that few men of far greater physique would have attempted.

It was in allusion to this illness at the time of the visit of Mr. O'Brien that Parnell said in his speech at the Eighty Club (May 8, 1888): "I was ill, dangerously ill; it was an illness from which I have not entirely recovered up to this day. I was so ill that I could not put pen to paper, or even read the newspaper. I knew nothing about the movement until weeks after it had started, and even then I was so feeble that for several months—absolutely up to the meeting of Parliament—I was positively unable to take part in any public matter, and was scarcely able to do so for months afterwards. But, if I had been in a position to advise, I candidly submit to you that I should have advised against it."

Mr. O'Brien called again to see Parnell during the time he was so ill, and he left his room for the first time to go down to the sitting-room to see him. They had a long talk over the Plan of Campaign and other matters, and the interview left Parnell so exhausted that he was very ill again for some days afterwards.

Long after he told me, " All I got for getting up to see O'Brien was that he went about telling people that I was insane."

Mr. Parnell had been feeling low and depressed all through the summer of this year, and towards the autumn I became very much worried about his lassitude and general feeling of illness. I tried different diets without effect, and, thinking it might be better for him to go straight to bed after " the House," I took a house in London for him and settled him there, but he could not bear the loneliness, and came back to Eltham as usual after a few nights. In November he became worse, and I insisted upon his consulting a doctor, suggesting Sir Henry Thompson, as I had heard he was very clever. I took him to London on the afternoon of November 6, in a closed carriage, and he was feeling so weak and nervous that he asked me to go in and see Sir Henry first for him. His nerves had completely broken down and I felt terribly worried about him. He stayed in the waiting-room while I went into the consulting-room. Here Sir Henry hurried in from dinner, extremely irritable at being disturbed at such an unseemly hour for a " Mr. Charles Stewart," whom he did not know. " Look, look, *look!* Look at the clock! What's the matter? I have a consultation in a few minutes!"

I was very glad that the door between the rooms was shut, as I felt that such a reception in his state of nerves would have caused Parnell to leave the house without waiting for an interview. I began to point out that "my" patient could not, in such a low state, face such an ungenial reception. So he permitted me to explain a little about Mr. Stewart's ill-health, and as he was kindness itself, losing every trace of impatience, he helped Parnell into his room, where, after receiving a smile of assurance from Parnell, and having seen the relief in his face, I left them together, feeling what an inestimable blessing it was to have placed Parnell's health in such a haven of security in so far as human skill could aid it.

The knowledge, throughout the rest of Parnell's life, of being able to obtain Sir Henry Thompson's advice was a great comfort to this overwrought man.

Sir Henry Thompson warned me that it was most important for Mr. Parnell's health that his feet should be kept very warm, as his circulation was bad. When his feet became cold it upset his digestion, and this so disorganised his general health that he was then laid up for several days. I always insisted upon his frequently changing his shoes and socks when he was at home, and gave him a little black bag containing a change whenever he was sure to be away for a few hours, as I found that the trouble of the frequent changing was amply compensated for in warm feet and therefore better health.

So curiously inquisitive were some of the Irish Party about its contents that the little bag with the change of socks and shoes became an obsession with them till one of them made the brilliant discovery that " Parnell had boots and socks in it to save him from wet feet ! " Parnell used to complain to me when he handed it over to me that I might see by the different coloured socks that he had kept his promise of " changing " in town, that ——'s eyes seemed to be boring holes in the bag, and he was really thinking it would be better to hang the other shoes and socks round his neck if he must take them about with him !

When Parnell had to go over to Ireland he desired his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to bring his correspondence down to me at Eastbourne in order that I might deal with one or two matters on which he desired immediate intelligence telegraphed to him in our private code. He had long since registered the telegraphic address of " Satellite " for me that he might be able to telegraph with more privacy, and this arrangement had proved its usefulness many times in political and private matters. He had himself put together the code words we used, and insisted on my learning them by heart, to obviate the risk of any misunderstanding in case of loss.

Most of the words used were taken from his assaying operations, though not all, and were sent as from one engineer to another about work in hand. In the code Willie appeared as " Tailings " and with Middlings, Crude, Gas, Overseer, Slag, Concentrate, Deposit, and a few other such words for Gladstone, Chamberlain, and other politicians, our code was an excellent working medium of private communication.

Before we took the house in Eastbourne we made a flying visit to Bognor, but this, though in those days a pretty, fresh, little place, was very difficult to get at, and impossible from a politician's point of view. We went there on a gloriously stormy day, and thoroughly enjoyed it. In our search for houses we even got as far as Selsey, but when, on our going into the house we had come to see, the caretaker carefully double-locked the door, Parnell turned with a horrified gesture to me, and insisted upon leaving at once without going over the house at all. It was an omen of misfortune, he said, and we could never be happy in such a house.

I have always thought that one of the greatest charms of Parnell's personality was the extraordinary simplicity of his outlook on ordinary life allied to the extremely subtle trend of his intellect.

A man of moods, he never permitted a mood to blind him to probable, or possible, issues in political matters. A keen judge of character, he summed up, mentally docketed, and placed in the pigeon-hole of memory, each and every man who came into his political vision, and could thus at any time place, sort, and direct any pawn of the Irish political game. Yet in things having no political significance his simplicity was almost absurd in its naïveté.

An amusing instance of what I mean occurred while we were at Eastbourne in '86. There was a boy I employed about the house at Eltham, who was growing too fast, and looked as though he would be all the better for a little sea air. As I was taking my own servants down to Eastbourne I took this boy down also for a holiday, since it made little difference as to expense. This child was, I suppose, about fourteen years old, and once as I sat at the window, sorting Parnell's letters, and enjoying the morning air, I was suddenly struck with consternation to see my protégé, Jimmie, escorted up the road between two of Eastbourne's largest policemen. I said to Parnell, " Look ! " and, following the direction of my horrified forefinger, he gazed sadly out at Jimmie, and replied, " Throwing stones, I'll wager. *More* paragraphs, sweetheart ! You shouldn't have boys about."

But the large policeman insisted upon an interview with " the gentleman," with " Mr. Stewart," and, on my having the whole party in to hear the worst, we were informed that poor Jimmie had been caught trying to change a £50 note at the grocer's shop ! " Mr. Stewart's " cold gravity of expression changed to one of deprecating amusement as I glanced indignantly at him. " I had no change, constable, so of course sent the boy to change the note," explained Parnell. " Told 'em so," threw in Jimmie, now feeling fairly safe and the centre of interest. But Eastbourne policemen are far too unimaginative to believe that boys of Jimmie's age are to be sent for change for £50 notes, and it was with the utmost difficulty we got rid of these stolid guardians of our pockets.

Parnell, after sending the boy for change, had temporarily forgotten the matter, and no explanation could convince him that it was the obvious thing that the boy should be " arrested " on trying to change so large a note. " Jimmie's a nuisance, but anyone can see that he is honest," was his conclusion.

On one of our excursions, ostensibly to look for a house, but really as much as anything for the purpose of getting away for a few hours to the sea, we went to Herne Bay. This was a charming and lonely little place then ; a cluster of houses set in green fields and a fresh sea dashing over the little pier. It was always on days when the wind was high that the longing for the sea came over us, and thus we generally found the sea responding to our mood.

At this little village of Herne Bay the house we saw was unsuitable, but the day is a memory of salt wind and rough waves, followed by a picnic dinner at the little inn, where Parnell ordered a fowl to be roasted, and was momentarily saddened by my refusal to eat that murdered bird, which had been so pleasantly finding its own dinner when he gave the order.

CHAPTER IX

LONDON REMEMBRANCES

"My true love hath my heart and I have his."
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

ONCE when Parnell had to go to Ireland by the morning mail, after a late sitting of the House, I went up to the St. Pancras Hotel, where he had a room that night, and made the waiter bring up a tray into the bedroom, with a cold bird, some tomatoes and materials for salad dressing, adding a bottle of still Moselle (Parnell always drank still Moselle by his doctor's, Sir Henry Thompson's, orders, and no other wine). I knew he would be rushed to catch the train when he returned in the early morning, and that he would miss the little meal I always had ready for him, and this missing a meal was very bad for him.

When I had prepared the supper table to my liking I sat down by the open window and watched the flare of light in the sky and the wide panoramic view of mean streets and wide spaces I had from this window, of one of the rooms highest up in this high building; and the shrieks and oaths of men and women came up to me as they quarrelled, and the drunken brawls of some past semblance of humanity floated up to me till dawn brought peace to the city, as these poor dregs of life slunk back to their dens to seek the oblivion of sleep. I shall never forget the sights and sounds of that night, for never before had the horror of a great city's streets at night been so forcibly brought before me.

In the early dawn Parnell came, and, seeing his supper there, sat down to eat it without question, as I had known he would. He ate in a preoccupied way as he thought over his speech, and after telling of various points in it, suddenly said, " Ah, I was really hungry; and you found some tomatoes. I'll make the salad if you'll eat some." So he made a delicious salad, and we feasted upon it before I left him to go down to Eltham by the early train, and to give him time for a short rest before catching the mail train for Ireland.

* * * * * *

" There is one great comfort about this," I used to say to myself, after two hours' walking up and down that most uncomfortable station, Waterloo Junction, " and that is that he *always* comes at last." I had often to comfort myself with that reflection as I waited about at various stations for Parnell.

When he had to be late I often went up to the House to fetch him out to dinner at a restaurant. He hated dining in the House, and there were one or two points in the diet ordered him by Sir Henry Thompson that I insisted upon for him where he would not take the trouble to insist for himself. After dinner I would drive him nearly back to the House. There he got out, and if he felt lonely at the idea of driving down to Eltham by himself as he sometimes did, or if he thought he would want to talk to me again before he came home (as he very often did!) I would promise to wait for him at some station, so that he could find me without observation. It would have been much more comfortable, of course, for me to have waited in a house or rooms somewhere, but people were so extraordinarily curious about Parnell that it would have been impossible so to get any peace unless we changed the address every week, and this would have been decidedly too expensive. As it was, he was often followed to the station by a detective or some private busybody who could not realise that even a public man may possibly prefer to keep a little of his life to himself.

So very many hours I waited for him at various stations! The officials (at each and all) were most kind and considerate to the lonely lady who had to be driven, by sheer force of regulations, from one waiting-room to another as the lights were put out, and who finally would take to a steady tramp up and down the station platform till at length (such a long length sometimes!) she was joined by her husband and almost lifted into the hansom-cab they invariably drove off in.

When I felt that he really wanted me to wait I could not bear to go home, and though Waterloo was the most uncomfortable station of all to keep vigil in I often chose it, as, owing to the early morning trains at the Junction, I could always be sure that it would not be altogether shut up.

I think the officials must have known who Parnell was, as I always had a free pass (from him) for all these lines, but they never intruded, and, in spite of my pass, received and kept his telegrams for me (he often telegraphed from the little office near the House, in the name "Preston") with perfect tact. The porters were very good to me also, and many a scuttle of coal was recklessly emptied on a waiting-room fire after hours as "reg'lations 'gainst keepin' on gas strong, but it will be fairly cheerful like with the firelight, m'am." The railway men are a kindly race, for I rarely tipped these men.

* * * * * *

House of Commons,
12.30.

I arrived here to-night.

I fear I may be detained till rather late to-night, so hope you will not wait up for me. I expect to return home about 3.30.

The above is a note, one of very many, sent down to me at Eltham, so that I should, if I wished, go to bed before Parnell came home. I did this only once or twice, as I fancied I heard him directly I closed my eyes, and would go down, only to find a dreary blank of disappointment. So I made him agree to my staying in my sitting-room, where from the open window I could hear for miles the regular trotting of the cab-horse bringing him home.

He only stipulated that I should not go out along the roads to meet him at night. In March, 1887, I thought my King was looking tired and worried. There had been various annoying happenings owing to new reports of his life at Eltham having been put about. I had had unpleasant letters from Willie, and the latter and I were not now on speaking terms. With this and his hard work Parnell was looking fagged and worn. His health, always an anxiety to me, seemed to fail, and the languor that grew upon him frightened me. I determined that he should be spared the long cold night-drive down to Eltham, and suggested his having a house near the House of Commons to which he could return and get immediate rest after a night sitting. He had a little house at Brockley, which he had taken in the name of " Clement Preston," and furnished, and here he had a man and wife to look after him. I had never lived there, but used to drive over to see him for a short time when it was inexpedient that he should be at Eltham. He never liked this house, and hated the way the people used to hang about to see him go in and out, " Clement Preston " apparently being but a poor protection in keeping off curiosity as to Parnell's habits. He wearily said he did not want to live in London unless I would live there too, but, as I pointed out, that was impossible, and I took a house in York Terrace, Regent's Park (furnished), for him. Here I installed him with two servants, who absolutely worshipped the ground he walked upon, and, having placed various books about, books that he considered of pleasant relaxation, such as engineering and mining treatises, with a couple of Dickens' works that he had always been " going to read," and a few technical journals, I went home haunted by his grave, considering eyes and his sad " You must not leave me here by myself; I don't want to be here without you ! " hoping that after a day or two he would settle down and feel the benefit of getting more quickly to bed.

The house was charming, with, on one side, a lovely outlook over Regent's Park. It was very pretty and comfortable, and I used to make flying visits to him, to sit with him while he ate his breakfast.

For three weeks I congratulated myself on having been self-denying enough to earn him better rest, even at the cost to myself of not having him so much with me; then, on my return from my aunt, whose great age was now beginning to tell upon her, late one evening, I felt anxious and worried about my lover, even though my good-night telegram was awaiting me. He always telegraphed "good-night" if he was away from me. I tried to shake the feeling off, but after dinner I found myself mechanically making up the fire in my sitting-room as I did when sitting up for Parnell after a late sitting of the House. I felt amused at my absent-mindedness, and sat down before the fire, thinking that I would take advantage of the beautiful blaze I had made. I sat there idly, thinking of Parnell, wondering what exactly he was doing at that moment, and presently, hearing the servants go to bed, and feeling disinclined for bed myself, I got a book.

I could not settle to reading, and began to feel very lonely and to wish I were really waiting up for Parnell, as I used to. Perhaps the loneliness was too great to him also, I thought, and the extra rest might not compensate for it. I thought of my aunt, of how very old she was, of her immense goodness to me ever since I had lived at Eltham, and of what a great blank there would be when she died—her life seemed to be like a flame flickering in the wind now, and it might go out any day. I got up to shake off my sad thoughts, and, throwing open the window, leant out and listened to the wind in the trees.

I heard the clock strike two, and listened, as I had always done, about this time, for the regular beat of the horse's hoofs that would bring my King home. I could hear nothing, and my longing for his presence was so great that I called out under my breath, "I wish you would come. I do wish you would come." Then I think I became drowsy, for I started up from the window, suddenly hearing three o'clock ring out from the village and the steady trot-trot of a horse in the distance.

I held my breath to listen, my heart beating with an eager joy. I could hear the beat of the hoofs round the corner into the village as they came from the Common, then lost as they went up the High Street, and suddenly clearer with the jingle of the cab bells as they turned the top of the road and stopped. I knew now, and opened the door quickly as my love came up the little side-walk past the window, giving the familiar signal as he went up the two steps; and I was in his arms as he whispered, "Oh, my love, you must not leave me alone again."

CHAPTER X

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

> "*For none on earth so lone as he*
> *Whose way of thought is high and free,*
> *Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,*
> *Beyond the clamour of the crowd.*"

I HAD long since had a high paling put round my garden to screen the garden from the inquisitive eyes of persons who had, until this was done, the impertinence to lean over the short stone wall and railings to watch Parnell as he went in and out. This new paling was seven feet high. On the carriage gates there was bronze ornamental work, thick and heavy. Once this was cut through by someone unknown and fell, the next time the gate was opened, upon the head of the groom, as he stooped to unbolt it.

This little "accident" was no doubt intended for Mr. Parnell's or for my benefit, and the fact that the young man's arm was pushed against the gate, above his head, as he stooped to ease the bolt, doubtless saved him from a cracked skull. As it was, he was badly bruised and cut, some fifty pounds of bronze work falling partly upon him. After this he examined the work on the other gate, and, finding that this also had been cut through, with the help of the gardener lifted it off before further damage was done.

This pointless and malignant spite might easily have had far more serious consequences, since my children were going out by these gates driving their ponies, and it was quite by chance that they had called the groom to open the gates for them, for one or other of them generally played at being the "footman" on these occasions. The police could not trace the perpetrators of the little pleasantry.

I then made a beautiful, thick rose-hedge at one side of this garden, and the roses grew and flourished to such an extent that it proved an effectual screen from the too-pressing attention of persons, who had not, I suppose, very many interests of their own.

On the morning that the (so-called) Parnell letters appeared in the *Times* (March 7, 1887), they were cut out and pasted on the gate by a person or persons unknown; and here also the perspicacity of our local police failed to find the merrymaker.

On that day I did not give Parnell the *Times* opened as usual for his glance over the political reports while he breakfasted. He asked for it, but I wanted him to finish his breakfast first, and replied: "The *Times* is unusually stodgy; do eat your breakfast first."

He said he *must* finish a bit of assaying he had left over-night, before going to London, and would not have time for papers afterwards, so I told him of the letters, and propped the *Times* against the teapot as usual.

He read the whole thing; meditatively buttering and eating his toast the while. I supplied him with marmalade, and turned over the folded paper for him so that he could read more easily.

He made no remark at all till he had finished breakfast, and carefully clipped the end off his cigar; then, with a smile, he tossed the paper at me, saying, "*Now* for that assaying I didn't finish! Wouldn't you hide your head with shame if your King were so stupid as that, my Queen?"

I helped him to set his chemicals right, urging on him that the thing was very serious, and that he must attend to it; but he only replied: "You think about it for me while I am finishing this. Now don't spoil this for me. It will do presently!" and I subsided with the *Times* while he worked at his crucibles, and jotted down results—absolutely absorbed for more than two hours, and only brought back to politics by my call of "You absolutely must start now."

He had a wonderful little machine—a balance that gave the weight of almost infinitesimal parts of a grain—and this might be touched by no one but himself. He now reluctantly covered it with its glass case and lovingly padded it round with a cloth, lest a rough movement in the room should put it out of balance.

I said, "Now, my King, you must attend to the *Times*. You must take an action against them."

"No. Why should I?" struggling into his coat as I held it for him. "I have never taken any notice of any newspapers, nor of anyone. Why should I now?"

However, he promised me he would consult the "Party" about the letters, and left assuring me that the English *Times* was a paper of no particular importance, after all.

He got home before I did that evening, and I found him on my return weighing the infinitesimal specks of his morning's extraction of gold with the utmost accuracy. He gave me a smile and the fire-flame of his welcoming eyes as usual, but murmured, "Don't speak for one moment; I'll tell you the moment I have finished this," and I had to sit with as much patience as I could muster while he finished his calculations. Then, coming over to me in triumph, he informed my for once uninterested ears that he had now completed the extraction of something or other of a grain of the gold for my wedding ring.

On my firmly recalling his attention to the matter of the letters he said wearily—all the interest and buoyancy gone—"They want me to fight it, but it will be a terrible nuisance, my Queenie; I have seen Lewis, and he is going to see Russell—Sir Charles, you know—and then I am to see him again."

He was very undecided about the necessity of taking the action against the *Times*, and more than once pointed out to me that the opinion of that paper and its readers did not really interest him; but, on my refusing to accept this at all, and urging that Ireland required that he should defend himself in this, and that my view was that of the Irish Party, he promised to take the matter seriously, merely remarking with an amused cynicism that if Ireland wanted him to cudgel a clean bill of health out of England she would find work for all the blackthorns she grew.

Soon my absorbed study of the forged letters caught Parnell's interest, he shook off his apathy, and joined my study of his handwriting of many years, and those of the various possible (and impossible) imitators. Once he became interested he threw himself into it as whole-heartedly as he did into any other hobby. We spent hours in this study of calligraphy, and made some interesting and amusing discoveries.

After a couple of interviews with Mr. Lewis and Sir Charles Russell, Parnell one evening asked me if I would mind seeing Lewis, as he had expressed a wish to see me. I went therefore to Ely Place, and had an interview with Mr. (Sir George) Lewis. After we had talked over the situation he gave me tea, and made an appointment for another interview in a few days' time. I put before him my various conclusions as to handwritings, one of which he considered might be useful.

We had frequent consultations after this, and, as the time of the trial drew near, Lewis's offices and the passages leading to it, with the waiting rooms, were filled with the witnesses from Ireland concerned in the trial. The case did not worry Parnell much—except that it took up so much of our all too little leisure time, which was so precious to us.

The following letters, written from Avondale during the anxious time preceding the trial, will serve to show how little the matter affected his ordinary interests.

August 30, 1887.

MY OWN WIFIE,—I have been exceedingly anxious about you ever since I left. You seemed so very ill that it has been haunting me ever since that I ought to have stayed in London.

My own darling may write to me whenever she pleases.

I was so longing for a telegram all day yesterday, but not getting one came to the conclusion that you had not been able to go to London.

I have been round the place here, everything going on well. The new mine is improving, so I have been tempted to continue it for a short while longer.

It will not be necessary for me to remain here longer than a few days, so that whenever you are ready for me I can return.

YOUR OWN LOVING HUSBAND.

I am very well indeed.

January 4, 1888.

I finished will before going to bed on Monday, and will execute it and send it north to-morrow. Am pretty sure to be able to return next Monday or Tuesday at latest.

MY OWN DARLING QUEENIE,—I got off all right yesterday morning, forgetting the lamp, however, until I was in train, when I decided upon telegraphing them from Chester to send it on at once, which I did. I am having the carpenter to fix a strong hook in the ceiling joist for it to hang upon, and it will be a great improvement on the present state of affairs, as the consumption of candles is enormous, while giving very little light. They are undoubtedly the best and safest lamps out; in fact, absolutely safe.

One of the little lamps here was broken since, so I have suspended the other one also, as it was no use by itself.

The room will be very nice for a large suspended lamp; it is about 13½ feet high, by 24 feet by 20 feet.

I had only half an hour to wait at Kingstown for the train, which I spent in the waiting-room, and a quarter of an hour at Bray.

The sea was rather rough, but not too rough for me. I studied the swinging of a lamp minutely during the passage, and derived valuable lessons for the new ship.*

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* He studied the balance of the lamp for the "new ship" he was inventing—the one he was always trying at Brighton. (*See* p. 151.)

Am going to Arklow in the morning. Everything going on here very well, notwithstanding which I have been advising and admonishing K.* all day.

E.† is here all by herself, mother being expected to-night.

Miss B. B. was very old, very ugly, and very vulgar; in fact, E. says the worst sponge that ever got hold of my mother. She drank nothing but whisky, and took it to bed with her.

There was dancing after theatricals till six in the morning.‡

I am very anxious about my own love, and so glad to get telegram to-day; expect letter to-morrow. Raining torrents all day. YOUR OWN HUSBAND.

A couple of weeks before the action came on Parnell came home in great amusement. Lewis had written asking him most particularly to call, as he had had a consultation with Sir Charles Russell and wished to report the result to Parnell. On Parnell's calling, thinking some new phase of the case had been evolved, Mr. Lewis had "hoped he would not be annoyed," but Sir Charles and he were rather worried about his (Parnell's) clothes, and would he very much mind having a new frock-coat from Poole's for the trial! Parnell had great fun with me over that Poole coat, and when it came home we tried it on with great ceremony, Parnell stroking its silk facings with pride, and insisting upon a back view of it in the long mirror in my room.

Mr. Lewis inspired me with the greatest confidence, and his charmingly deferential manner fascinated me, while the keen brown eyes seemed to read the hidden secrets of the soul. He was always exquisitely dressed, and, when I made some playful remark about Parnell's new coat, he told me in confidence that Parnell's Irish homespuns were a great trial to him—this with such earnestness that I tried to suppress my laughter, as I explained to him what a pleasure it was to me to be possessed of a man who was above clothes; not below them in slovenliness, but above them and unconscious of his coverings.

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* Kerr, Mr. Parnell's agent and bailiff.

† Emily Dickinson, Parnell's sister.

‡ Mrs. Delia Parnell was giving the theatricals and dance in the great new cattle-shed he had had built from his own plans, modelled on the plan of the new station at Brighton.

Very many years after this, long after my husband's death, this acquaintance with Sir George Lewis served me in good stead. Circumstances arose which rendered me very doubtful and uneasy in regard to the probity of my trustee and solicitor, who had charge of my whole income and the capital thereof. I had had no communication with Sir George Lewis for very many years; but then the happy thought struck me that he would advise me privately and disinterestedly. My son went to him on my behalf, and it is entirely owing to the prompt action taken by Sir George that any part of my little income was saved to me.

My trustee had been speculating wildly, and, among that of other clients, every penny of my small fortune had been misappropriated. Sir George compelled the repayment of what was possible by the discredited and ruined man, and thus saved me by his kind and energetic intervention from absolute destitution. Apart from the very serious loss it entailed upon me, the downfall of my trustee, clever, good-looking and altogether charming, was a great blow to us all. He had been so much a friend, and I and my son and daughters had trusted him so completely.

The result of the Parnell Commission is well known. I continued to see Mr. Lewis regularly before the case came on, and on one occasion he asked me if I would mind going to Wood's Hotel, close by Ely Place, to meet him on a matter that had to do with the case. This I did, and, being early, awaited him in the coffee room. When he came we had a long business talk about the case, and he assured me that the issue was now completely secured. People were passing in and out as we talked, and several I noticed passed very close to us, and stared curiously at me before going out.

Suddenly, on observing this, I asked Mr. Lewis why he had arranged our interview in this place instead of at his office as usual. He made some evasive reply about a client of his who occupied a very distinguished position—and he mentioned this personage by name—having an appointment at the office, and disliking the fact of any other person being received during the same hour of his visit.

I pointed out to Mr. Lewis that he was surely speaking at random, as the person he mentioned could not be left about at his office like a nobody while he talked to me at an hotel. At this he laughed, and asked that I should be satisfied with his reply until he saw me again, and with this I had to be content, though I was somewhat ruffled at his not offering a sufficient explanation of his odd place of appointment, and I curtly refused to make another at the office for the following week.

Our interview had ostensibly been for the purpose of discussing certain letters I had given into his care at a former interview, but, as he afterwards told me, he had asked those persons, who had, I thought, stared at me in the hotel, if they could identify me with someone who had been impersonating me with the hope of better entangling Parnell, and of preventing him from publicly protecting his honour for fear of dragging me into the case. The "gentlemen from Ireland" who had had so good a look at me were forced to admit that they had never seen me before in their lives.

Shortly before the case came on I asked Mr. Lewis if he would mind my going to see Mr. Soames (solicitor for the *Times*). He answered, "I do not see why you should not do so if you wish it," and to Parnell, who had just come in, "It will be quite safe for her to see Soames." "Yes, of course, she knows best," answered Parnell, and off I went, pursued by Mr. Lewis's "You must come straight back here, Mrs. O'Shea," as he put me into the waiting cab.

My waiting cab was always an acute irritation to Lewis. After his first greeting of me he invariably asked me if my cab was waiting. "Yes, of course, how else should I get home?" "You are not going to *drive* home!" with horror. "No, but to the station." "Pay him off, my dear lady, and I'll send for another when I have given you some tea," encouragingly. "But I *like* this horse, he has such good legs." Then dear Mr. Lewis used to get intensely irritated, and send someone flying to pay my cab to go away at once. I never dared at this stage to tell him that I always made a compact with the cabman that "waiting did not count."

On my arrival at Mr. Soames's office he saw me at once without any pretence of being "too busy." In fact his office appeared almost deserted, and he welcomed me as his "cousin." He took some time in arranging the exact collateral degree of our relationship, but beyond this our interview behind his closely shut glass-panelled door led to nothing. I was desirous of finding out which way his suspicions tended—as obviously he did not really think that Parnell had written the letters; he, on his part, was trying to find out why I had come.

On the 1st of March, 1889, Pigott shot himself in Madrid. It was a painful affair, and Parnell was sorry for the poor creature.

When Parnell attended the House for the first time after the result of the Parnell Commission was made known, I was not well, and could not get to the Ladies' Gallery, as I had hoped to do, but long before he came I had had reports of the tremendous ovation he received; how every section of the House—Ministers, Opposition—all rose at his entry as one man, cheering themselves hoarse and shouting his name. I asked him afterwards if he had not felt very proud and happy then, but he only smiled, and answered, "They would all be at my throat in a week if they could!" I thought of that speech a little later on.

Soon after the death of Pigott Mr. Parnell met Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Mrs. Sydney Buxton's* "at home." Almost the only comment, when he got home was: "That's over; thank goodness!"

On May 28th, 1889, Sir Charles and Lady Russell gave a reception in honour of the hero of the fight. Parnell hated these affairs, but, as I pointed out to him, it would be very sad if all those people assembled to meet him and he was not there. The reception was a time of adulation for him from first to last, I afterwards heard, but when Parnell came home and told me all about it he remarked, " It was all very kind and just as troublesome as usual—or would have been had I not discovered a pretty little brown head with friendly eyes that looked as shy as I felt."

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* Now Viscountess Buxton.

I answered, " Dear me, who was this charming lady ? I should like to know ! "

" That is just what she was, a charming little lady, an Irishwoman. You know, Queenie, you are the only Englishwoman I can bear ! This was Katharine Tynan ; you read some of her things to me," and he went on to speak of others at the reception, afterwards reverting to the pleasure he had felt in meeting Katharine Tynan, who he believed genuinely felt what all " those others " were saying.

Presumably " those others " were perfectly sincere in their appreciation of him, but Parnell, so English in his own nature, had a constitutional distrust of English people, and, curiously enough, he did not understand them well, while the Irish character was an open book to him. At a reception like this where the guests were, of course, mostly English, Parnell would retire behind his coldest, most aloof bulwark of exquisite courtesy, and, to use his own simile about Katharine Tynan, " I felt as though a little friendly bird had made a song for me in an unfriendly land." We often afterwards spoke of the " little friendly bird," and, should Mrs. Hinkson (Katharine Tynan) ever see this book, she will know that the "Chief" appreciated both her loyalty and her song.

Directly the result of the Parnell Commission was made known Mr. Parnell was elected a life member of the National Liberal Club; an election which afforded him a certain grave amusement at the time and a query later on, when the "National Liberals" wished to depose him, as to whether a "life member" can dare be so illogical as to continue life without the membership.

On the 8th March, 1889, he was entertained for the second time at the Eighty Club, and, a few days later at a great meeting at St. James's Hall. At both meetings the enthusiasm was so great that the whole body of people present rose en masse as he entered, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting his name for some time before they allowed him to sit down.

Naturally these ovations of my hero gave me the greatest pride and joy, but he would never allow me to say much about them.

"You see, my dear, these people are not really pleased with me," he would say. "They thought I had written those letters, and now they are extolling their own sense of justice in cheering me because I did not write them. I might as wisely shout myself hoarse if a court of law decided that Gladstone had not told somebody to rob a bank!" And I would reply: "Well, I love to hear and read about your being properly appreciated," only to get a reproving "You are an illogical woman. These people do not appreciate *me*, they only howl with joy because I have been found within the law. The English make a law and bow down and worship it till they find it obsolete—long after this is obvious to other nations—then they bravely make another, and start afresh in the opposite direction. That's why I am glad Ireland has a religion; there is so little hope for a nation that worships laws."

And when I persisted, " But don't you feel a *little* excited and proud when they all cheer *you*, really *you?* " and the little flames showed in his eyes as he said, " Yes, when it is *really* me, when I am in the midst of a peasant crowd in Ireland. Then I feel a little as I do when I see you smile across the street at me before we meet, but for these others it is then I know how I hate the English, and it is then, if I begin to feel a little bit elated, I remember the howling of the mob I once saw chasing a man to lynch him years ago. Don't be too pleased with the clapping of these law-lovers, Queenie. I have a presentiment that you will hear them another way before long, and I am exactly the same, either way ! "

At the National Liberal Club, at which Sir Frank Lockwood presided, Mr. Parnell and Lord Spencer shook hands for the first time. When Parnell rose to speak he received a perfect ovation. He said:

" There is only one way in which you can govern Ireland within the Constitution, and that is by allowing her to govern herself in all those matters which cannot interfere with the greatness and well-being of the Empire of which she forms a part. I admit there is another way. That is a way that has not been tried yet. . . . There is a way in which you might obtain at all events some present success in the government of Ireland. It is not Mr. Balfour's bastard plan of a semi-constitutional, a semi-coercive method. You might find among yourselves some great Englishman or Scotchman, who would go over to Ireland—her Parliamentary representation having been taken away from her—and would do justice to her people notwithstanding the complaints of Irish landlordism. Such a man might be found who, on the one hand, would oppose a stern front to the inciters of revolution or outrage, and on the other hand would check the exorbitant demands of the governing classes in that country, and perhaps the result might be successful. But it would have to be a method outside the Constitution both on the one side and on the other. Your Irish Governor would have to have full power to check the evil-doer; whether the evil-doer were a lord or a peasant, whether the malefactor hailed from Westminster or New York, the power should be equally exercised and constantly maintained. In that way, perhaps, as I have said, you might govern Ireland for a season. That, in my judgment, from the first time when I entered political life, appeared to me to be the only alternative to the concession to Ireland of full power over her own domestic interests, and her future. In one way only, I also saw, could the power and influence of a constitutional party be banded together within the limits of the law; by acting on those principles laid down by Lucas and Gavan Duffy in 1852, that they should hold themselves aloof from all English political parties and combinations, that they should refuse place and office for themselves or for their friends or their relations, and that the Irish constituencies should refuse to return any member who was a traitor to those pledges."

In July Parnell was presented with the freedom of the City of Edinburgh. In his speech of acknowledgment he said:

"In what way could Ireland, supposing she wished to injure you, be more powerful to effect injury to your Imperial interests than she is at present? If you concede to her people the power to work out their own future, to make themselves happy and prosperous, how do you make yourselves weaker to withstand wrongdoing against yourselves? Will not your physical capacity be the same as it is now? Will you not still have your troops in the country? Will you not still have all the power of the Empire? . . . . In what way do we make you weaker? In what way shall we be stronger to injure you? What soldiers shall we have? What armed policemen shall we have? What cannons shall we have? What single means shall we have, beyond the constitution, that we have not now, to work you injury?"

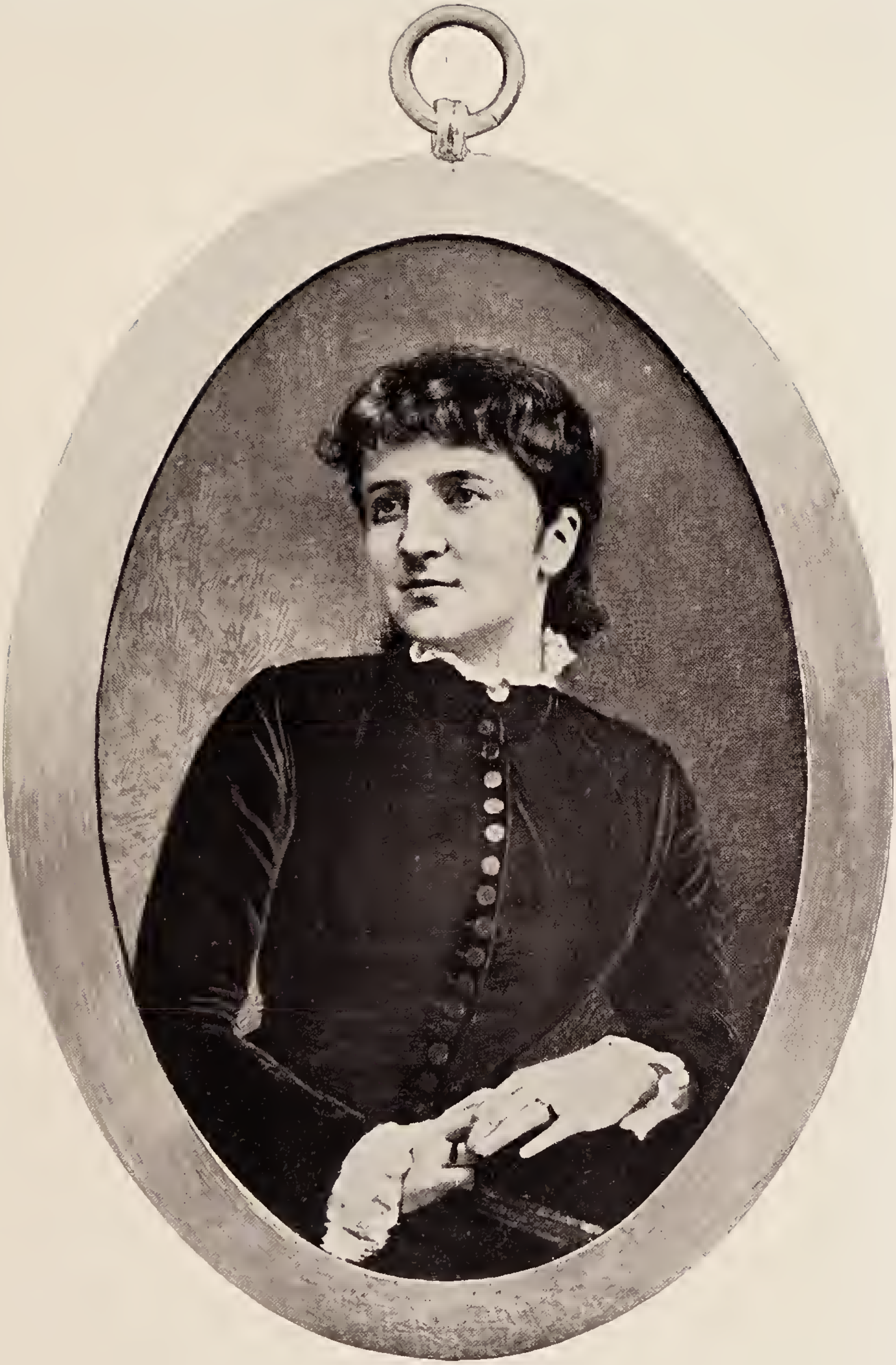
CHAPTER XI

BRIGHTON HAUNTS

> *" We went as children joyous, or oprest,'*
> *In some absorbing care, or blest,*
> *In nodding conversation—hand in hand."*
> (THE LOVER'S DIARY) HONORA SHEE.

MY aunt appeared to me to be failing in health a good deal at the beginning of 1888, and, though she sometimes seemed to be stronger, and chatted with all her old interest in the things of the past, there were days when she was so quiet and drowsy that I feared to rouse her by talking. At other times she would like me to talk and read to her as usual, but was so languid and tired that a little smile and pressure of the hand I held was the only response she made. In April she had a slight attack of bronchitis, and her doctor ordered her opium to ease her lungs. She much objected to all opiates, but her doctor's treatment seemed to ease her. She would not let me sleep in her house, as she thought, as usual, that it would "disorganise the household," but I went now nearly every night across the park in the fragrant spring nights to inquire, under her maid's window, if Mrs. "Ben" was asleep.

The owls had nested for years in a great tree by my aunt's bedroom windows, and I loved to watch them in the moonlight hawking for the food they



MRS. PARNELL IN 1880

This portrait was coloured for Mr. Parnell and always carried by him until his death. He had it with him in Kilmainham

had to supply in such abundance now to the screeching owlets in the nest. The old birds used to sit on Aunt Ben's window-sill, and hoot, and had done so, much to her pleasure, for the sixty or seventy years of her residence in the house; but now her maid shook her head sadly, as she leant out of the window to tell me of her mistress's condition, saying "That's an omen, m'am; the dear mistress must be going soon." I answered irritably that the owls had hooted there since Mr. Benjamin's time, as her mistress had often told her, but felt her "time will show, m'am," to be unanswerable.

On these May nights, if he was at home, Parnell would walk across the park with me and wait on a seat for me till I had obtained the latest bulletin.

One morning, very early, when her night had been restless, I made Mary Ann (my aunt's personal maid) come down and let me in. On going up to the great four-post bed where the dear little old lady lay, looking as small and frail as a child, she put out one, now feeble, white hand, and held mine. I told the maid she could go and rest a bit, and I would call her if my aunt wanted her.

When she was gone, my aunt, who was breathing with difficulty, whispered as I bent down to kiss her hand, "You do believe, do you not, my Swan?" I answered, "Yes, auntie, of course I do believe, most firmly." She said, "I am glad. I wish you could come with me, my darling!" and I sobbingly told her that I wished I could too.

I stayed by her side, and smoothed her hand till she ceased to breathe, and then waited by her as all her servants who had been with her for many years filed past the bed, and took a last look at their stern, but just and much-loved mistress.

She left a great void in my life, and the sensation of being always wanted and tied to one place that I had sometimes felt so keenly hard I would now have given much to feel again. With this old lady died, so far as my acquaintance went, the last of the old world—that old world of leisure and books and gentle courtesy of days when men might wear their gallantry without foolishness, and women knew the value of their sex.

Through all those years in which I waited on my aunt I never heard her use a clipped word, or use a sentence not grammatically perfect and beautifully rounded off, and although in the hurry of modern life I sometimes felt impatient when chided for some swallowed pronunciation or ignored g's, I look back upon the years of my life spent in that old-world atmosphere as a very precious memory.

After my aunt's death Eltham became intolerable to me, and I took a small country house near Mottingham till I could let my own house. Directly we left Eltham the pretty garden was devastated by relic-hunters, who pulled the place to pieces in obtaining mementoes of " the house where Parnell had lived."

The house at Mottingham was damp, and we longed for the sea.

For various reasons we had been obliged to relinquish any idea of living in the little house we had finished, with so much pleasure, at Eastbourne, and at last we had removed the few things we had stored there, and in 1887 had finally decided to take the end house of Walsingham Terrace (No. 10), Brighton. Shortly after my aunt's death we went down to live there. The position then was attractive to us: cornfields from one side of the house away up to Shoreham basin and harbour, a waste of hay at the back of the house, an excellent train service and a sufficient distance from Brighton proper to enable us to avoid the crowd. While we were living there people used to walk and drive out to see "Parnell's house," but this was not particularly annoying, as when he was at home we went out early, or late—anyhow, at a time when the average person is kept at home by appetite. Personally, if it was not glaringly inconvenient, I was always rather proud and interested in the popular attention Parnell attracted wherever he went.

Here Parnell had the dining-room as his own sitting-room, where he kept the roll-top desk I had given him for all his papers and political work, while down in the basement there was a room in which he had a furnace fitted up, and where we used to burn the crushed ore before assaying it. We spent many hours down there, and I sometimes feared the excessive heat must have been bad for him; but he did not think so, and would become so absorbed in this work that I used to have the greatest difficulty in getting him out for the gallop on his horse President across the Downs, which did him so much good.

I found at length the only way was to get his cap and whip and show them to the dogs. Immediately I did this they would begin to bark wildly and jump up at him to make him start for the run they loved so much. Parnell would then say reproachfully, "Oh Queenie, how can you deceive the poor dogs like that?" and I would answer that the only way to keep them believing in us was to go at once for that belated ride. Once started none of the party, dogs or horses, enjoyed it more than he.

In this house we had from the side windows of Parnell's and from my room in which he afterwards died, a view of the most wonderful sunsets I have ever seen in England. Then the whole west was a veritable fairyland of gold and crimson, and the harbour and Shoreham town, with the little country church of Aldrington against the setting of the Downs, were touched with a pearly mist of light that lifted them far out of the prosaic ugliness we knew by the blank light of midday. Parnell used to say to me as we walked away to the golden harbour, "Is it really like this, my Queen, or as we see it at noon?" I could only reply that it was both—the both that made life at once so interesting and so difficult.

Often in the following spring my King and I would drive out as far as the foot of the Downs near the training stables beyond Southwick; and then, climbing to the crest of the hills, go for long walks, away over the Downs, walking or resting as we felt inclined, returning as night fell, to drive home.

One sunny morning, lengthening into a brighter day, I especially remember, when the south-west wind sent the flickering shadows across the Downs where its sea-scents mingled with the sweet pungency of the young herbage. As we walked along hand in hand we were gay in the glorious spring of the year, feeling that while love walked so closely with us youth could not lag too far behind, and in the wide expanse of the South Downs, which appealed so much to both our natures, we forgot all care and trouble.

Very far away, standing clear against the skyline, there was a figure of a shepherd, his flock a little lower showed grey against the dull green distance. He stood motionless, as these lonely Down shepherds do. The tumbled heap by him, we said, was his dog. So we watched him some miles away for more than an hour. We wondered what he thought of, and whether all this lonely loveliness meant anything to him, or if he would be glad to change his quiet life for the rush and hurry of a town.

Presently, from where we sat, at the highest point of the hills, we saw some horses going at full gallop over the training ground, the horses straining at the bit, and seemingly glad to be alive. The dull thud of the hoofs came up to us to mingle with the incessant trilling of the skylarks and the bleating of the distant sheep. Now we turned seaward, overlooking Shoreham Harbour, and watched the vessels going out to sea on voyages fraught with unknown possibilities.

In spite of the excessive beauty of the scene, in the region of thought it had a saddening effect on us; and, as the last gleams of sunlight fell across the sea, lightly touching the sails as they slipped out of the light into the wider darkness of the leaden waves, we turned and retraced our steps, I leaning on his arm as we went down to the valley again.

A favourite haunt of ours at Brighton was a little shop in Pool Valley altogether devoted to the sale of pebbles and cystals of various sorts, also of jet. Parnell did not like the jet, but was greatly interested in the pebbles and the polishing of them.

He spent much time after we had found this shop in watching the process of cutting crystals and polishing the pebbles. Onyx ball beads he selected in sizes with the greatest care, and had a long chain of them made for me with a gold ball between each two onyx beads. To these he had added a locket composed of crystal and onyx, and was much pleased with the result.

The chain, when finished, was a little heavy, but he had had such a happy time in selecting each bead and so carefully matching the markings that I wore it with a light heart till he noticed it was rubbing my neck, and insisted upon my taking it off there and then for ever.

Another favourite haunt of ours was Smith's second-hand bookshop in North-street, where he would stand for an hour at a time poring over old books on mechanics, or mining, while I dug out " bargains " amongst the poets of a bygone age, and discussed books with the proprietor.

Parnell always tried to get a few days' shooting every year in Ireland on the grouse moors he hired at Anghavanagh, and I had much pleasure in getting together hampers of provisions for him in London to take over with him, as the arrangements he had been used to before I met him were decidedly primitive and very trying to his health. I always found that a good supply of hams and tongues, with the very best tea that I could procure, a new spirit kettle (every year) and a goodly supply of rugs and blankets rendered him sufficiently comfortable, and returned him to me without the acute attacks of indigestion that had formerly rendered these holidays among the mountains so little gain to him in health.

I had to insist upon his learning to make his own tea to save him from the " stewed " tea made by his servant in Ireland, and I found it better to label the tea I got for his personal use : " For presents," and that which he might give away : " For Mr. Parnell's own use," as he said plaintively, " They seem to like my tea best ! "

He used to love these shooting expeditions, but would never stay more than a few days, as he could not bear to be away from me longer. I used to wish it were possible for me to go to Ireland with him in order that he might enjoy his shooting to the full, but that was impossible, and he always declared that " Three or four days broke the back of that little shoot, anyhow ! "

For many months Parnell tried to invent a vessel which would so cut through the water as to obviate any sensation of the motion of the waves. When he had done this the ship was to be built, and I would be enabled to cross the Atlantic as comfortably as I now made the journey to Brighton ! Incidentally this invention was also to make our fortunes. Although the building of the ship had to be indefinitely postponed, the models made and tested by Parnell were really wonderful. He had had no training in mechanics, nor did he know anything of shipbuilding or engineering, except such information as he obtained from the various books he read for amusement at rare intervals—but these models he made, and tried off the under-deck of the Chain Pier at Brighton, were extraordinarily ingenious.

I do not venture to record this on my own authority, for I know absolutely nothing of such matters, but the firm, who cast the copper "floats" for him from his plans, and continually altered and corrected the models after trials, came to the conclusion that Mr. "Smith" was on the verge of a very useful invention; though, to his annoyance, they would not dissociate the torpedo-like structure from Portsmouth and the Admiralty. I frequently took my children down to Brighton for a few days' change, and on these occasions Mr. Parnell would stay at a place near the Chain Pier, and we would spend most of the day on the under-deck of the pier-head trying the "invention."

Once a hobby like this got hold of him he could think of nothing else in his leisure time, and this note is a specimen of many sent round from his hotel:—

> Am making new float, which will sink five feet, and shall have it ready to try to-morrow at 12.30. Will meet you on Chain Pier at that hour. Am anxious to make this trial before returning, and we will take Hassocks and Burgess Hill in afternoon on way back to look at houses to let.

This new model we tried in all weathers, and, as at last it seemed to answer perfectly, with the exception of its lack of speed, he said he would patent it, and get someone who had more knowledge than he to overcome the speed difficulty. To my uninitiated mind the thing looked like a treble torpedo-boat. Had he lived I think he would have gone further into the matter, but, by the time this was finished, one thing after another occurred with such rapidity that it was perforce laid aside.

I remember one rough, stormy day when we had been much worried and were wondering whether the time of waiting we had imposed upon ourselves (that Ireland might not risk the leadership which seemed her only hope) till the way could be opened to our complete union before the world, was not to be too long for our endurance. It was a wild storm, and Parnell had to hold me as we slowly beat our way to the pier head. The chains were up to prevent anyone going on to the lower deck, but Parnell lifted me over, and we tried the "float," though it was useless to do so, as the waves shattered the slight thing against the pier before Parnell could sink it to the required depth.

Then we stood looking out at the great waves—so near, and shaking the whole pier-head in their surge. Parnell remarked that the old place could not last long, and as I turned to get a fresh hold on him, for I could not stand against the wind, and the motion of the sea sickened me, the blazing fires in his eyes leapt to mine, and, crushing me roughly to himself, he picked me up and held me clear over the sea, saying, "Oh, my wife, my wife, I believe I'll jump in with you, and we shall be free for ever."

Had I shown any fear I think he would have done it, but I only held him tight and said: "As you will, my only love, but the children?" He turned then, and carried me to the upper deck, hiding my eyes from the horrible roll and sucking of the sea beneath our feet.

* * * * * *

In going through some old letters I have found this copy of one sent by my husband to Cecil Rhodes, and think it is sufficiently interesting to publish, though it must stand alone, as the bulk of what was an extremely interesting interchange of views is lost. Parnell had taken considerable notice of Rhodes's tactics in South Africa, and when he received a letter from Rhodes expressing the wish to see him he took an early opportunity of calling upon him informally at the Westminster Palace Hotel, in London.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 19th inst., which confirms the very interesting account given me at Avondale last January by Mr. McNeill as to his interviews and conversations with you on the subject of Home Rule for Ireland. I may say at once, and frankly, that you have correctly judged the exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster to have been a defect in the Home Rule measure of 1886, and, further, that this proposed exclusion may have given some colour to the accusation so freely made against the Bill that it had a separatist tendency.

I say this while strongly asserting and believing that the measure itself was accepted by the Irish people without any afterthought of the kind, and with an earnest desire to work it out with the same spirit with which it was offered—a spirit of cordial goodwill and trust, a desire to let bygones be bygones, and a determination to accept it as a final and satisfactory settlement of the long-standing dispute between Great Britain and Ireland.

I am very glad that you consider the measure of Home Rule to be granted to Ireland should be thoroughgoing, and should give her complete control over her own affairs without reservation, and I cordially agree with your opinion that there should be effective safeguards for the maintenance of Imperial unity. Your conclusion as to the only alternative for Home Rule is also entirely my own, for I have long felt that the continuance of the present semi-constitutional system is quite impracticable. But to return to the question of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. My own views upon the points and probabilities of the future, and the bearing of this subject upon the question of Imperial federation—my own feeling upon the measure is that if Mr. Gladstone includes in his next Home Rule measure the provisions of such retention we should cheerfully concur with him, and accept them with goodwill and good faith, with the intention of taking our share in the Imperial partnership. I believe also that in the event I state this will be the case, and that the Irish people will cheerfully accept the duties and responsibilities assigned to them, and will justly value the position given to them in the Imperial system. I am convinced that it would be the highest statesmanship on Mr. Gladstone's part to devise a feasible plan for the continued presence of the Irish members here, and from my observation of public events and opinions since 1885 I am sure that Mr. Gladstone is fully alive to the importance of the matter, and that there can be no doubt that the next measure of autonomy for Ireland will contain the provisions which you rightly deem of such moment.

It does not come so much within my province to express a full opinion upon the larger question of Imperial federation, but I agree with you that the continued Irish representation at Westminster immensely facilitates such a step, while the contrary provision in the Bill of 1886 would have been a bar. Undoubtedly this is a matter which should be dealt with in accordance largely with the opinion of the colonies themselves, and if they should desire to share in the cost of Imperial matters, as undoubtedly they now do in the responsibility, and should express a wish for representation at Westminster, I certainly think it should be accorded to them, and that

public opinion in these islands would unanimously concur in the necessary constitutional modifications.—I am, Dear sir, Yours truly,
CHAS. STEWART PARNELL.

June 23, 1888.

Nearly the whole of the Rhodes-Parnell correspondence was accidentally destroyed. This is unfortunate, as it was most interesting, and gave Mr. Rhodes's views very fully; but I do not remember it sufficiently well to care to comment upon it. It is so many years—over fifteen—since I last went through it. Mr. Parnell had a very high opinion of Cecil Rhodes's "statesmanship."

CHAPTER XII

THE DIVORCE CASE

> "*Papel y tinta y poca justicia.*"
> ("*Paper, ink, and a little justice.*")
> OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

IN November, 1890, Parnell was served with a copy of the petition in the divorce case, O'Shea *v.* O'Shea and Parnell, by Wontner at Messrs. Lewis and Lewis's. I was served with the petition in the same month at 10, Walsingham Terrace, Brighton. Mr. George Lewis and his confidential clerk came down, and took some evidence for the case from me, but Parnell declined to instruct any solicitor from the first to last. He, however, accompanied me when I went to town to consult Sir Frank Lockwood, my counsel, a junior counsel being also present.

"The consultation broke up in peals of laughter," said one of the less important of the evening papers of the time. This was quite true, but it had no bearing on the case at all, for the laughter was caused by the extremely funny stories told us, in his own inimitable way, by Sir Frank Lockwood. The two or three times I saw him stand out in my memory as hours of brilliant wit and nonsense, that cheered and invigorated us far more than the advice we did not ask for could have done. Parnell would not fight the case, and I could not fight it without him. The last time I saw Sir Frank Lockwood, the day before the case came on, he begged me to get Parnell to let him fight it. I was suffering acutely from neuralgic headache at the time, but I did my best to get Parnell to defend the case, though to no purpose.

We left Sir Frank Lockwood with a promise to telegraph to him by eight o'clock the next morning if we would go up and appear in Court at all, as he had to be there by ten o'clock.

We had to return to Brighton in the Pullman car, as we could not get a carriage to ourselves. It was crowded, and Parnell was known; it was therefore very difficult to talk without being overheard. Parnell appeared absolutely unconscious of the eyes furtively watching him from behind every newspaper, or, indeed, openly in the carriage, and he had the power of putting himself absolutely beyond and above self-consciousness. This is what rendered him so absolutely impervious to criticism. But to me, with a splitting headache, the gleam of so many eyes, seen through a mist of pain, had the most uncanny effect. They seemed like animals watching from their lair. Parnell gave me a cheerful little smile now and then, and directly we got home he insisted upon my going to bed. There he fed me himself with the tiny amount I forced myself to take to please him, and held the glass to my lips while I sipped the sparkling Moselle I had been ordered to take for the bad attacks of neuralgia.

After he had had his own dinner he came up and smoked by my bedside. I tried to persuade him to go up with me in the morning to the Court and make some fight in the case, but he said:—

"No, Queenie. What's the use? We want the divorce, and, divorce or not, I shall always come where you are. I shall always come to my home every night whatever happens. Now I'm going to read you to sleep."

He was always the most gentle and tender of nurses, and would sit by my side for hours without moving when I was ill, reading or thinking. After a short sleep I lay awake wondering what it would be best to say to Lockwood in the morning. I had told him that anyhow I would go up; but, as my lover said, what would be the use of it? And whatever I could make of Captain O'Shea's desertion—or practical desertion—of me, I knew absolutely nothing of his private life, and cared less. Our position would be worse if we were not enabled to marry, for we were inseparable while life lasted.

Then, after going over the pros and cons till my brain felt on fire, I said irritably, "I don't believe you are listening to what I say!" He replied, "I am not, beloved; here is the telegram all written out for you while you slept. We have been longing for this freedom all these years, and now you are afraid!"

I broke down and cried, because I feared for him and for his work, and he soothed me as one would a child as he told me that his life-work was Ireland's always, but that his heart and his soul were mine to keep for ever—since first he looked into my eyes that summer morning, ten years before.

"Queenie," he went on, "put away all fear and regret for my public life. I have given, and will give, Ireland what is in me to give. That I have vowed to her, but my private life shall never belong to any country, but to one woman. There will be a howl, but it will be the howling of hypocrites ; not altogether, for some of these Irish fools are genuine in their belief that forms and creeds can govern life and men ; perhaps they are right so far as they can experience life. But I am not as they, for they are among the world's children. I am a man, and I have told these children what they want, and they clamour for it. If they will let me, I will get it for them. But if they turn from me, my Queen, it matters not at all in the end. What the ultimate government of Ireland will be is settled, and it will be so, and what my share in the work has been and is to be, also. I do wish you would stop fretting about me. We know nothing of how or why, but only that we love one another, and that through all the ages is the one fact that cannot be forgotten nor put aside by us."

He spoke slowly, with many silences between sentence and sentence, and presently I said : " But, perhaps, I have hurt your work."

" No, you have not. I sometimes think that is why you came to me, for I was very ill then and you kept the life in me and the will to go on when I was very weary of it all ; you have stood to me for comfort and strength and my very life. I have never been able to feel in the least sorry for having come into your life. It had to be, and the bad times I have caused you and the stones that have been flung and that will be flung at you are all no matter, because to us there is no one else in all the world that matters at all—when you get to the bottom of things."

Late next morning I awoke from the deep sleep of exhaustion to find him sitting by me superintending the arrangement of "letters, tea and toast," and to my anxious query as to the time I was answered by his quiet laugh, and "I've done you this time, Queenie; I sent the telegram long ago, and they must be enjoying themselves in Court by now!"

That was Saturday, November 15th, and on Monday, the 17th, my Brighton solicitor brought me down a copy of the "decree nisi." We were very happy that evening, and Parnell declared he would have the "decree" framed. We made many plans for the future that evening of where we should go when the six months had passed and the decree made absolute. I even ventured to suggest that he might marry someone else once I was set completely free, but my lover was not amused and scolded me for suggesting such disgusting ideas.

Sir Frank Lockwood was terribly distressed about us and his inability to "save Parnell for his country," but he was very kind to me, and did all he could to help me in certain legal matters.

On November 26th there was a meeting of the Irish Party, which my King attended. The meeting was adjourned until December 1st. When my lover came home to me that evening I would not let him speak till he had changed his cold boots and socks; then he came over to me, and took me into his arms, saying, "I think we shall have to fight, Queenie. Can you bear it? I'm afraid it is going to be tough work."

I said, "Yes, if you can." But I must confess that when I looked at the frail figure and white face that was so painfully delicate, whose only vitality seemed to lie in the deep, burning eyes, my heart misgave me, for I very much doubted if his health would stand any prolonged strain.

I burst out passionately, "Why does it matter more now, they have all known for years ?" and his rare, low laugh came out with genuine amusement as he replied, "My sweetheart, they are afraid of shocking Mr. Gladstone."

"But Gladstone——" I began, bewildered.

"Just so, but we are public reprobates now, it just makes the difference. He is a 'devout Churchman,' they tell me."

While Parnell sat down at work at his manifesto I deliberated for hours as to whether I ought to let him go on. Should I urge him to come abroad with me ?—I knew he would come if I said I could not bear the public fight. I looked at him as he sat now absolutely absorbed in what he was writing, and now looking across at me when he had something ready to be pinned together. He did not speak, only the smoulder in his eyes grew deeper as he wrote.

I loved him so much, and I did so long to take him away from all the ingratitude and trouble—to some sunny land where we could forget the world and be forgotten. But then I knew that he would not forget; that he would come at my bidding, but that his desertion of Ireland would lie at his heart; that if he was to be happy he must fight to the end. I knew him too well to dare to take him away from the cause he had made his life-work; that even if it killed him I must let him fight—fight to the end—it was himself—the great self that I loved, and that I would not spoil even through my love, though it might bring the end in death.

I looked up feeling that he was watching me, and met the burning fire-flame of his eyes steadily, through my tears, as he said, closing his hand over mine, "I am feeling very ill, Queenie, but I think I shall win through. I shall never give in unless you make me, and I want you to promise me that you will never make me less than the man you have known." I promised it.

He was feeling very ill. November was always a bad month for his health, and the cold and damp gave him rheumatism. His left arm pained him almost continuously all this winter. I used to rub it and his shoulder with firwood oil, in which he had great belief, and pack his arm in wool, which seemed to be some relief.

On Saturday morning, November 29th, his manifesto appeared in all the papers.

War was now declared, and the first battle was fought in Committee Room 15, where all the miserable treachery of Parnell's followers—and others—was exposed. The Grand Old Man had spoken, and his mandate must be obeyed. Ever swift to take advantage of a political opportunity, he struck at the right moment, remorselessly, for he knew that without giving away the whole of his policy Parnell could not point to the hypocrisy of a religious scruple so suddenly afflicting a great statesman at the eleventh hour. For ten years Gladstone had known of the relations between Parnell and myself, and had taken full advantage of the facility this intimacy offered him in keeping in touch with the Irish leader. For ten years. But that was a private knowledge. Now it was a public knowledge, and an English statesman must always appear on the side of the angels.

So Mr. Gladstone found his religion could at last be useful to his country. Parnell felt no resentment towards Gladstone. He merely said to me, with his grave smile: "That old Spider has nearly all my flies in his web," and, to my indignation against Gladstone he replied: "You don't make allowances for statecraft. He has the Nonconformist conscience to consider, and you know as well as I do that he always loathed me. But these fools, who throw me over at his bidding, make me a little sad." And I thought of that old eagle face, with the cruel eyes, that always belied the smile he gave me, and wondered no longer at the premonition of disaster that I had so often felt in his presence.

For the Irish Party I have never felt anything but pity—pity that they were not worthy of the man and the opportunity, and, seeing the punishment that the years have brought upon Ireland, that their craven hearts could not be loyal to her greatest son. I have wondered at the blindness of her mistress, England; wondered that England should still hold out the reward of Home Rule to Ireland, whose sons can fight even, it is said, their brothers, but who fight as children, unknowing and unmeaning, without the knowledge of a cause and without idea of loyalty.

How long the Irish Party had known of the relations between Parnell and myself need not be here discussed. Some years before certain members of the Party opened one of my letters to Parnell. I make no comment.

Parnell very seldom mentioned them. His outlook was so much wider than is generally understood and his comment on members of the Party was always, both before and after the split, calm, considerate, and as being impersonal to himself.

He regarded the Catholic Church's attitude towards him as being the logical outcome of her profession. He was not, even in the last months, when the priests' veto to their people turned the fight against him in Ireland, bitter against them, even though I was. His strongest comment was:—"They *have* to obey their bishops, and *they* Rome—and that's why the whole system of their interference in politics is so infernal!"

Mr. Gladstone sent the following letter to Mr. Morley on November 24th:—

> . . . While clinging to the hope of communication from Mr. Parnell to whomsoever addressed, I thought it necessary, viewing the arrangements for the commencement of the Session to-morrow, to acquaint Mr. McCarthy with the conclusion at which, after using all the means of observation and reflection in my power, I had myself arrived. It was that, notwithstanding the splendid services rendered by Mr. Parnell to his country, his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland.
>
> I think I may be warranted in asking you so far to expand the conclusion I have given above as to add that the continuance I speak of would not only place many hearty and

effective friends of the Irish cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal Party, based as it has been mainly upon the presentation of the Irish cause, almost a nullity.

Thus Mr. Gladstone signed the death-warrant of Home Rule for Ireland.

As a matter of historical interest I give the full text of the manifesto issued by Mr. Parnell to the Irish people :—

"TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND

"The integrity and independence of a section of the Irish Parliamentary Party having been apparently sapped and destroyed by the wirepullers of the English Liberal Party it has become necessary for me, as the leader of the Irish nation, to take counsel with you, and, having given you the knowledge which is in my possession, to ask your judgment upon a matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide.

"The letter of Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Morley, written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish Party in the choice of their leader, and claiming for the Liberal Party and their leaders the right of veto upon that choice is the immediate cause of this address to you, to remind you and your Parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party as her only safeguard within the Constitution, and above and beyond all other considerations whatever. The threat in that letter, repeated so insolently on many English platforms and in numerous British newspapers, that unless Ireland concedes this right of veto to England she will indefinitely postpone her chances of obtaining Home Rule, compels me, while not for one moment admitting the slightest probability of such loss, to put before you information which until now, so far as my colleagues are concerned, has been solely in my possession, and which will enable you to understand the measure of the loss with which you are threatened unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction.

" In November of last year, in response to a repeated and long-standing request, I visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and received the details of the intended proposals of himself and his colleagues of the late Liberal Cabinet with regard to Home Rule, in the event of the next General Election favouring the Liberal Party.

" It is unnecessary for me to do more at present than to direct your attention to certain points of these details, which will be generally recognised as embracing elements vital for your information and the formation of your judgment. These vital points of difficulty may be suitably arranged and considered under the following heads :—

" (1) The retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.

" (2) The settlement of the land or agrarian difficulty in Ireland.

" (3) The control of the Irish constabulary.

" (4) The appointment of the judiciary (including judges of the Supreme Court, County Court judges, and resident magistrates).

" Upon the subject of the retention of the Irish members in the Imperial Parliament Mr. Gladstone told me that the opinion, and the unanimous opinion, of his colleagues and himself, recently arrived at after most mature consideration of alternative proposals, was that, in order to conciliate English public opinion it would be necessary to reduce the Irish representation from 103 to 32.

"Upon the settlement of the land it was held that this was one of the questions which must be regarded as questions reserved from the control of the Irish Legislature, but, at the same time, Mr. Gladstone intimated that while he would renew his attempt to settle the matter by Imperial legislation on the lines of the Land Purchase Bill of 1886, he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side or insist upon their adopting his views—in other and shorter words, that the Irish Legislature was not to be given the power of solving the agrarian difficulty and that the Imperial Parliament would not.

"With regard to the control of the Irish constabulary it was stated by Mr. Gladstone that, having regard to the necessity for conciliating English public opinion, he and his colleagues felt that it would be necessary to leave this force and the appointment of its officers under the control of the Imperial authority for an indefinite period, while the funds for its maintenance, payment, and equipment would be compulsorily provided out of Irish resources.

"The period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of time during which the appointment of judges, resident magistrates, etc., should be retained in the hands of the Imperial authority.

"I have now given a short account of what I gathered of Mr. Gladstone's views and those of his colleagues during two hours' conversation at Hawarden —a conversation which, I am bound to admit, was mainly monopolised by Mr. Gladstone—and pass to my own expressions of opinion upon these communications, which represent my views then and now.

"And, first, with regard to the retention of the Irish members, the position I have always adopted, and then represented, is that, with the concession of full powers to the Irish Legislature equivalent to those enjoyed by a State of the American Union, the number and position of the members so retained would become a question of Imperial concern, and not of pressing or immediate importance for the interests of Ireland. But that with the important and all-engrossing subjects of agrarian reform, constabulary control, and judiciary appointments left either under Imperial control or totally unprovided for, it would be the height of madness for any Irish leader to imitate Grattan's example and consent to disband the army which had cleared the way to victory.

"I further undertook to use every legitimate influence to reconcile Irish public opinion to a gradual coming into force of the new privileges, and to the postponements necessary for English opinion with regard to constabulary control and judicial appointments, but strongly dissented from the proposed reduction of members during the interval of probation. I pointed to the absence of any suitable prospect of land settlement by either Parliament as constituting an overwhelming drag upon the prospects of permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland.

" At the conclusion of the interview I was informed that Mr. Gladstone and all his colleagues were entirely agreed that, pending the General Election, silence should be absolutely preserved with regard to any points of difference on the question of the retention of the Irish members.

" I have dwelt at some length upon these subjects, but not, I think, disproportionately to their importance. Let me say, in addition, that, if and when full powers are conceded to Ireland over her own domestic affairs, the integrity, number, and independence of the Irish Party will be a matter of no importance; but until this ideal is reached it is your duty and mine to hold fast every safeguard.

" I need not say that the questions—the vital and important questions—of the retention of the Irish members, on the one hand, and the indefinite delay of full powers to the Irish Legislature on the other, gave me great concern. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question, of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders, filled me with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the Land Purchase Bill by the Government at the commencement of last Session, Mr. Morley communicated with me as to the course to be adopted. Having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders and party with regard to the matter of the land, I strongly advised Mr. Morley against any direct challenge of the principle of State-aided land purchase, and, finding that the fears and alarms of the English taxpayer to State aid by the hypothecation of grants for local purposes in Ireland as a counter-guarantee had been assuaged, that a hopeless struggle should not be maintained, and that we should direct our sole efforts on the second reading of the Bill to the assertion of the principle of local control. In this I am bound to say Mr. Morley entirely agreed with me, but he was at the same time much hampered—and expressed his sense of his position—in that direction by the attitude of the extreme section of his party, led by Mr. Labouchere. And in a subsequent interview he impressed me with the necessity of meeting the second reading of the Bill with a direct negative, and asked me to undertake the motion. I agreed to this, but only on the condition that I was not to attack the principle of the measure, but to confine myself to a criticism of its details. I think this was false strategy, but it was strategy, adopted out of regard to English prejudices and Radical peculiarities. I did the best that was possible under the circumstances, and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favourably with Mr. Labouchere's recent and abortive attempt to interpose a direct negative to the first reading of a similar Bill yesterday.

"Time went on. The Government allowed their attention to be distracted from the question of land purchase by the Bill for compensating English publicans, and the agrarian difficulty in Ireland was again relegated to the future of another Session. Just before the commencement of this Session I was again favoured with another interview with Mr. Morley. I impressed upon him the policy of the oblique method of procedure in reference to land purchase, and the necessity and importance of providing for the question of local control and of a limitation in the application of the funds. He agreed with me, and I offered to move, on the first reading of the Bill, an amendment in favour of this local control, advising that, if this were rejected, it might be left to the Radicals on the second reading to oppose the principle of the measure. This appeared to be a proper course, and I left Mr. Morley under the impression that this would fall to my duty.

"But in addition he made a remarkable proposal, referring to the probable approaching victory of the Liberal Party at the polls. He suggested some considerations as to the future of the Irish Party. He asked me whether I would be willing to assume the office of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or to allow another member of my party to take the position. He also put before me the desirability of filling one of the law offices of the Crown in Ireland by a legal member of my party. I told him, amazed as I was at the proposal, that I could not agree to forfeit in any way the independence of the party or any of its members; that the Irish people had trusted me in this movement because they believed that the declaration I had made to them at Cork in 1880 was a true one and represented my convictions, and that I would on no account depart from it. I considered that, after the declarations we had repeatedly made, the proposal of Mr. Morley that we should allow ourselves to be absorbed into English politics was one based upon an entire misconception of our position with regard to the Irish constituencies and of the pledges which we had given.

"In conclusion he directed my attention to the Plan of Campaign estates. He said that it would be impossible for the Liberal Party, when they attained power, to do anything for these evicted tenants by direct action; that it would be also impossible for the Irish Parliament, under the powers conferred, to do anything for them, and, flinging up his hands with a gesture of despair, he exclaimed: 'Having been to Tipperary, I do not know what to propose in regard to the matter.' I told him that this question was a limited one, and that I did not see that he need allow himself to be hampered by its future consideration; that, being limited, funds would be available from America and elsewhere for the support of those tenants as long as might be necessary; that, of course, I understood it was a difficulty, but that it was a limited one, and should not be allowed to interfere with the general interests of the country.

"I allude to this matter only because within the last few days a strong argument in many minds for my expulsion has been that, unless the Liberals come into power at the next General Election, the Plan of Campaign tenants will suffer. As I have shown, the Liberals propose to do nothing for the Plan of Campaign tenants by direct action when they do come into power; but I am entitled to ask that the existence of these tenants, whom I have supported in every way in the past, and whom I shall continue to support in the future, shall not constitute a reason for my expulsion from Irish politics. I have repeatedly pledged myself to stand by these evicted tenants, and that they shall not be allowed to suffer, and I believe that the Irish people throughout the world will support me in this policy.

"Sixteen years ago I conceived the idea of an Irish Parliamentary Party, independent of all English parties. Ten years ago I was elected the leader of an independent Irish Parliamentary Party. During these ten years that party has remained independent, and because of its independence it has forced upon the English people the necessity of granting Home Rule to Ireland. I believe that party will obtain Home Rule only provided it remains independent of any English party.

"I do not believe that any action of the Irish people in supporting me will endanger the Home Rule cause or postpone the establishment of an Irish Parliament; but even if the danger with which we are threatened by the Liberal Party of to-day were to be realised, I believe that the Irish people throughout the world would agree with me that postponement would be preferable to a compromise of our national rights by the acceptance of a measure which would not realise the aspirations of our race."

* * * * * *

On November 18th, 1890, there was a meeting of the National League in Dublin. On the same day the following paragraph appeared in the London letter of the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"I have direct authority for stating that Mr. Parnell has not the remotest intention of abandoning either permanently or temporarily his position or his duties as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

This may be implicitly accepted as Mr. Parnell's firm resolution, and perhaps by learning it in time the Pigottist Press may be spared the humiliation of indulging in a prolonged outburst of useless vilification. In arriving at this determination, I need not say that Mr. Parnell is actuated exclusively by a sense of his responsibility to the Irish people, by whose suffrages he holds his public position, and who alone have the power or the right to influence his public action. The wild, unscrupulous, and insincere shriekings of the Pigottists on the platform and in the Press can and will do nothing to alter Mr. Parnell's resolve."

Parnell wrote to me from London after the meeting in Committee Room 15.

My own darling Wifie,—I have received your letter through Phyllis, and hope to return to Brighton to-night per last train and tell you all the news. Meanwhile I may say that I am exceedingly well, having had twelve hours' sleep last night.

The meeting adjourned to-day till to-morrow at 12 or 1 to consider an amendment moved by one of my side that Gladstone, Harcourt, and Morley's views should be obtained as to their action on certain points in my manifesto.

Your own King.

December 3, 1890.

The following letters speak for themselves:—

Parnell *to* Mr. William Redmond.

My dear Willie,—Thanks very much for your kind letter, which is most consoling and encouraging. It did not require this fresh proof of your friendship to convince me that I have always justly relied upon you as one of the most single-minded and attached of my colleagues.—Yours very sincerely,

Charles S. Parnell.

PARNELL *to* DR. KENNY.

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN,
Saturday.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—I shall be very much obliged if you can call over to see me this afternoon, as I am not feeling very well, and oblige, yours very truly,

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

Don't mention that I am unwell to anybody, lest it should get into the newspapers.—C. S. P.

To all his brothers and sisters, and, most of all, to his mother, Parnell was most generous and affectionate, and of that generosity and affectionate regard I have abundant proof.

One of the last letters he wrote was to his mother.

I am weary, dear mother, of these troubles, weary unto death; but it is all in a good cause. With health and the assistance of my friends I am confident of the result. The statements my enemies have so often made regarding my relations with you are on a par with the endless calumnies they shoot upon me from behind every bush. Let them pass. They will die of their own venom. It would indeed be dignifying them to notice their existence!

CHAPTER XIII

A KING AT BAY

"*Vulneratus non victus.*"

In December a vacancy occurred in Kilkenny, and, on December 9th, my King started for Ireland, and stayed with Dr. Kenny for the night in Dublin. Of the great meeting in the Rotunda I give Miss Katharine Tynan's description, because of all the eye-witnesses' accounts of it that I have kept, none gives the true glimpse of Parnell as she does.

"It was nearly 8.30 when we heard the bands coming; then the windows were lit up by the lurid glare of thousands of torches in the street outside. There was a distant roaring like the sea. The great gathering within waited silently with expectation. Then the cheering began, and we craned our necks and looked on eagerly, and there was the tall, slender, distinguished figure of the Irish leader making its way across the platform. I don't think any words could do justice to his reception. The house rose at him; everywhere around there was a sea of passionate faces, loving, admiring, almost worshipping that silent, pale man. The cheering broke out again and again; there was no quelling it. Mr. Parnell bowed from side to side, sweeping the assemblage with his eagle glance.

The people were fairly mad with excitement. I don't think anyone outside Ireland can understand what a charm Mr. Parnell has for the Irish heart; that wonderful personality of his, his proud bearing, his handsome, strong face, the distinction of look which marks him more than anyone I have ever seen. All these are irresistible to the artistic Irish.

"I said to Dr. Kenny, who was standing by me, 'He is the only quiet man here.' 'Outwardly,' said the keen medical man, emphatically. Looking again, one saw the dilated nostrils, the flashing eye, the passionate face; the leader was simply drinking in thirstily this immense love, which must have been more heartening than one can say after that bitter time in the English capital. Mr. Parnell looked frail enough in body—perhaps the black frock-coat, buttoned so tightly across his chest, gave him that look of attenuation; but he also looked full of indomitable spirit and fire.

"For a time silence was not obtainable. Then Father Walter Hurley climbed on the table and stood with his arms extended. It was curious how the attitude silenced a crowd which could hear no words.

"When Mr. Parnell came to speak, the passion within him found vent. It was a wonderful speech; not one word of it for oratorical effect, but every word charged with a pregnant message to the people who were listening to him, and the millions who should read him. It was a long speech, lasting nearly an hour; but listened to with intense interest, punctuated by fierce cries against men whom this crisis has made odious, now and then marked in a pause by a deep-drawn moan of delight. It was a great speech—simple, direct, suave—with no device and no artificiality. Mr. Parnell said long ago, in a furious moment in the House of Commons, that he cared nothing for the opinion of the English people. One remembered it now, noting his passionate assurances to his own people, who loved him too well to ask him questions."

During this meeting the anti-Parnellites took the opportunity to seize Parnell's paper, *United Ireland*, and the offices. A witness's account of the incident contained in Mr. Barry O'Brien's "Life of Charles Stewart Parnell" appealed to me immensely, because this little affair was of intense interest to me, and all, or nearly all, I could get out of Parnell himself on the subject was a soft laugh and, "It was splendid fun. I wish I could burgle my own premises every day!"

Something like this appears to have happened. The anti-Parnellite garrison was strongly entrenched in the offices of the newspaper—doors and windows all barred. The streets were filled with a crowd of Parnellites crying death and destruction on the enemy, and pouring in faster from the side streets. Men threading their way through the mass were distributing sticks and revolvers.

Parnell had been apprised of the event at the meeting, and a pony-trap was waiting for him outside the Rotunda. He got into it with Dr. Kenny, and they dashed off to the scene of action. At the sight of their Chief the crowd went wild; cheers for Parnell and curses for his enemies filled the air. At full gallop the pony-trap dashed through the mass of people (which gave way as if by magic), and was brought up before the offices with a jerk that sent the horse sprawling on the ground. Parnell jumped out of the trap, sprang up the steps, and knocked loudly at the door of the offices. There was a dramatic moment of silence—the crowd hushed and expectant. Then Parnell quietly gave some orders to those nearest him. In a brief space they were off and back again with pickaxe and crowbar. Parnell wished to vault the area railings and attack the area door, but he was held back. So several of his followers dropped into the area, while Parnell himself attacked the front door with the crowbar. The door yielded, and he and many others rushed into the house. A second party came from the area, and the united force dashed upstairs. The rest was a Homeric struggle between garrison and besiegers, fought from staircase to staircase and story to story. At length the garrison was downed to the last man. A window of the second story was removed, and Parnell came out to his people. He had lost his hat, his hair was tumbled, his face was quite white, his eyes were filled with the wild joy of the battle. His face and clothes were powdered with dust and plaster. For a moment again the crowd was silent; then it burst into a roar.

Parnell made a short speech, came down, got into the trap, and drove to the railway station.

On the 11th, when he nominated Mr. Vincent Scully, he stayed at Kilkenny. That day he wrote to me that he was feeling ill, and his telegram of " good night " was weary in tone. But the next day he wrote that he was feeling far better, and his letter was very hopeful of success. He insisted on returning to me every Saturday, if it was in any way possible, during these months of fighting, and going back to Ireland on the next evening, Sunday. I begged him to spare himself the fatigue of this constant journeying, but he could not rest away; so, in despair, I gave up the fight against my own desire to have him at home for even these few hours. This election lasted ten days. Polling took place on December 22, and that morning he telegraphed to me not to expect victory, so I knew he was sure of defeat long before the poll was declared. He returned to Dublin that night, and addressed a meeting outside the National Club.

It was during one of these last meetings that someone in the crowd threw lime in the Chief's face. It has been said that the thing was a hoax, and that the substance thrown was flour. It was not flour, but lime, and had not Parnell shut his eyes in time he would undoubtedly have been blinded. As it was his eyes were not injured, and but for a tiny scar on the outer edge of his right eye he was not hurt. I well remember the awful hours I passed pacing up and down my room at Brighton waiting, waiting for news after seeing the morning paper. He had telegraphed to me directly after the cowardly assault was made, but he could not send it himself as he could not leave his friends. The man to whom he gave the telegram for despatch boasted to his fellows that he had a message from Parnell, and in the crowd and scuffle it was taken from him; so it was not until mid-day, when my own telegram of inquiry reached him, that Parnell knew that I had not received his; and by the time his reassuring message arrived I was nearly out of my mind. The newspapers had made the very most of the affair, and I thought my husband was blinded.

At the end of December Mr. William O'Brien returned from America, but, as a warrant was out for his arrest, he could not return to Ireland. Much against his own wish Parnell went over to Boulogne to see him, as the Party were so anxious that he should go. He did not think that it would do any good, and, feeling ill, he hated undertaking the extra fatigue. He felt, too, that he would have to fight "all along the line" in Ireland, and continued the war without cessation, although he went over to Boulogne several times to hear what Mr. O'Brien had to say. He was, however, on good terms with O'Brien, and suggested him as leader of the Party in the event of his own resignation. The suggestion did not prove acceptable to the Party.

Throughout this time he occasionally attended the sittings of the House, and, on returning home one sad evening, he did not speak much after his first greeting. I felt that something had troubled him unusually, but forbore to worry him, knowing that he would tell me presently. After a while he turned to me, and all he said was, "O'Kelly has gone too."

I did not answer in words, for my heart bled for him in this the only personal sorrow he had suffered in the disloyalty of his Party. Anger, scorn, and contempt, yes! but this was the first and only blow to his affections. For the first time since that miserable and most cowardly exhibition of treachery in Committee Room 15 there was a little break in his voice. They had been friends for so long, and had worked with each other in American and Irish politics so intimately. He had loved him, and now O'Kelly had "gone too."

When Mr. Gladstone gave the word, and the insecure virtue of the country obeyed it, because it is a very shocking thing to be found out, the anti-Parnellites were extremely ingenious in inventing new forms of scurrility in connection with my supposed name. From one end of chivalrous Ireland to the other—urged on more especially by a certain emotional Irish member of Parliament—the name of "Kitty" O'Shea was sung and screamed, wrapped about with all the filth that foul minds, vivid imaginations, and black hatred of the aloof, proud Chief could evolve, the Chief whom they could not hurt save through the woman he loved!

They hurt him now a little, it is true, but not very greatly. My husband said to me after the Kilkenny election, "It would really have hurt, my Queen, if those devils had got hold of your real name, *my* Queenie, or even the 'Katie' or 'Dick' that your relations and Willie called you." And then I was glad, so very glad that the gallant company of mud-slingers had with one accord leapt to the conclusion that those who love me called me "Kitty" because my name was Katharine. For me it was a little thing to bear for the man who loved me as never woman has been loved before, and the only thing that I could not have borne would have been the thought that one of those who hated him had pierced the armour of his pride and touched his heart.

The conferences with Mr. William O'Brien resulted in his finally sending him the following letter:—

> My proposal now is: (1) That you should suggest to Mr. McCarthy to obtain an interview with Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and ask from him a Memorandum expressing the intentions of himself and his colleagues upon these views and details, as explained by the delegates in their interview with Mr. Gladstone on December 5th. (2) That Mr. McCarthy should transfer this Memorandum to your custody, and that if, after a consultation between yourself and myself, it should be found that its terms are satisfactory, I should forthwith announce my retirement from the chairmanship of the Party. (3) That the terms of this Memorandum should not be disclosed to any other person until after the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, and not then unless this Bill failed to carry out those terms; but that if the Bill were satisfactory I should be permitted to publish the Memorandum after the passing of the former into law. I would agree that instead of adopting the limit of two years as the period in which the constabulary should be disarmed and turned into a civil force, and handed over to the Irish Executive, the term might be extended to five years; but I regard the fixing of some term of years for this in the Bill of the most vital importance. I also send you the enclosed copy of the clause of the Bill of 1886 relating to the Metropolitan Police and Constabulary. I do not think it necessary to insist upon the charge for the latter during the period of probation being paid out of the Imperial funds, as I do not wish to increase Mr. Gladstone's difficulties.
>
> P.S.—It should be noted that Gladstone can scarcely refuse to communicate with Mr. McCarthy on these subjects, as in his letter to the delegates he stated that as soon as the question of the leadership of the Party was settled he would be in a position to open confidential communications again, and he has publicly acknowledged Mr. McCarthy's election as valid.

On the 4th of January, 1891, Mr. O'Brien wrote,

MR. PARNELL IN 1886

(From a photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin)

saying that he had given as much thought as he was able to the important proposal it contained. On a first reading of Parnell's letter O'Brien thought he saw a disposition to drop the objection to McCarthy as chairman. If so, the new proposal would seem to diminish the difficulties of conciliating English opinion. If not, the necessity which the Hawarden plan involved of employing McCarthy in a transaction so painful to himself personally would seem to O'Brien to raise a formidable obstacle to that form of securing the guarantees desired. He had been trying to think of some other way, and when they met in Boulogne on Tuesday, he hoped to be able to submit it with sufficient definiteness to enable them to thrash it out with some prospect of an immediate and satisfactory agreement. Those who were bent on thwarting peace at any price were building great hopes upon delays or breakdowns of their Boulogne negotiations; but he was beginning to entertain some real hope that with promptness and good feeling on both sides they might still be able to hit upon some agreement that would relieve the country from an appalling prospect, and that neither of them would have any reason to regret hereafter.

On January 5 Redmond telegraphed to Parnell that O'Brien had written to the latter the previous day, and asking that nothing should prevent Parnell meeting "us" on the morrow.

On January 9 O'Brien telegraphed that McCarthy and Sexton would be with him that day, and that there were difficulties with D.*

Again, on the 18th, from Boulogne, he wired that indications were favourable; he presumed that there would be no objection to McCarthy's voice as to satisfactoriness of assurances if obtained.

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* Dillon.

Whereupon Parnell wired to Mr. O'Brien from Limerick :—

> While at all times willing to consult with McCarthy upon any points of special difficulty which may from time to time arise, I am obliged to ask that the terms of the Memorandum shall be adhered to, which provide that you and I shall be the sole and final judges.

On January 30th O'Brien wired that he had just received materials for final decision. It was most important that Parnell should see them at once. If Parnell could cross to Calais or anywhere else that night, O'Brien would meet him with Dillon.

On February 4th Parnell wrote to Dr. Kenny :—

> I went to Calais on Monday night to see O'Brien. He had received the draft of a letter proposed to be written and purporting to meet my requirements, but I found it of an illusory character, and think that I succeeded in showing him that it was so. He will endeavour to obtain the necessary amendments to the draft.

The next day he sent the following letter to Mr. Gill :—

> My dear Gill,*—I have carefully considered the position created by the information conveyed to me by you yesterday as to the new proposals and demands of the Liberal leaders, and it appears to me to be a very grave one, and to add materially to the difficulties attending a peaceable solution. You will remember that under the Memorandum of

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* Mr. Gill was an Irish member of no particular attachment who proved useful as an intermediary.

agreement arrived at between O'Brien and myself more than a month since at Boulogne it was provided that the judgment as to whether the intentions of Mr. Gladstone were in accordance upon certain vital points with the views expressed in that agreement was to be given by myself and O'Brien, acting in conjunction, and that I have since felt myself obliged to decline a proposal from O'Brien to add another person to our number for the performance of that duty. In addition, you are aware that last Tuesday I met O'Brien at Calais for the purpose of coming to a final decision with him as to the sufficiency of a draft Memorandum respecting the views of the Liberal leaders which he had obtained, and which, although at first sight it appeared to him to be sufficient, after a consultation with me was found to require considerable alteration and modification in order to secure the necessary guarantees regarding the vital points in question.

You now inform me that a new condition is insisted upon for the continuance of further negotiations—viz., that the question of the sufficiency of the guarantee is decided upon by O'Brien, apart from me, and in conjunction with I know not whom, that he is to see the draft of the proposed public statement, and that he must bind himself to accept it as satisfactory before it is published, while I am not to be permitted to see it, to judge of its satisfactory character, or to have a voice in the grave and weighty decision which O'Brien and certain unknown persons were thus called upon to give on my behalf as well as his own. I desire to say that I fully recognise the candour which O'Brien has shown in this matter, and the absence of any disposition on his part to depart either from the spirit or the letter of our agreement without my knowledge or consent. It is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the humiliating and disgraceful position in which this fresh attempt at exaction on the part of the Liberal leaders would seem intended to place me. It suffices to say that neither my own self-respect—nor, I am confident, that of the Irish people—would permit me to occupy it for a single moment. Besides this consideration, I could not, with any regard for my public responsibility and declarations upon the vital points in reference to which assurances are required surrender into unknown hands, or even into the hands of O'Brien, my right as to the sufficiency of those assurances and guarantees. But within the last twenty hours information of a most startling character has reached me from a reliable source, which may render it necessary for me to widen my position in these negotiations. It will be remembered that during the Hawarden communication the one point of the form upon which the views of the Liberal leaders were not definitely and clearly conveyed to me was that regarding the question of the retention of the Irish members at Westminster. It was represented to me that the unanimous opinion was in favour of permanently retaining a reduced number, 34, as the symbol of Imperial unity, but not with a view of affording grounds, occasions, or pretexts for Imperial interference in Irish national concerns, it being held most properly that the permanent retention of a large number would afford such grounds.

But from the information recently conveyed to me, referred to above, it would appear that this decision has been reconsidered, and that it is now most probable that the Irish members in their full strength will be permanently retained. This prospect, following so closely upon the orders of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that it must be so, is ominous and most alarming.

In 1886 the second reading of the Home Rule Bill, as I can prove by documentary evidence, was lost because the Liberal leaders declined till too late to agree to the retention of any Irish members in any shape or for any purpose. This resolve was formed because the Irish Party from 1880 to 1885 have proved their independence, courage, and steadiness on many a hard-fought field, and it was felt necessary to get rid of them at any cost. But the majority of the party of to-day having lost their independence and proved their devotion to the Liberal leaders, it is considered desirable to keep them permanently at Westminster for the purpose of English Radicalism, and as a standing pretext for the exercise of the veto of the Imperial Parliament over the legislation of the Irish body.

I refrain at present from going further into the matter, but will conclude by saying that so long as the degrading condition referred to at the commencement of this letter is insisted upon by the Liberal leaders, I do not see how I can be a party to the further progress of the negotiations.—My dear Gill, yours very truly,
Chas. S. Parnell.

Other letters to Mr. Gill explain themselves:—

February 6, 1891.

My dear Gill,—I have your letter of last night, and note that you say that the first part of mine to you of yesterday is founded on a misunderstanding which you can remove. Although I cannot see where there is any room on my part for misunderstanding the information which you conveyed, I shall be very glad if it should turn out as you say, and in that case, of course, the negotiations could be resumed. Will you, then, kindly write and explain what the misunderstanding was, and how you think it can be removed, as I fear it may not be possible for me to see you at the House of Commons this evening?—Yours very truly,
Chas. S. Parnell.

February 7, 1891.

My dear Gill,—I am writing O'Brien by this evening's post upon the subject of our conversation on Wednesday, and for the present perhaps it would be better that the negotiations should be conducted by correspondence between himself and me. As regards your note just received, I am sorry that I cannot agree with you that it gives at all an accurate account of the information you then conveyed to me, although, while you expressly stated the conditions, new to me, of the Liberal leaders, I agree that you did not say that you spoke to me on behalf of them, or at their request, nor did I so intimate in my letter of Thursday.—Sincerely yours,
Chas. S. Parnell.

On February 10th he wrote thus to Mr. William O'Brien :—

February 10, 1891.

My dear O'Brien,—I have received your kind notes of the 8th and 9th instant, and I fully join with you in the expression regarding the unhappy situation that would be created if the negotiations were to be broken off owing to any misunderstanding. But I have been much desirous since Wednesday of ascertaining the nature of the alleged misunderstanding, with a view to its removal, and up to the present have entirely failed in obtaining any light, either from your letters or those of Gill. Perhaps, however, I can facilitate matters by relating as clearly as possible what it was that fell from the latter at our second interview on Wednesday, which gave rise to my letter of Thursday. You will remember that, as requested by your telegram of Friday week, advising me that you had obtained the materials for a final decision, I met you at Calais on Monday week for the purpose of joining you in coming to a decision as to whether the intentions of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were in accordance with the views expressed in my original Memorandum of agreement with you. You then showed me a Memorandum which you stated was the substance of a public letter which Mr. Gladstone was willing to write, conveying the assurance regarding the questions of the constabulary and the land. You seemed of opinion that such a letter in such terms would satisfy my conditions. But I was obliged to differ from you, and hoped that I had been so fortunate as to convince you of the reasonable character of my objections, for you asked me to amend the Memorandum in such a way as to cause it to carry out my views on the subject of the constabulary. This was done, and it was arranged that I should meet Gill in London the next day for the purpose of further considering the land branch, and to confirm that portion referring to the constabulary after reference to the statutes. It was at this interview that the origin of the present trouble arose.

In speaking of the future course of the negotiations, I understood Gill to state distinctly that the Liberal leaders required to be assured that you would be satisfied with their proposed declaration before they made it, and that I was not to see the Memorandum or know the particulars of the document upon which your judgment was to be given. I assumed that you would receive a Memorandum as at Calais, on which you would be required to form and announce your judgment apart from me. I do not know whether I am entitled to put you any questions, but if you think not, do not hesitate to decline to answer them. Are you expected to form your judgment on the sufficiency of the proposed assurances before they are made public? If so, what materials and of what character do you expect to receive for this purpose? And will you be able to share with me the facilities thus afforded to you, so that we may, if possible, come to a joint decision?

Is it true, as indicated by a portion of your letter of the 8th, that you have already formed an affirmative opinion as to the sufficiency of the Memorandum you showed to me at Calais? I have not time at present to advert to what I consider the great change produced in the situation by several of the pastoral letters of the members of the hierarchy just published. They create great doubts in my mind as to whether the peace we are struggling for is at all possible, and as to whether we are not compelled to face even greater and larger issues than those yet raised in this trouble.—Yours very truly, Chas. S. Parnell.

After the negotiations with Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon were brought to an unsatisfactory conclusion my husband returned home to me, and, in telling me of the result of his tiring journey, remarked: "Ah, well, they (O'Brien and Dillon) are both to be out of the way for a bit."

They were both arrested on their return to Ireland, and sentenced to some months' imprisonment.

Parnell had always found Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon had a depressing effect upon him, as he said it was so hard to keep them to the difficulties of the moment, while they were so eagerly passing on to the troubles of to-morrow.

* * * * * *

On 22nd April, 1891, Mr. Frederick Kerley wrote from 10, Broad Court, Bow Street, W.C., to Mr. Thomson, to say that he had succeeded that day in serving Mr. Parnell with a copy of the Judge's Order, which Mr. Thomson had handed to him on the evening of the 20th instant. He saw Mr. Parnell at 7.5 p.m. pass through the barrier on to the Brighton platform at Victoria Station. He walked by his side and, addressing him, said, "Mr. Parnell, I believe?" Parnell replied, "Yes." He said he was desired to hand him that paper, at the same time handing him the copy, when the following conversation ensued:

Parnell: "What is it?"

Kerley: "It is a Judge's Order."

P.: "Oh, it is the costs."

K.: "Yes, it is. That is a copy, this is the original, and the signature of Mr. Justice Butt," and Kerley showed the original to him.

P.: "Oh, very well."

K.: "This is Mr. Wontner's card, who is the solicitor in the matter."

Mr. Parnell took the card and said, "Thank you."

It had all been done very quietly. No one saw what was done, and Parnell was not subjected to the slightest annoyance, and he did not appear to be the least annoyed. Kerley did not enclose the original, as he was afraid to trust it through the post, but would hand it to Mr. Thomson personally.

WONTNERS, 19 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.
Wired 10 *a.m.*, 23 *April*, '91.

Copy Order costs P. served personally last evening. Letter follows.

CHAPTER XIV

CAPTAIN O'SHEA'S LETTERS

"'Tis the talent of our English nation,
Still to be plotting some new reformation."—G. CHAPMAN.

21 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
March 31, 1882.

MY DICK,*—I got your telegram, and will do nothing till I hear again about the shares. I did not intend to attend the general meeting of the bank, but Sandeman came and brought me with him. It was very satisfactory.

A great intrigue last night. Walter, the proprietor of the *Times*, was to have told with Marriott. Finding the Government would have a better majority than was expected, he wrote a note at 11.15 to Marriott saying friends of whose judgment he had a high opinion thought it would be bad for the cause that he should tell Mr. Winn, the Opposition Whip, and Marriott then asked me to tell. I felt, of course, that the Government would never forgive me; still it might do well in Clare, and they are a wretched lot, Gladstone and Co.

I suggested Peter Taylor, Sir Tollemache Sinclair, or Joe Cowen in the order named, and after much difficulty I finally got off.

The Government were greatly elated by 39.

Rozenraad will not be managing director of the bank. He wants to teach me details, he says, and propose me.

BOYSIE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
May 1, 1882.

MY DICK,—Lord Arthur Hill has given notice that he will ask Forster to-morrow whether there is any truth in the statement in the *Times* to-day.

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* Captain O'Shea's pet name for me.

I met C.[*] at Euston, and drove with him to the Board of Trade. I then attended a meeting of Shaw, Dickson, M. Henry and Co., and they propounded a scheme for arrears. I had an appointment with C., who had meantime been at the Cabinet Council, in his room after questions. He said that for the moment he had absolutely nothing to say to me only to impress upon me that if a row ever occurred and an explanation was called for we were agreed that no negotiations had taken place between us, but only conversations. As to the answer F.[†] was to give to-morrow, I observed that F. was a duffer if he couldn't get out of that much, that he had plenty of practice in answering questions, but C. replied he hadn't improved much.

I am to stay about here to-night, but I doubt the Government allowing C. to say much more to me at present. G.[‡] will make his statement to-morrow at 9; I will try to run down to Eltham if possible in the afternoon, unless I hear you are taking the Chicks anywhere.

I am getting quite hopeless, and the dates of payments are staring me in the face. YOUR BOYSIE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
July 20, 1882.

MY DICK,—Sir John Lubbock sat next me on one side and Miss Rathbone on the other. Sir John is very interesting. Cotes, the Whip, was there. He said there was much rumour at Brooks' about Forster's re-entering the Cabinet. I should think this is impossible. It would finish the Government. I think Chamberlain would have known. On Monday night he told me he believed the rumour to be a d——d lie.

Afterwards went to Sir J. McKenna's. It was very funny indeed. The Boys, Healy, T. P. O'Connor.

Chamberlain not in the House to-day. To-morrow I dine with Sir William Hart Dyke (damnation on a volcano kind of life), Saturday to Alfred Cohen's till Monday.

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[*] Chamberlain. [†] Forster. [‡] Gladstone.

I hear nothing about my people. I dare say I shall see you somewhere to-morrow if this Bill gets through. I constantly go to see if there is a telly. YOUR BOYSIE.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Tuesday, August 1, 1882.

MY DICK,—Chamberlain must think me an ass, or Parnell a knave, and I dare say both. I have twice telegraphed to Morrison's Hotel to-day and no answer.

The Lords swear they will stick to their amendments. The Government will, on the other hand, stick to their Bill pure and simple, and risk all by it.

If the Irish Vote comes over to assist them on Thursday.

C. has just asked me whether I have had a telegram (12.30).
YOUR BOYSIE.

The memorial mentioned in the following letter was for the reprieve of a young man, Francis Hymer, who was condemned to death (and subsequently hanged) for shooting a man. There was no direct evidence against him, and Captain O'Shea got much support in the effort for his reprieve. The young man was a small "gentleman farmer" and a very distant connection of Captain O'Shea's.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN,
August 26, 1882.

MY DICK,—I have been to the Viceregal Lodge with the memorial. Lord Spencer said that in so grave a matter, and one in which such a momentous responsibility lies on him, it would not do to discuss the matter, but that the matter would be fully weighed, etc., etc., etc.

Yesterday I was for a long time with Trevelyan. It was funny to see his three boys playing cricket in the grounds of his lodge with constabulary sentinels at each corner. The lodges are charming places, but I have not been in the Under-

Secretary's. I tried to get a photograph of it yesterday, but I failed. I tellied * I thought it better to say nothing to P.† I see G.O.M. got back to town yesterday, but I dare say he smells a rat and will not see you yet awhile. I am very low about everything, and your letter is dreadful, and I don't know who Mitchell is.

It is dreadful work here, and the weather is beastly. However, Lady Corrigan has sent a messenger to beg of me to come and dine this evening at Killney. The house is next to the Fitzgeralds'.

I am greatly afraid the G.O.M. will leave us in the lurch. Mr. Gray says he will have full revenge on the Government. They ought to let him out.

Great love to chicks. YOUR BOYSIE.

DUBLIN,
August 31, 1882.

MY DICK,—I am longing to get home. No one knows I am writing, so say nothing in your letter about it to my people. Great numbers of inquiries, but Mr. Parnell, although in next street, never sent. P for pig! Gout come in old place, not bad. Dearest love to chicks. Great many telegrams.

YOUR BOYSIE.

Am all right, but very helpless for present.

Sunday.

MY DICK,—My arm is getting much better of the sprain, but I cannot write much yet. I have had a better day to-day all round. A great many people are constantly calling and writing. I hear that Mr. Parnell is gone to England. I merely say he never took the trouble to send a message or write a line. I saw your letter to Aunt Mary to-day, and one from Gerard. I am quite satisfied with fish, especially as I don't want the gout to go to my arm. Nice note from Fawcett. Also from Harcourt. Nothing from Chamberlain.

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* Telegraphed.

† Parnell.

John Morley has been with me to-day for a couple of hours. I hope to see Trevelyan to-morrow. I must write to chicks, and it is still laborious. YOUR BOYSIE.

(Captain O'Shea had broken his arm, having been thrown out of a jaunting car in Dublin.)

NEWPORT HOUSE, NEWPORT, CO. MAYO,
September 29, 1882.

MY DICK,—Yes, I am afraid that the Grand Old Humbug is gammoning us. It is very handy of him to be able to put the claims on Lord Spencer's shoulders. Of course, Lord Spencer would not stand out one moment against the G. O. M.'s real wish.

I wrote to Mr. P. about his conference, but he has of course not answered my letter. Perhaps it will be as well to wait to try and frighten G. O. M. (which I am afraid would now be a difficult job) till I have seen P.

I have £100 coming due on October 17th, £300 on November 13th, and £300 on December 3rd at the National Bank. I must go to Limerick immediately.

The enclosed from Ellard is rather humbug.

I hope to leave this on Tuesday. It is a fearful journey, because I cannot get on to a car from Claremorris to Tuam, and I believe I must go to Dublin and thence down to Limerick, two days' journey. I am sorry we cannot manage the bank any longer. You see how it will be getting on. I think I told you about George Ds. being flush of stuff and my borrowing. I don't see any way out of it at all, and believe the end is at hand. YOUR BOYSIE.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN,
October 17, 1882.

MY DICK,—I was at the Castle this morning and saw Trevelyan about various things, and P.'s * complaints as to the unfair exercise of the Crimes Act in various places. He of course admitted me at once and was very civil. I then went to see the Assistant Inspector General of Constabulary.

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* Mr. Parnell.

As I wanted to see Jenkinson on a matter of extra police force in Limerick the Assistant Inspector General sent down my card by his messenger. A reply came up that Mr. J. was engaged with the Inspector of Constabulary for Limerick. He kept me waiting an hour. In the meanwhile the Assistant Inspector General gave me the opinion of the heads of departments on Jenkinson. They call him "His Majesty the Lion of Pride." (He was in the Indian Service.) He knows nothing whatever of the country and assumes the command of everything, meddling and muddling all, but is an immense favourite with Lord Spencer. They say at the Castle, however, that he can scarcely get Burke's place, it would be too glaring. The fact is nothing is too glaring.

I wonder if J. knows *anything.*

I wish you could get Matt* to let me 1 A. M.† very cheap. I cannot understand why he lives in Jermyn Street.

Gout bad enough, wrist greatly swollen. Journeys deferred, should like to leave Friday morning so as to worry P.‡ on Thursday if his convention goes in on Wednesday. Will go to see him by and by. YOUR B.

SHELBOURNE HOTEL, DUBLIN,
October 17, 1882.

I forgot to say that Canon O'Brien of Athenry writes in *Freeman* that it was not the Archbishop of Tuam who forbade the priests to attend the meeting at Athenry, but his refusal to go was caused by Mr. Watt Hain's not having placed before him the programme for approval.

Of course this is mere equivocation. YOUR W.

On August 2 and 15, 1883, Chamberlain wrote to Willie with reference respectively to certain Bills and praised Parnell's perfect loyalty. On January 30 of the following year we find him giving Willie his opinions on the Irish Land question and doubting if much would be done until the Franchise question were settled. The next letter which comes to my hand is from Mr. Childers, and it also is about the land. He complains that what the Land Act concedes—an advance from the Treasury to the landlords—is very different from what the Irish want—an advance to the tenant himself. The obvious difference being that in the former case it was by no means certain that the tenant got the money. It is plain from these letters that Willie was in constant communication with Chamberlain, Gladstone, and (directly and indirectly) with Trevelyan.

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* My nephew, Sir Matthew Wood.

† No. 1 Albert Mansions.

‡ Mr. Parnell.

LIMERICK,
October 20, 1884.

MY DICK,—I am so absolutely done up that it is impossible to write much. It is very doubtful whether the game is worth the candle.

However, the Fenians have now shown such an extraordinary support that, as they themselves say, there will be murder in the Co. Clare if I am opposed.

It took me all my time with some of them to allow a vote of confidence in Parnell to be put to the meeting yesterday. It was a terribly wet day, but the "flower of the flock" came from immense distances, although no public announcement was made. The attendance of some of my "friends" rendered it impossible for the priests to be present, but they showed their feeling towards me by harbouring me directly the show was over, and giving me an excellent dinner. Not that I have eaten 2 lb. of meat since I left Dublin, and I should have been in pieces in another three or four days. The thing, although it is doubtful whether worth doing at all, as you will be able to judge when I see you, has been very thoroughly done.

My absence has enabled my enemies to triumph at the Bank.

I leave to-morrow and dine with Father Healy at Bray, Lord Justice Barry, etc., etc. I shall try to rest absolutely on Wednesday and come over on Thursday.

YOUR BOYSIE.

There are various matters mentioned in a letter from Chamberlain of November 4, 1884, but it seems to have been written to let out his anger that the Irish had supported Lord Randolph Churchill in the House. But The O'Gorman Mahon received the benefit of a slap on the back for having " voted straight."

SHELBOURNE HOTEL,
Tuesday, December 15, 1884.

MY DICK,—Another " Cousin " has turned up to-day who must be as old as Methuselah. Everyone said at any rate he must be dead.

It is provoking beyond expression. Maria expresses her intense dislike of these relations in several of her letters.

I am wonderfully popular in this country amongst all the respectable people and amongst the Fenians. What a man I should be to take up the " Small Farmers' and Labourers' League " ! In six months the present " Boys " would be scuttling for their lives.

There is immense distress in the country—no employment for the labourers ; the farmers, instead of working, reading *United Ireland* and shouting for Home Rule at meetings. Home Rule for them—meaning their farms for nothing. Credit being stopped everywhere, at the banks, by the wholesale firms and down to, and by, the village shopkeepers. Crime is being re-established. The other night near Derryneveigh* a party fired into a house. The wife was giving her two little children supper; a bullet lodged in her leg.

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* Captain O'Shea had some property at Derryneveigh—farms and grassland.

I think that the Constabulary are beginning to feel the general disorganisation, wondering if something is really going to happen, and they "don't see" things.

There is an awful load of responsibility on anybody who, for private purposes, prevents things being settled.

Wait till the labourers learn their power and go in for the plunder.
YOUR B.

I was sitting with Taming to-day when the telegram arrived announcing that the Boys were out last night near Rathkeale, County Limerick, half killing a farmer who had paid rent.

A letter from Chamberlain, dated December 17th, and addressed to "Mr. W. H. Duignan," is extremely interesting. Having recapitulated what his correspondent had told him of the latter's experiences in Ireland, and of the persistence of Nationalist sentiment, Chamberlain went on to analyse the meaning of the word Nationalist, and to lead up step by step to his proposal of a National Board for Ireland to sit at Dublin, which was afterwards shelved by Gladstone in favour of an Irish Parliament. It is plain from this letter that Chamberlain as a Radical was not a Home Ruler in the widest sense, and even then refused to recognise Ireland as a separate people.

LONDON,
Wednesday, 1 A.M.

MY DICK,—I have just written to Mr. Parnell to say that I shall be here at 12 o'clock, and shall wait for him. I have a communication of the most urgent and important character from C.* The latter wanted me at twelve to-morrow, but it became too pressing, and he asked me to come to his room at twelve to-night instead. It is too long to write, but telly, and I can come to A. M. at any time during the afternoon and tell you all about it. YOUR B.

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* Chamberlain.

Much more important than Reln.

Mr. Parnell did not think it well to keep this appointment, as he distrusted proposals coming from this quarter as to Irish affairs.

LONDON,
January 9, 1885.

MY DICK,—Colonel Sandeman did not come until the 7.45 train. He returns to Hayling on Monday. I propose to go with him until Wednesday.

On Thursday I have the appointment with Chamberlain. But you see that Parnell is inveighing against the Land Courts and promising the dupes "Liberty" in the immediate future, so he appears to have altogether shifted from common-sense again.

This is the Reign of Rant again, and what is one to think of a fellow who acts thus in the midst of negotiation?

Tell Norah I shall come down early to-morrow to spend her birthday with you all. YOUR B.

Nothing from Madrid.

1 ALBERT MANSIONS, LONDON, S.W.

MY DICK,—Just back from Heneage. Mr. Parnell has not come.

It is impossible to convey what C. told me to-day by letter, and it is important you should know it directly. Sebag sends a postcard (to save ½d.), which I enclose.

I shall come down to Pope Street by the train reaching that station at 12.22. Please send the young ladies to meet me. YOUR B.

The following note from Parnell explains why the appointment was not kept:—

Thursday.

My dear O'Shea,—I have been in bed for the last week with a bad cold, and have only been able to get out to-day for the first time.

Will call back to see if you have returned about six or a quarter to six.—Yours truly, Chas. S. Parnell.

1 Albert Mansions, London, S.W.,
January 19, 1885.

My Dick,—I have been feeling wretched all day, but I had to write the enclosed twice. I telegraphed to Mr. Parnell to Avondale and Morrison's Hotel last night to telegraph back where to post a letter to him this evening, but he hasn't, so I have sent it to Morrison's Hotel on chance.

Please post the enclosed by the 10 o'clock post to Chamberlain. Seal with wax.

I wonder whether you are coming to-morrow.

Nothing from Madrid, but I doubt whether we could expect anything. Your Boysie.

1 Albert Mansions, London, S.W.,
Monday night, 1885.

My Dick,—I think I must ask you to come up to-morrow. Broadbent thinks me very ill. As far as I can judge, he thinks my heart affected.

He has ordered an old-fashioned mustard poultice immediately to my foot. I suppose to try to get the gout thoroughly into it.

He says I am in a very low state.

If you can come put on the lightest clothes you have got and drive up. If you can bring the little girls I should be very glad.

I feel very ill. I went to the House this afternoon. Lord R. Churchill has laid down as one of his conditions to Lord Salisbury that Sir S. N. should not be Leader of the House of Commons, but Hicks-Beach.

He divided the House against an arrangement made at Lord S.'s suggestion and assented to by Sir S. Northcote. I don't think Lord S. will be able to form an administration.

Come if you can. Care killed the cat and may kill me this time.

Monday night.

MY DICK,—I had an hour with Card. Manning at his house this evening. He was very anxious to see me.

To-night he writes to Rome that I informed him that only one member of the Cabinet, Lord Granville, opposes the nomination of Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of Dublin, while several are active supporters of it and the rest.

He talked also a good deal about the self-government question, and he was most charming, came downstairs, and accompanied me to the door.—Yours, W.

(*Telegram.*)

March 2, 1885.

FROM O'SHEA TO MRS. O'SHEA, ELTHAM, KENT.

Telegraph how are. If you see Gladstone to-day tell him how Grosvenor annoyed me about post offices. Here after two.

1 ALBERT MANSIONS, LONDON, S.W.

MY DICK,—I had better come and talk the thing over early to-morrow. I shall telly by what train I shall come to Pope Street.

To-day C.* promised me the Chief Secretaryship on the formation of the Government after the election.

He would, while holding his own office (probably Secretary of State for the Home Department), help me in the matter.

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* Chamberlain.

This is an enormous thing, giving you and the Chicks a very great position.

Have you seen the extract from *United Ireland* * in the evening papers? Of course, it will strike C. and D. † as a piece of bad faith; and no doubt it is.—Yours, O'S.

House of Commons Library,
March 17, 1885.

My Dick,—Montagu came here at 11 o'clock, and I introduced him to Chamberlain.

Previously C. told me that much had occurred since yesterday, and that if an arrangement could be made to get the Redistribution Bill and the Crimes Bill quickly into law the Government, who are not anxious to bring the Session to an end too quickly, might bring in Local Government Bills, including one for Ireland, on the basis of the proposals which I handed C. in January.

I have just seen P.,‡ but he appears to funk making a treaty. It is too bad, as it is a great chance, especially as it would probably allow of my being Chief Secretary in the next Parliament. He says he will think over it, but he is unable, or unwilling, to face difficulties.

Montagu told me not to write anything, but to consult a solicitor; so I shall go to Ashurst Morris and Co. to-morrow. In the meanwhile he will see Sebag and prevent anything being done to-morrow. Your B.

C. has just asked me to postpone going for a day so as to let him know "P.'s‡ mind." He hasn't much, but I tellied to-night that I should be in Madrid by Friday.

Madrid,
April 2, 1885.

My Dick,—It was very stupid of the Direct Spanish to send the telly to Albert Mansions. I am very sorry to hear that your chest is still troubling you, and I am afraid that as long as you have to cross the park in bad weather you cannot be safe. Anything is better than making yourself ill. Aunt is certainly very unreasonable.

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* Parnell's paper. † Chamberlain and Dilke. ‡ Parnell.

I have been expecting a telegram from Bailey Hawkins all the morning to say that the arrangements are completed for the £200,000 deposits. It is very tiresome work and difficult, too, to keep the persons interested here quiet.

It was a lovely morning. I went to San Isidro to the Mass of the Knights of Malta. They looked very grand in their uniforms, some in white, others in black cloak according to their section of the order. Great red crosses embroidered on the white cloaks, white crosses on the black. There were fourteen of them. The church was hung with banners of the Order and the names of Ascalon and other great battles of the Crusades. The music very fine. There has been a very heavy shower since.

I see by the morning papers that Gayarre sang in the cathedral at Seville yesterday, and that it was difficult to restrain the faithful from applauding him.

If Aunt accuses me of extravagance you can truthfully tell her that my sister's illness was an immense expense to me. This hotel is simply ruinous, and I never have anything but 1s. 6d. wine. I must have a sitting-room to transact business.

YOUR B.

MADRID,
April 10, 1885.

MY DICK,—After an immense amount of trouble and negotiation the Prime Minister * agreed to all that the London people required, even what I told you was unreasonable.

This was the night before last. But the Minister of the Colonies objects, and there is a crisis in the Ministry. Canovas wishes to get rid of him; the question is whether Canovas, whose power has been greatly weakened, will have the courage to go to the King with the resignation of the Minister of the Colonies, or whether he will dread the King's possible answer:

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* Of Spain.

"You may as well all resign and have done with it." Martos seems to fear that Canovas will not have the pluck. Well, perhaps it does not matter much, because when I was at the Ministry yesterday the telegram announcing the attack of the Russians on Pendjeh arrived and was shown me. I expect to hear important news to-night, and I do not stop working on account of the rumours of war. I have no doubt all would be right with regard to the caution money.

I am sure you did a dangerous thing in taking such a drive to fetch Bader. You see, he was sure not to come after all. From his letter I should think your lung quite as dangerous as Aunt's cold.

I see by the *Standard* of Wednesday, just come, that Mr. Whiteside is dead—I have sent a telegram to Miss Whiteside.

You see I have done everything mortal could do about the Cuban business, and it will be hard if after so much success one's efforts should be thrown away. Monpribat has just come up from Seville. It was chokeful for Holy Week, but the weather very bad. General Armas is very suspicious of Martos, but he was always a conspirator.

I think I shall telly to-morrow and get away, but I greatly fear Bank and great bother in London. YOUR B.

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
Thursday night.

MY DICK,—There is to be a meeting of Cabinet Ministers at Spencer's house to-morrow at 11.

C. and D.* think it certain that the Government will go out.

If Lord S. were alone he would perhaps give way, being really a weak creature, but, Lord Hartington being with him, they think he is sure to stand fast. These will take Lord Selborne and Lord Carlingford.

If the Whigs win, C. and D. would resign, and Shaw-Lefevre and Trevelyan would go.

Just called again to C.'s † room. YOUR B.

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* Chamberlain and Dilke.

† Chamberlain.

House of Commons,
May 1, 1885.

My Dick,—I have been expecting to hear all day from you. It appears that Gladstone is very strongly in favour of our solution, and to C.'s* surprise Hartington did not reject the proposal offhand as was expected. The final determination was to take two or three days for reflection.

I wish Lord Spencer would go out. I suppose I told you that the Cardinal has power to assure Parnell and the Government of the full support of the Catholic Church in case of their taking up the Co. and Central Board Government Bill.

I am holding out against the bank, but only by the skin of my teeth, and it cannot continue many hours. Your B.

I hope if you are coming up to-morrow you will lunch at Albert Mansions—or if not send me the chicks, and we would wait; that is if you had not been to see Mr. G.† to-day, as I have no word. I have nothing to do to-morrow, or I could come down for the day? Breakfast with C. Sunday morning.

May 4, 1885.

My Dick,—I have just returned from Dilke, who tells me that peace is certain, on the exact terms stated in the *Daily News* of Saturday.

I find a telegram from Ashurst Morris and Co., asking me to go to see them, so I have telegraphed in Hall's name that he has orders to open telegrams this morning and telegraph; but is sure I cannot be back in town until late. This is to gain another day.

It is impossible to go on. The Cuban business must take time. The reason I am anxious about the Local Self-Government Scheme is that if Chamberlain has power, which I think he will in the next Parliament, he will offer me the Chief Secretaryship, or the equivalent position if the name is abolished, if the boys will let me have it. Gladstone ought not to know this.

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* Chamberlain.

† Gladstone.

Please let me know by the first post whether I am to take tickets for the conjurer for Wednesday. To-morrow I shall be all day on the Shannon Navigation Select Committee.

Your B.

House of Commons,
4.30 p.m., *Friday, May* 8, 1885.

My Dick,—After questions I am going to bed. I am feeling very ill and worried.

As for to-morrow, I can do anything you like. I shall have to call on C.* about eleven, as usual, but that will not take more than a quarter of an hour. He generally sees me twice a day now. The same on Sunday, unless he goes to Birmingham, which he tells me is unlikely this week; otherwise I could have come both days to Eltham, if more convenient.

Mr. Parnell is very unsatisfactory. He told me last night, with a sort of wave of chivalry, that I might convey to Chamberlain that he didn't hold them to the bargain; that they were free to compromise with their comrades if they chose. He does not much care for anything except the vague and wild politics which have brought him so much money.

I do not see how the Ministry can sustain the shock of next week. G.† will be glad, I fancy, of the chance of private life. It will be interesting to see what he will do for us, or offer.

Your B.

1 Albert Mansions, London, S.W.,
May 30, 1885. *Friday night.*

My Dick,—Dilke on arrival sent for me. Nothing arrived at. Hartington was quite well when he arrived, but put out owing to the conversation at dinner. Walker was at table, and whenever Lord H.‡ appealed to him with regard to the speech to be delivered in the North for support against Dilke's arguments Walker would advise "I think you'd better say nothing at all about that." So Lord H. was so ill the next morning that he could not go to Ulster.

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* Chamberlain.

† Gladstone.

‡ Hartington.

Dilke, Lyulph Stanley, and the Bishop of Bedford dined at Grays, and there met Dr. Walsh. Lord Spencer was much annoyed by Stanley and the Bishop expressing themselves as pleased with Dr. Walsh as Dilke did. Altogether he seems to lead Lord Spencer a life. YOUR B.

1 ALBERT MANSIONS, LONDON, S.W.,
June 2, 1885.

MY DICK,—I have been waiting all day here, and am just giving you up. I am to dine at the Sandemans, and to go to Epsom with Colonel S., who entertains me in the tent of his corps to-morrow.

I was particularly anxious to see you; indeed, I do not know what to do without seeing you, and it is impossible to write. YOUR B.

Saturday, 2.15 P.M.

MY DICK,—If to-morrow I hope you will telly early so as to prepare the feast.

I have got a list shoe, but I find I can as yet play no tricks, so I have reverted to cotton wool.

I am greatly disgusted with Gladstone, Grosvenor and Co. You will see he has thoroughly done you as near as may be—no lease, no anything; the most trivial, dishonest hound, and in such a fix. No wonder he is ill!

Chamberlain wants me on the 15th, as I am not able to go for a chat to-day. He sent to know.

I see by the papers Mr. P.* has arranged to go to Milltown on the 23rd or 24th or something.

I have had a very bad attack this time. I shall be glad of the books. I send back Lord M. YOUR BOYSIE.

Chamberlain's letter to Willie, dated June 10th, was an interesting speculation on what would be the next

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* Parnell.

Government and what would happen to coercion. The possibilities seemed to be: A Conservative Government (1) with Coercion; (2) with Randolph Churchill, a Liberal Government; (3) with Coercion; (4) with Chamberlain and Dilke; and the letter is good evidence of Chamberlain's determination to have nothing to do with a Coercion Act.

On June 26, 1885, Chamberlain sent Willie the following extract from *United Ireland*:—

> Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke's Visit to Ireland.
>
> The recent speeches of Mr. Chamberlain surpass in their cynical hypocrisy anything we have seen from even British statesmen. Base as we consider the conduct of Radical Ministers to have been in abetting the horrors which the Gladstone Government have carried out in Ireland, we never could have supposed they would have stooped to the arts which they are now attempting to practise in order to curry favour once more with the Irish people. We plainly tell Messrs. Chamberlain and Dilke that if they are wise they will keep out of Ireland altogether. We do not want them here. Let them stop at home and look after their own affairs. In plain English, this proposed tour of theirs is simply adding insult to injury. We regard it as a mere electoral manœuvre. The truth is, so long as the House of Lords exists none but a Tory Government can pass an effective Home Rule scheme.

Chamberlain footed this quotation by invoking his "Dear O'Shea" and with a number of exclamation marks.

Junior Army and Navy Club,
St. James Street, S.W.,
Tuesday.

My Dick,—We are of opinion that the formula holds good, "No rational beings who have had dealings with Mr. Parnell would believe him on oath."

We know that he has recently said that he is under no obligation or promise to me ! ! ! ! !

The marks are of admiration, not of surprise. He has not told the lie to my face, but the man who, after promising to assist in every way Mr. Chamberlain's journey to Ireland, can let his paper the same week abuse him like a pickpocket, is not to be respected by Mr. C., and I have already told the *scoundrel* what I think of him.

The worst of it is that one looks such a fool, getting Mr. C. to write such a letter as that of Saturday to no purpose.

There was no knowledge of the result of to-night's up to the hour of starting for the House.

I am worried, if not out of my wits, out of my hair. The little left came out this morning after a sleepless night, and I am balder than a coot is. Such fun.

I wonder whether I shall die soon, or if the day will come. Would I had understood it had come when I was asked to go to Kilmainham.

YOUR B.

JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB,
ST. JAMES STREET, S.W.,
Wednesday.

I have seen to-day a great number of M.P.'s of various parties, King Harman, Kerr, Orangemen, Sir W. Barttelot, Gregory and many other English Tories, Sir Lyon Playfair, and a score of English and Scotch Tories. One and all spoke in astonishment and disgust of Parnell's conduct towards me.

None of them, of course, knew the absolute baseness of it.

But to all I replied: "Poor devil, he is obliged to allow himself to be kicked to the right or the left and look pleasant. But he has the consolation of having been well paid for the pain—£40,000, the tribute of the priests and people of Ireland!"

The people of Ireland, hearing of the mortgages on Parnell's estates in Ireland, started a subscription to pay these off. The subscription list was headed by the Archbishop of Cashel, I believe, and, in all, the priests and people of Ireland subscribed and collected £40,000, thus enabling Parnell to clear the estate from all debt.

June 23, 1885.

To O'Shea, Eltham, Kent.

Ambassador has received telegram from Spanish Prime Minister saying I had better come, so if affairs arranged to-day shall leave Saturday.

1 Albert Mansions, S.W.,
December 22, 1885.

My Dick,—My mother did not leave until eight. I took her home. She was in dreadful spirits, and I am very anxious about her. She wishes to leave the hotel, but does not know where she would like to go.

I came back about half-past eight, and shortly afterwards a Fenian chief called. His friends wanted to see me, so I went with him, and was introduced to some of the principal "men." They thoroughly understood that my political views and theirs are "as the poles apart," but they say they will stick to me through thick and thin. I fancy that their admiration for me may be somewhat influenced by objection to certain members.

I have ascertained that Brady, Secretary to the National League, which has offices at Palace Chambers, Westminster, is to go to Galway on Wednesday. This looks like business. I believe he is at the best with T. P. O'Connor. The real boys say that the latter has taken a house in Grosvenor Street, and that he will take in Irish members as lodgers!

Your B.

The real boys want Galway "fought," but there have been many outrages in the neighbourhood, and it would be difficult to identify oneself with the invasion.

Enclosed from "Fenian Chief."

TULLA, Co. CLARE,
December 23.

I saw the Colonel yesterday, and gave him the copy to send to Fitzgerald.

I saw I. Malone to-day, and showed him the original document.

He travelled with P. N. F. about a week ago, and had a conversation with him upon the subject. P. N. F. is willing to do all he can, but wishes to have the movement commence here in Clare. Come to Limerick, giving timely notice, so that all may be prepared.

Bryan Clune will meet you in Limerick, where everything can be arranged.

All I can say is that if Bryan Clune stands for Galway it will be pretty hard to beat him, and if at the last moment he yields to the request of his Clare friends and retires in favour of any person, that person will be rather safe.

When the friends were in trouble you gave them a helping hand, and they don't forget it. We stand to the man that stood to a friend and a friend's friend. God save Ireland !

The following letter from Parnell to me at this time gives his view of the trend of affairs :—

AVONDALE,
January 15, 1886.

MY OWN LITTLE WIFIE,—I was unable to go to Dublin, and so did not hear any news from McG. about the other election matter. However, Blake, whom I saw at Kingstown, and who had seen C.* the other day, volunteered me the information that he was plotting to do all the mischief he could to members of the Party. Subsequently he told me that C. intended some of it for me, and later on he asked me whether I had ever spoken to a lady in London about C. and turning him out, and that C. had told him he had evidence that I had, and this was why I would not agree to his candidature. The "lady in London" is, of course, Mrs. O'Shea, and this is how her name is going to be introduced into the matter if the Court permits it.

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* Philip Callan.

Of course the point he will make is that I did not oppose him on account of his bad character and conduct, but because she wished me to, and upon this peg will be sought to be hung other statements and questions. Is it not ingenious?

I hope my own darling has been taking care of herself and that her chest is much better; please telegraph me when you get this how you are, as I have been very anxious. I trust you drive every day.

I fear I shall not now be able to leave till Monday evening as there is some experimental work going on at Arklow, the result of which I want to see before I go, and it will not be finished till Monday.

I have been all alone here, my sister having left on the Saturday before I arrived. I am longing for you every day and every night, and would give worlds to have you here.

YOUR OWN LOVING KING.

Nothing will be done about any vacancies till I return.

Mr. Chamberlain had referred in the House to a speech which Parnell was reported to have made in the Dublin Mansion House on September 1st, 1885, and Parnell had questioned the accuracy of the reference. On April 10th, 1886, Chamberlain sent Parnell a quotation from the report he had seen. It ran thus:—

We are told upon high authority that it is impossible for Ireland to obtain the right of self-government. I believe that if it be sought to make it impossible for our country to obtain

> the right of administering her own affairs that we will make all other things impossible for those who so seek.
>
> There shall be no legislation for England.

Mr. Chamberlain accepted Mr. Parnell's repudiation.

Parnell replied to this letter on the 21st, stating that what he actually said was:—

> I believe that if it be sought to make it impossible for our country to obtain the right of administering her own affairs that we shall make many things impossible for those who so seek.

On the 24th Chamberlain wrote refusing to see any difference in sense between the report and the fact as admitted. There was anyhow a threat.

Later on Lord Hartington made some reference in a speech at Glasgow to the effect of Parnell's influence in Willie's Galway election; he stated that until Parnell arrived on the scene Willie was not the popular candidate, but that Parnell's authority was sufficient to put down all opposition. Willie was very angry at this, and on June 28th, 1886, he wrote to Lord Hartington expressing his annoyance. Lord Hartington took some time to reply, and Chamberlain, prompted by Willie, nudged his memory. Finally, on August 25th, he wrote expressing astonishment that Willie was annoyed and repeating what he had said at Glasgow.

August 29, 1886.

Dear Lord Hartington,—My anxiety that you should be made aware of my political position was much greater than so small a matter justified, and now that Chamberlain has spoken to you about it I am quite satisfied.

I did not like being picked out by you as having owed a seat in Parliament to Parnellite terrorism, and I can assure you that the intimidation at Galway in February was against, not for, me. Until it was artificially created by Messrs. Healy and Biggar, I was, notwithstanding my so-called " Whiggery," a popular candidate, and Chamberlain had within the last day or two seen a letter in which one of the best judges of the feeling of the borough mentions that no one could have opposed me at the last election if I had only voted for the second reading of Mr. G.'s * Bill.—I remain, yours sincerely,

W. H. O'Shea.

1 Albert Mansions,
Saturday morning, October 3, 1886.

Dear Kate,—I have just returned and found your telegram which you sent on the 29th after my departure.

I do not know where you are.—Yours,

W. H. O'Shea.

Towards the end of this year our relations became violently strained, as the following letters plainly show :—

Sunday, December.

Dear Willie,—I am perfectly disgusted with your letter. It is really too sickening, after all I have done. The only person who has ever tarnished your honour has been yourself. I will call and hear what you wish to tell me, although I cannot see that any good can come of our meeting whilst you use such disgusting and ungrateful expressions about me.

K. O'Shea.

1 Albert Mansions, S.W.,
December 12, 1886.

Dear Kate,—I shrink from the possible eventualities of discussion with you, especially as to-day before our daughters.

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* Mr. Gladstone.

As in former controversies, I beg of you to seek someone with a knowledge of the world for a counsellor.—Yours,

W. H. O'Shea.

1 Albert Mansions, S.W.,
December 19, 1886.

[*Private.*]

Dear Sir,—It was stated in the *Pall Mall Gazette* yesterday that Mr. Parnell was staying on a visit with me. The fact is that I have had no communication whatsoever with Mr. Parnell since May. You have been deceived probably by some Parnellite, because there are dogs of his, I am told, who in return for the bones he throws them snap when they think it safe.

I have considerable cause of complaint regarding notices equally unfounded which have previously appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* and I should be glad to show you how you have been made the victim of your misplaced confidence.

I am leaving London on Tuesday morning, but I should be glad to call to-morrow if you would send me a telegram mentioning an hour. I have been thinking of speaking to Cardinal Manning on the subject, but I dare say it can be treated without intervention.—Yours faithfully,

W. H. O'Shea.

W. Stead, Esq.,
Pall Mall Gazette Offices.

1 Albert Mansions, S.W.,
April 22, 1887.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of this date.

What I asked you to advise Mrs. O'Shea about was this and only this:

That reports being wide and strong as to her relations with Mr. Parnell it would, for her children's sake, be expedient that she should declare her renunciation of communication with him.

You have either given her this advice or you have not. However this may be, I understand that she refuses to recognise what I hold to be her duty to her children.

Please return the correspondence which I sent you in confidence, and accept my apology for having sought to impose upon you a task which does not fall within the scope of professional duty.—Yours faithfully, W. H. O'Shea.

To H. Pym, Esq.*

1 Albert Mansions, S.W.,
April 22, 1887.

My dear Sir,—You say that kind favours have been shown to me by Mr. Parnell, and you convey that I am under obligations to him. The fact is the absolute reverse.

Mr. Chamberlain (who knows everything connected with these things) wrote the truth on the subject in February, 1886. —Yours faithfully, W. H. O'Shea.

H. Pym, Esq.

In reply Mr. Pym wrote on August 25th, returning all the letters and telegrams left with him for perusal. He maintained that the advice that he should give me was a matter which must be left to his own discretion, although he had been glad to receive from Willie any suggestions on his particular wishes. He trusted that by this time Gerard had returned home, as otherwise he foresaw his position with Mrs. Wood might be very seriously compromised.

Writing from Paris on December 5th, 1888, en route for the Riviera, Chamberlain sympathised with Willie over his difficulties with me about which Willie had been writing to him. He also referred to the Parnell Commission, and seemed to think it was not very important one way or the other. He had some interesting things to say about the naïveté of the *Times* in dealing with Pigott, and the reluctance of Parnell to go into the box.

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* Mr. Pym was at that time my solicitor.

My former husband, William Henry O'Shea, was, of course, a Catholic, and descended from an old Catholic family, and though by no means "devout in the practice of his religion" the Catholic tradition was born and bred in him. The old religion was the only possible one to the various families of O'Shea; indeed, they were almost oblivious to the fact that there were others. Captain O'Shea, although considered by his family painfully lax as regards his religion, was in truth very proud of his family traditions in the old faith and of the fact that he was himself a Knight of St. Gregory and Count of the "Holy Roman Empire," the ancient titles and orders of which he always used when in Catholic countries.

Thus, when he decided to take action against me and Mr. Parnell, he instinctively turned to the head of the Catholic Church in England, Cardinal Manning. This, however, is not a Catholic country, and these domestic disagreements are therefore adjusted in a simpler fashion.

The following extract from Captain O'Shea's diary under date of October 19th, 1889, explains his point of view on the matter:—

> At 8.30 P.M. called on Cardinal Manning. Explained that while anxious to conform with the regulations of the Church, I saw no way outside applying for a divorce. He said he had been told of the scandal, but had dismissed it from his mind. He asked whether I had proof of actual infidelity. He read a paper on which I had transcribed copies of *Pall Mall*

paragraph, May 14th, 1886; he expressed great sympathy and much grief. Finally he asked whether a separation deed could not be arranged. I said it would be useless. He begged me to give him time.

To this I agreed.

The subsequent letters to Cardinal Manning are of interest:—

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
October 21, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I cannot write without thanking you once more for your great kindness on Saturday.—I remain, your grateful and faithful servant, W. H. O'Shea.

The same day Cardinal Manning replied expressing his sympathy.

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
November 26, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I have been waiting in England for a long time to the detriment of other interests. It is, therefore, imperative that my course of procedure should be determined. Personally I have everything to gain by the completest publicity, and subject to my undeviating respect for the judgment of your Eminence, I am anxious to lose no further time in complying with the procedure ordered by the Church, so as to be placed in a position to proceed.

Hoping you will be able to receive me in order to give me your instructions, I remain, your Eminence, your most dutiful servant, W. H. O'Shea.

H.E. the Cardinal Archbishop.

The same day Cardinal Manning wrote throwing cold water on Willie's desire for a separation.

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
November 27, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I must have expressed myself very badly if I conveyed to your Eminence's mind that the short statement which I placed before you confidentially for your perusal was the whole of the evidence I possessed.

It was intended merely as a sketch of circumstances which might have given to your Eminence without trouble an idea of the state of affairs.

There has been no delay on my part.

I do not understand the drift of the pecuniary argument which somebody has apparently submitted to your Eminence, nor do I believe it has any foundation with regard to my children. Even if it had, there are other matters which deserve to be weighed at least as carefully. But if anybody has dared to refer to any such considerations as likely to affect myself I must protest in the most energetic terms. Your informant probably knows nothing about the subject, but he most certainly knows nothing about me, and is incapable of forming any judgment as to my motives. I wish I could meet him face to face, and he would not forget it; but should your Eminence object to give me the opportunity, it will only be just that you should convey to him my appreciation of his cowardly insult.

I have no wish to further engage Your Eminence's time and attention beyond what is officially necessary to direct me how to carry out the ordinance in such cases.—I remain, your Eminence, your faithful servant, W. H. O'Shea.

A note, dated January 3rd, 1891, in Captain O'Shea's diary contains a reference to the communication from the Cardinal, to which the foregoing letter was a reply:—

I was this day assured that Cardinal Manning says it was not Sir Charles Russell who guided him to the extraordinary expression of opinion in his letter of November 26th. My informant added that no doubt his Eminence spoke to R., who sent him Mr. George Lewis ! ! !

On December 3rd, 1889, the Cardinal asked for further proof.

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
December 3, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I received your letter too late to wait on you this evening, but I hope to have the honour of being received by your Eminence at 8 p.m. to-morrow.

With the greatest respect, my object is to ascertain exactly from your Eminence as my Bishop the steps which the Church imposes on me under the circumstances, and when, and to whom, I am to submit officially the evidence which is to be transmitted to Rome. I have no right, and I do not propose to trespass any further on your Eminence's time and kindness.—I remain, your Eminence, your faithful and obedient servant,

W. H. O'Shea.

In his letter of December 4th the Cardinal details the course to be followed :—

(1) To collect all evidence in writing. (2) To lay it before the Bishop of the diocese and ask for trial. (3) The latter would give notice to the other party, and would appoint a day for hearing. (4) Having given judgment, the case would go to Rome with full report of proceedings.

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
December 5, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I am much obliged for your letter of yesterday's date. Your Eminence had not explained the details of the proceedings required, and I have to-day taken legal advice on the matter.

Your Eminence may take my word for it that the evidence will most conclusively prove my charge of adultery against Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. C. S. Parnell.

There are some points as to mode and date of hearing about which I must trouble you, and unless I hear that the hour will be inconvenient I shall avail myself of your Eminence's permission and call to-morrow evening at eight.—I remain, your Eminence, your faithful and obedient servant,

W. H. O'Shea.

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
December 13, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I have consulted my legal advisers with respect to the tribunal which your Eminence described to me at our interview of the 7th inst., as the Ecclesiastical Court which would decide and report to Rome on my charges against Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. C. S. Parnell. The Court would consist of your Eminence as President, of a Defensor Matrimoniorium, of a Chancellor and a Secretary. You added that I should be required to furnish beforehand in writing all the evidence against Mrs. O'Shea and Mr. Parnell; that you would afterwards fix a date for the hearing, citing all concerned, and that the parties to the suit might be professionally represented.

It is my duty in the first place to reiterate my expression of the respect in which I hold your Eminence. We have treated together affairs of very great importance, and in 1885, on the successful termination of one of them, you were kind enough to pay me a compliment so high that I minimise it when I describe it as conveying that I had rendered a notable service to the Holy See.

It was about the same period that we had many conferences with reference to the scheme for local self-government in Ireland, and your Eminence remembers the interview you had with Mr. Parnell on the subject, of which you wrote the result to a member of the Ministry.

Although you afterwards refused to allow the letter to be published, and thus saved him from exposure, your Eminence is aware that Mr. Parnell, with the grossest personal and political treachery, denied that the proposal had ever had his sanction! It cannot, therefore, astonish your Eminence that I should hesitate to approach a tribunal before which a person, who is thus known to us both to be unworthy of credit, might make statements without the curb which, in an English court, having the right to administer an oath, the possibility of a prosecution for perjury would perhaps provide.

Your Eminence has found me loyal in all our dealings, and at the same time frank, and you will pardon me for recalling the outlines of our communication on the painful subject which we have been treating. In our first conversation you asked me to delay all action until you had spoken to ——. Your Eminence then promised it should be attended to immediately, and two other names were mentioned, one of them that of the firm of Freshfield and Williams. I do not for a moment suggest that your Eminence was not at liberty to consult anybody else, but you wrote to me on the 26th ult. that you had on the 25th been fully informed on the matter. Your information cannot have been derived from ——, whom you had seen weeks before, and it cannot have been assisted by Messrs. Freshfield and Williams, whom you had not seen at all. Your Eminence will, I trust, excuse me for expressing a regret that you should have made up your mind, even to the extent of giving advice, on the representation of an informant, whoever he may have been, respecting whom I have already sufficiently expressed my opinion.

Although you asked me never to speak to you about trouble, I must in closing this correspondence thank your Eminence for the time which you have spared me.—I remain, your Eminence, your most obedient servant,

W. H. O'Shea.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop
of Westminster.

The Cardinal's reply of December 15th is referred to in the following letter:—

124 Victoria Street, S.W.,
December 17, 1889.

Your Eminence,—I should be sorry that your memory and mine should not be brought into accordance.

The three important points in my letter of the 13th inst. are :—

1st.—The expression of my regret that your Eminence should have made up your mind sufficiently to give advice without, at least, having conferred with Messrs. Freshfield and Williams.

That such a conference was contemplated is shown in our correspondence.

2nd.—My allusion to the negotiations respecting the opposition of Mr. Gladstone's Government to the appointment of Dr. Walsh to the Archbishopric of Dublin, in which your Eminence was so deeply interested.

My recollection of everything connected with this matter is supported not only by that of the statesman whose support (which settled the business) I secured, but also by a correspondence between myself and an eminent prelate of the Church, who was carefully informed of every step that was taken.

3rd.—My statement as to the transactions with reference to the Irish Local Government scheme.

My recollection in this case is again in complete harmony with that of the statesman* to whom I have just referred, and who, in consequence of your Eminence's refusal to allow the publication of your letter, which would have exposed Mr. Parnell's mendacity, afterwards (to my great regret at the time) refused your Eminence's invitation to an interview for the purpose of discussing another matter of great public importance.—I remain, Your Eminence, your most obedient servant,

W. H. O'Shea.

These letters were, of course, given to me by my son, and that quite recently—for this book, in fact. I do not know more about them, nor of the view the Roman Catholic Church took at the time, other than the general repudiation of divorce which it upholds.

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* Mr. Chamberlain.

It must be remembered that *I was on the other side* and knew nothing of these negotiations of Captain O'Shea with Cardinal Manning; also that I am not a Catholic.

In justice to the memory of Captain O'Shea I now publish the following letters, handed to me, with other of his father's letters, by my son, Gerard O'Shea:—

12 Chichester Terrace, Brighton,
March 10, 1891.

His Grace the Primate of All Ireland, Armagh.

Your Grace,—My attention has been arrested by reports which I have recently read of public utterances in which Your Grace, when treating of the present position of affairs, has (alone of the Hierarchy, if I am rightly informed) glanced back at the road strewn with the torn fragments of a Papal Rescript, which at least up to a certain parting of the ways on December 3, 1890, was trodden by many who imagined themselves to be under episcopal guidance. If I have rightly interpreted the expression of your opinion, your Grace, viewing the situation in the light of experience, does not regard in perfect comfort everything that has been said or done of recent years, even in the high place of the Church in Ireland· Would that others were as clear-sighted and as frank! With the same opportunities of observing the evils which so surely attend even on the aiding and abetting of any play with the Ten Commandments, or with any of them, we actually find a Bishop who, after all that has occurred, goes out of his way, without any plausible reason, without any intelligible object, to break with a light heart and unbridled tongue the Commandment which forbids him to bear false witness against his neighbour.

On February 21st I addressed the following letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam. My old acquaintance with that prelate and the urbanity of his manners forbid the very idea of any discourtesy on his part, and, having received no reply to my communication, I am driven to the conclusion that the good and prudent counsel which he no doubt proffered has been rejected by his own suffragan :—

"12 Chichester Terrace, Brighton,
"*February* 21, 1891.

"Your Grace,—My attention has just been called to the following passage in a letter published by the Bishop of Galway on the 14th inst. :—

"'In 1886, after having failed to foist Captain O'Shea upon a neighbouring county, the then leader had the effrontery of prostituting the Galway City constituency as a hush gift to O'Shea.'

"In words which I forbear using in the case of a Bishop, Mr. Chamberlain (who knows a good deal more about the Galway election of February, 1886, than Dr. MacCormack) recently castigated Mr. Timothy Healy for uttering this false and vile slander against me at the Kilkenny election.

"I write in the first instance to Your Grace because I am anxious, if possible, to avoid taking any action against a Bishop. But it is quite clear that the greatness and sanctity of Dr. MacCormack's position render a libel promulgated by him all the more outrageous and damaging, and his lordship must retract or defend his statement.—I have the honour to be, Your Grace, as ever, yours most faithfully,

"W. H. O'Shea.

"His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam."

Dr. MacCormack's libel on me is not only false, it is grotesquely false.

On the Saturday night before the election I spent several hours at the house of Dr. Carr, then Bishop of Galway, now Archbishop of Melbourne. There were also present there the Archbishop of Tuam and Dr. MacCormack, the present Bishop and the cause of this letter. The Archbishop was in the fullest sympathy with my candidature. When the next day a factitious opposition to it was developed by Messrs. Biggar and Healy, Dr. Carr and his clergy, with commendable prudence, adopted an attitude of expectation and reserve. They did so, I was assured, with reluctance, and the moment the course of events showed that the opposition was breaking down the Bishop wrote to me expressing his gratification that he and his clergy should find themselves in a position to accord me their hearty support.

In the meanwhile no clergyman had appeared at the meetings held by my opponents, with whom, indeed, there did not appear to be the slightest sympathy on the part of any respectable members of society, clerical or lay. This abstention, among other advantages, happily refutes beforehand any accusation of inconsistency against some gentlemen who are now red-hot for Mr. Gladstone and his political colleagues. For Mr. Biggar * and Mr. Healy reviled me at their meetings because I had been a supporter of a Government of which Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister and Lord Spencer Lord Lieutenant. They declared those politicians guilty of wilful murder. Pointing towards Galway Gaol, they told their audiences that within its precincts Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer had caused a man to be hanged of whose innocence they had absolute personal knowledge. They reviled me at their meetings because I had been a supporter of a Government of which Lord Spencer was Lord Lieutenant and Sir George (then Mr.) Trevelyan Chief Secretary. They declared those politicians guilty of connivance with, if not the practice of, the unspeakable vice.

Such was the action of my opponents. What was mine? So likely was I to barter away my honour for a seat in Parliament that, having heard that on what purported to be good authority a report had been spread during the poll to the effect

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* Biggar was never one of Parnell's bitterest enemies except in his very outspoken objections to the O'Sheas. Parnell much regretted Biggar's death, and sent a wreath for the funeral to show his friendly feeling for him. There was another and more virulent force at work in Galway.

that I had taken the Parnellite pledge, I called on Dr. Carr the next day and told his lordship that I did not see my way to retain a seat under any circumstances out of which unprincipled traducers might concoct an accusation of false pretence. It was only through personal regard for Dr. Carr and at his urgent request that I finally agreed to leave the matter to the decision of Mr. Chamberlain. To my regret Mr. Chamberlain considered that, being bound by no statements except my own, I ought to continue to represent Galway. I did so for nearly four months, and during that time I was in constant communication with Dr. Carr and his clergy, and lost no opportunity of endeavouring to carry out their suggestions and wishes. It is well known that in the meanwhile I had become very popular in the constituency, and here again we have a test of my character. If I were such a man as Dr. MacCormack insinuates—a man who would buy a seat in Parliament at the price of his honour—I need only have given a silent vote for Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill and my seat was as safe as any in Ireland.

There is another gross error in Dr. MacCormack's letter. He asserts that previously to the Galway election Mr. Parnell had endeavoured to "foist" me on a neighbouring county. Now, those who occupy responsible positions ought, when they choose to interfere in political matters, at least to take the trouble of making elementary references as to facts. This duty becomes all the more imperative when the character and conduct of an individual are mixed up in the political question. It is false that Mr. Parnell made any effort to assist my candidature for Clare. It is true that he promised to do so, but he broke his word. Any inquiry in his immediate neighbourhood would have established the truth if Dr. MacCormack had sought it, and it was, besides, made clear in evidence before the Special Commission.

We Catholic gentlemen have good reason to complain of the ill-treatment to which we are subjected by some members of the Hierarchy, and I venture to say that in no case has it been more undeserved than in mine.

I am, therefore, determined not to allow this libellous letter of Dr. MacCormack's to pass unchallenged.—I remain, Your Grace, your most obedient servant,

W. H. O'Shea.

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124 Victoria Street, London, S.W.,
July 8th, 1891.

The Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, Bishop of Galway.

My Lord,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of May 30th withdrawing the libel on me which you published on February 13th. I regret the delay which has taken place, but (as perhaps you are aware) I had to transmit your Lordship's letter to Rome and await guidance therefrom. I accept the withdrawal, and declare the incident in itself closed.

But I venture, solely upon public grounds, to avail myself of this opportunity to request your Lordship, under the fuller light which I am about to furnish, to reconsider the reasons which you inform me prompted you to defame me. Your Lordship will no doubt gladly receive the proof that these reasons afforded no justification whatever for the accusation which you publicly made, and which, so far as I can ascertain, you have not yet publicly withdrawn.

Those reasons were five in number, and I notice them in the order in which you have produced them in your letter of May 30th.

(1) Your Lordship was present in February, 1886, when I stated to His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne (and to His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam) that Mr. Parnell would support my candidature for Galway without my taking the pledge exacted from the members of his Party.

I was not a member of his Party, and I had not the slightest intention of surrendering my independence and becoming a part of the mechanism of any political machine.

Your Lordship must most unfortunately have failed to notice the following correspondence which was published in

December last throughout the Press of Great Britain and Ireland :—

"Mr. T. Healy and Captain O'Shea

"To the Editor of the *Times :*

"Sir,—Having been advised that I cannot deal with Mr. Healy in the Law Courts, I must appeal direct to the public sense of decency and fair-play. I beg of you to help me by publishing the enclosed letters.—Your obedient servant,

"(Signed) W. H. O'Shea.

"December 27.

"Knoyle House, Salisbury,
"*December* 24, 1890.

"My dear Mr. O'Shea,—Under the circumstances I have no hesitation in writing to you to say that I, in my then position as Whip, did my best to promote your candidature as a Liberal and a supporter of Mr. Gladstone in Mid-Armagh and afterwards at Liverpool during the General Election of 1885.—I am, yours faithfully, "(Signed) Stalbridge.*

"Highbury, Moor Green, Birmingham,
"*December* 20, 1890.

"My dear O'Shea,—I assume that you will take some notice of the brutal attack made upon you by Mr. Healy the other day at Kilkenny, although, unless I am very much mistaken, you will have no legal remedy against him. His statements are entirely inconsistent with what I know of the General Election of 1885. According to my recollection, Parnell neglected at first to give you any assistance, and did not, in fact would not do so, until he had seen letters from myself and another person pointing out that your services in the past as intermediary between himself and the Liberal Party had been of real advantage to both, and that such services would continue to be equally necessary if it was desired to maintain any kind of friendly relations between the Irish Nationalists and the Liberal Party.

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* Formerly Lord Richard Grosvenor.

"As to Galway, I find that I wrote to you in January, 1886, to the same effect, and you have now my full authority to publish the letter if you think it useful. I hope you will have no difficulty in getting permission to publish the letter from the other person to whom I have referred, and this correspondence ought to afford sufficient evidence that no such complicity existed as your traducer has been base enough to insinuate.—I am, yours very truly,

"(Signed) J. Chamberlain."

The letter Mr. Chamberlain refers to is:—

"[*Private.*] 40 Prince's Gardens, S.W.,

"*January* 22, 1886.

"My dear O'Shea,—In the present condition of Irish affairs it is more than ever unfortunate that you have not found a seat. Is there any chance of your standing for one of those now vacant by double election in Ireland? Surely it must be to the interest of the Irish Party to keep open channels of communication with the Liberal leaders. If any possible co-operation is expected, it is clear that a great deal of preliminary talk must be held, and at present I doubt if any Liberal leader is in direct or indirect communication with the Irish representatives. Certainly I find myself very much in the dark as to their intentions and wishes.

"Can you not get Mr. Parnell's exequatur for one of the vacant seats? It is really the least he can do for you after all you have done for him.—Yours very truly,

"(Signed) J. Chamberlain."

(2) Your Lordship writes: "If Mr. Parnell exempted you from taking the election pledge for considerations bearing on party tactics, assuredly he would have intimated the grounds of exemption to his Parliamentary party or to some members of that body."

Your Lordship must most unfortunately have failed to notice the following letter from Mr. T. Harrington, which appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* of December 30, 1890 :—

"To the Editor of the *Freeman*.

"43 O'Connell Street, Upper Dublin,
"*December* 29, 1890.

"Dear Sir,—The correspondence published in your columns this morning recalls the attack made upon Mr. Parnell's leadership in 1886 by the same section of his followers who are at the bottom of the attack upon him to-day. Mr. Parnell, during the Galway election in 1886, explained to his followers that he had only adopted Captain O'Shea as candidate for Galway at the special request of Mr. Chamberlain, stating at the same time that under the circumstances he did not think he was justified in stating so publicly. Of course, the statement was received with incredulity by those who did not wish to be convinced, and though the strongest confirmation was given to it immediately after the election, when Captain O'Shea followed Mr. Chamberlain out of the House of Commons and refused to vote on the Home Rule Bill, yet there were men among Mr. Parnell's followers who have been for years spreading calumny against him in connection with this election, and by that calumny preparing the way for the desertion of the present day.

"Mr. Parnell's vindication has at last come from the hands of his enemies.

"So, I believe, will his further vindication come yet.—Yours faithfully, "(Signed) T. Harrington."

Although clad in the usual Parnellite bounce, the truth is apparent of this letter, written by a man who would willingly, if he could, tear my reputation to shreds. You cannot waive the fact away by declaring that you do not believe a word Mr. Timothy Harrington says. Common-sense could not, in this instance, admit the plea for a moment, because every one knows that if they had had a chance of carrying a denial for four-and-twenty hours the spokesmen of the opposing faction would have gone to work with a will. But they were as quiet as little mice; the circumstance was known to too many; case-hardened as they are against the veracities, they did not dare to utter a word of contradiction.

(3) Your Lordship writes: "Mr. Biggar undertook to supply the missing explanation to the people of Galway."

Now, my lord, the time has come for plain speaking. No statement made by the late Mr. Biggar could have affected my mind. To me the measure of his word was to be found in the accusations which again and again he fulminated against Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer. The former he accused of murder, the latter of murder and connivance with the unspeakable vice. Your Lordship applies to the late Mr. Biggar an honourable epithet. Unwittingly, and owing to your ignorance of this man's life and character, you have wandered on very dangerous ground indeed. Critics have charged the Irish Hierarchy with over-circumspection in making up their minds last winter on a question of morality affecting a public man. Your Lordship has now most unfortunately appealed as against my honour to the language used by the late Mr. Biggar. But he was (notoriously to the world, although unsuspected by your Lordship) a flagrant evil-liver. . . . .

You must have failed to observe a document (or if you saw it, your Lordship, charitable to all men except myself, did not heed its significance) which was published in the Press some time after his death, and which threw a lurid glare upon his ways.

(4) I have no concern with any stuff which may have been said or shrieked at Galway or anywhere else by Mr. William O'Brien.

And, finally—

(5) You write: "When the Galway Election came to be reviewed in the light of the evidence given in the Divorce Court the duel-challenge, etc., the case made by Mr. Biggar seemed to me to be corroborated."

Mr. Justice Butt (who is very generally believed not to have entered upon the trial with any bias in my favour) expressed in his summing-up a distinct opinion on this very circumstance diametrically opposed to the impression which it conveyed to your Lordship's mind. I am not aware that your Lordship had an advantage over the judge and jury in coming to a right conclusion on the subject.

I add an extract from a letter which I had occasion some time ago to address to another member of the Hierarchy. The action which it discloses shows by itself how very unlikely it was that I should seek the representation of Galway by any ignoble bargain. But beyond all this, it is clear to any unprejudiced observer that if Mr. Parnell could in the Divorce Court have shown the slightest ground for the plea of connivance in any shape or way, he would have proved it. He would then have won his case, and if he had won it by any means whatsoever, he would without the shadow of a doubt have been left in undisputed possession of his leadership and of the loyalty to which, even after the adverse verdict, Mr Timothy Healy and Mr. Justin McCarthy bound themselves in fulsome and degraded language at the Leinster Hall.

Captain O'Shea then proceeds to quote from his letter to the Archbishop of Armagh the passage beginning " On the Saturday night . . . ." and ending ". . . . made clear in the evidence before the Special Commission."

CHAPTER XV

PARNELL AS I KNEW HIM

> "*If I must speake the schoole-master's language, I will confess that character comes of the infinite moode* χαράξω, *which signifieth to ingrave or make a deep impression.*"
>
> (Characters) Overbury.

When I first met Mr. Parnell in 1880 he was unusually tall and very thin. His features were delicate with that pallid pearly tint of skin that was always peculiarly his. The shadows under his deep sombre eyes made them appear larger than they were, and the eyes themselves were the most striking feature of his cold, handsome face. They were a deep brown, with no apparent unusualness about them except an odd compulsion and insistence in their direct gaze that, while giving the impression that he was looking through and beyond them, bent men unconsciously to his will. But when moved by strong feeling a thousand little fires seemed to burn and flicker in the sombre depths, and his cold, inscrutable expression gave way to a storm of feeling that held one spellbound by its utter unexpectedness.

His hair was very dark brown, with a bronze glint on it in sunlight, and grew very thickly on the back of the shapely head, thinning about the high forehead. His beard, moustache and eyebrows were a lighter brown. His features were very delicate, especially about the fine-cut nostrils; and the upper lip short, though the mouth was not particularly well shaped. His was a very handsome, aristocratic face, very cold, proud and reserved; almost all the photographs of him render the face too heavy, and thicken the features.

He had an old-world courtliness of manner when speaking to women, a very quiet, very grave charm of consideration that appealed to them at once in its silent tribute to the delicacy of womanhood. I always thought his manner to women, whether equals or dependents, was perfect. In general society he was gracious without being familiar, courteous but reserved, interested yet aloof, and of such an unconscious dignity that no one, man or woman, ever took a liberty with him.

In the society of men his characteristic reserve and "aloofness" were much more strongly marked, and even in the true friendship he had with at least two men he could more easily have died than have lifted the veil of reserve that hid his inmost feeling. I do not now allude to his feeling for myself, but to any strong motive of his heart—his love for Ireland and of her peasantry, his admiration that was almost worship of the great forces of nature—the seas and the winds, the wonders of the planet worlds and the marvels of science.

Yet I have known him expand and be thoroughly happy, and even boyish, in the society of men he trusted. Immensely, even arrogantly, proud, he was still keenly sensitive and shy, and he was never gratuitously offensive to anyone. In debate his thrusts were ever within the irony permitted to gentlemen at war, even if beyond that which could be congenial to the Speaker of the House or to a chairman of committee.

He was never petty in battle, and all the abuse, hatred and execration showered upon him in public and in private, whether by the opponents of his political life or by the (self-elected) judges of his private life, caused no deviation in the policy that was his or on the path that he meant to tread. His policy was the outcome of long, silent deliberation, with every probable issue considered, every possible contingency allowed for, and then followed up with quiet, unwearying persistency and determination. When he succeeded in forcing his will upon the House it was well, but he was not elated, passing on to the next point to be gained. When he failed, he had done his best; but "the fates" willed otherwise than he, and again he passed on to the next thing without perturbation. No one could flatter Parnell, neither could anyone humiliate him. "What I am, I am, what I am not I cannot be," was his summing up of his own and of every other man's personality.

His cold, scientific way of sorting out and labelling his own Party at first made me hesitatingly complain, "But, after all, they are human beings!" and his characteristic answer was "In politics, as in war, there are no men, only weapons."

In regard to "Nationalisation," he declared that, while there must be growth, there could be no change, and when I would point out in friendly malice that his "nationalism" of one year need not necessarily be that of another, and could very easily be less comprehensive, he would answer with smiling scorn, " That only means that lack of judgment is righted by growth in understanding ! "

Parnell went into nothing half-heartedly, and was never content till he had grasped every detail of his subject. For this reason he gave up the study of astronomy, which had become of engrossing interest to him, for he said that astronomy is so enormous a subject that it would have demanded his whole time and energy to satisfy him. He was constitutionally lazy, and absolutely loathed beginning anything, his delicate health having, no doubt, much to do with this inertia, of which he was very well aware. He always made me promise to " worry " him into making a start on any important political work, meeting or appointment, when the proper time came, and often I found this a very sad duty, for he was so absolutely happy when working at one of his many hobbies, or sitting quietly in his chair " watching " me, and talking or keeping silent as the mood possessed him, that it was misery to me to disturb him and send him off to do something that was not interesting to him. He used to comfort me by assuring me that it was only the " beginnings " he hated, and that he was all right when he was " once started."

He was extraordinarily modest about his own intellectual ability, and decidedly underrated the wonderful powers of his mind, while he had the utmost admiration for " brain," whether of friend or foe. Frequently he would say that that " Grand Old Spider " (his private name for Mr. Gladstone) was worth fighting because he was so amazingly clever. His own followers he picked with careful consideration of their usefulness to his policy, and appreciated to the full the occasionally brilliant ability some of them showed. His mind, in politics at least, was analytical, and he would sift, and sort, and mentally docket each member of the Irish Party, in company with the more prominent of the Liberal Party, till the whole assumed to him the aspect of an immense game, in which he could watch and direct most of the more important moves. The policy of the Conservatives he considered to be too obvious to require study.

In character Parnell was curiously complex. Just, tender and considerate, he was nevertheless incapable of forgiving an injury, and most certainly he never forgot one. His code of honour forbade him to bring up a wrong of private life against a public man, and he had the subtle love of truth that dares to use it as the shield of expediency.

Physically Parnell was so much afraid of pain and ill-health that he suffered in every little indisposition and hurt far more than others of less highly strung and sensitive temperament. He had such a horror of death that it was only by the exercise of the greatest self-control that he could endure the knowledge or sight of it; but his self-control was so perfect that never by word or deed did he betray the intense effort and real loathing he suffered when obliged to attend a funeral, or to be in any way brought into contact with death or the thought thereof. Whenever we passed, in our drive, a churchyard or cemetery he would turn his head away, or even ask me to take another road. The only exception to this very real horror of his was the little grave of our baby girl at Chislehurst, which he loved; but then he always said she did not die, she only went to sleep.

Oppression of the weak and helpless, or any act of cruelty, filled him with the deep hatred and indignation that had first led him to make the cause of his hapless country his own, and he would spend hours in silent, concentrated thought, altogether oblivious of his surroundings, working out some point or way to lift a little of the burden of the wronged.

Parnell was very fond of animals, and was their very good friend always, taking every care himself to see that his horses and dogs were properly looked after. During one of the last meetings he attended in Ireland he jumped off his car in the midst of a hostile crowd to rescue a terrier that was being kicked and run over by the mob.

His will was autocratic, and once he had made up his mind to any course he would brook no interference, nor suffer anything to stand in his way. Yet, in his home life, he would come to no decision without seeking my approval, and was absolutely unselfish and considerate. I have known him deadly white, with the still, cold passion that any deliberate thwarting of his will produced in him, sweep aside out of "the Party" and out of all further recognition in any capacity a man who had done useful work, and who, thus thrown out, might have been—and was—dangerous to Parnell's political policy in many ways. He had gone against Parnell's explicit instructions in a certain matter. I ventured to point out that this man might be dangerous as an enemy, and he answered: "While I am leader they (the Party) are my tools, or they go!" From his servants also he exacted prompt, unquestioning obedience always, but he was the most gentle and considerate of masters, and they, as a rule, almost worshipped him.

He had much pride of family and family affection, but he was utterly undemonstrative and shy. Even when he nursed his brother John through a long and painful illness, caused by a railway accident in America when they were both very young men, the wall of reserve was never broken down, and I do not think his family ever realised how strong his affection for them was.

Parnell was not in the least a well-read man. His genius was natural and unaided; he was a maker of history, not a reader of it. He took no interest in literature as such, but for works on subjects interesting to him—mining, mechanics, or engineering and (later) astronomy—he had an insatiable appetite and such a tremendous power of concentration that he absolutely absorbed knowledge where he chose. I have known him to argue some intricate and technical point of engineering with a man of thirty years' practical cxperience (in America and India), who at length admitted Parnell to be right and himself mistaken, though on this particular point Parnell's deductions were made from a two hours' study of the subject some three years or more before.

For pictures he cared not at all, and music he absolutely disliked; though to amuse me he would sometimes "sing," in a soft undertone and with much gravity, funny little nursery rhymes and snatches of the songs of his college days.

His dislike of social life was so great that he would never accept any invitation that could be in any way avoided; and if sometimes I absolutely insisted upon his going to any reception or dinner party, he would go with the grim determination of one fulfilling a most unpleasant duty. He often told me that it was because he hated "Saxons" (a hatred which years of tradition had fostered) so much, and felt ill at ease in any gathering of English people.

He certainly did not feel this with the working classes, with whom he would constantly converse and watch at work when we were out together. Agricultural labourers did not interest him so much, but he used to spend hours talking to mechanics of all classes, seamen, road-menders, builders, and any and every kind of artisan. To these he always talked in an easy, friendly way of their work, their wages, and the conditions of labour, and I never remarked that suspiciousness and reserve, characteristic of the English wage-worker, in these men when Parnell talked with them. They seemed to accept him, not as one of themselves, but as an interesting and an interested "labour leader," who had the unusual merit of wishing to hear their views instead of offering them his own.

Parnell was intensely superstitious, with all the superstition of the Irish peasant, and in this he was unreasoning and unreasonable. This trait was evidently acquired in earliest childhood and had grown with his growth, for some of these superstitions are the heritage of ages in the Irish people, and have their origin in some perfectly natural fear, or association, that has, generation by generation, by alteration of habit or circumstance, lost its force while retaining, or even adding to, its expression.

Parnell would agree perfectly that this was a fact, nevertheless to do so and so was "unlucky," and there was the end of it—it must not be done. Certain combinations of numbers, of lights or circumstances, were "omens," and must be carefully avoided. Evidently, as an intelligent child will, he had eagerly caught up and absorbed all and every suggestion offered him by the converse of his nurse and her associates, and the impressions thus made were overlaid, but not erased, as he grew up isolated, by the very reticence of his nature, from his fellows. His dislike of the colour green, as being unlucky, he could not himself understand, for it is certainly not an Irish feeling, but it was there so decidedly that he would not sit in any room that had this colour in it, nor would he allow me to wear or use any of the magnificent silks or embroideries that were so often presented to him, if, as was generally the case, they had green in their composition.

Parnell had no religious conviction of creed and dogma, but he had an immense reverence, learnt, I think, from the Irish peasantry, for any genuine religious conviction. He personally believed in a vast and universal law of "attraction," of which the elemental forces of Nature were part, and the whole of which tended towards some unknown, and unknowable, end, in immensely distant periods of time. The world, he considered, was but a small part of the unthinkably vast " whole " through which the " Spirit " (the soul) of man passed towards the fulfilment of its destiny in the completion of " attraction." Of a first " Cause " and predestined " End " he was convinced, though he believed their attributes to be unknown and unknowable.

As I have said before, he was not a man who read, or sought to acquire the opinions or knowledge of others, unless he had some peculiar interest in a subject. He considered, and formed his own beliefs and opinions, holding them with the same quiet, convinced recognition of his right of judgment that he extended to the judgment of others.

Parnell's moral standard was a high one, if it is once conceded that as regards the marriage bond his honest conviction was that there is none where intense mutual attraction—commonly called love—does not exist, *or where it ceases to exist.* To Parnell's heart and conscience I was no more the wife of Captain O'Shea when he (Parnell) first met me than I was after Captain O'Shea had divorced me, ten years later. He took nothing from Captain O'Shea that the law of the land could give, or could dispossess him of, therefore he did him no wrong. I do not presume to say whether in this conviction he was right or wrong, but here I set down Parnell's point of view, with the happy knowledge that never for one moment have I regretted that I made his point of view my own in this as in all things else.

Parnell's political life was one single-minded ambition for the good of his country. He was no place or popularity hunter. Stung to the quick in early manhood by the awful suffering of the Irish peasantry and by the callous indifference of the English Government, he, with all the pure chivalry of youth, vowed himself to their service, and, so far as in him lay, to the forcing of the governing country to a better fulfilment of her responsibilities. In the course of years the gaining of Home Rule for Ireland became for him the only solution of the problem. To this end he devoted all his energies, and for this end men became as tools to him, to be used and thrown aside, so that he could carve out the liberation of Ireland from the great nation whom he declared could "rule slaves as freemen, but who would only rule free men as slaves."

Some have said that Parnell was avaricious. He was not. In small matters he was careful, and on himself he spent the very smallest amount possible for his position. He indulged himself in no luxuries beyond the purchase of a few scientific books and instruments, on which indulgence he spent many moments of anxious deliberation lest he should need the money for political purposes. His own private income was spent in forwarding his political work, in the "relief funds" of Ireland's many needs, and on his estates in Ireland, where he did his utmost to promote industries that should prove to be of real benefit to the people. To his mother and other near relations he was always generous, and to the many calls upon his charity *in Ireland* he was rarely unresponsive.

In temper Parnell was quiet, deep and bitter. He was so absolutely self-controlled that few knew of the volcanic force and fire that burned beneath his icy exterior.

In the presence of suffering he was gentle, unselfish and helpful. Indeed, I may say that at all times at home he was the most unselfish man I have ever met.

Of his moral courage all the world knows, yet no one, I think, but myself can know how absolute it was; how dauntless and unshaken, how absolutely and unconsciously heroic Parnell's courage was. Through good report, or ill report, in his public life, or in his private life, he never changed, never wavered. Hailed as his country's saviour, execrated as her betrayer, exalted as a conqueror, or judged and condemned by the self-elected court of English hypocrisy, he kept a serene heart and unembittered mind, treading the path he had chosen, and doing the work he had made his own for Ireland's sake.

And there are those who can in no way understand that some few men are born who stand apart, by the very grandeur of Nature's plan—men of whom it is true to say that "after making him the mould was broken," and of whom the average law can neither judge aright nor understand. In his childhood, in his boyhood, and in his manhood Parnell was "apart." I was the one human being admitted into the inner sanctuaries of his soul, with all their intricate glooms and dazzling lights; mine was not the folly to judge, but the love to understand.

CHAPTER XVI

MARRIAGE, ILLNESS, AND DEATH

"*O gentle wind that bloweth south*
To where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss to his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth."—OLD BALLAD.

"*He that well and rightly considereth his own works will find little cause to judge hardly of another.*"—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

ON June 24th, 1891, Mr. Parnell drove over to Steyning to see that all the arrangements for our marriage at the registrar's office there on the next day were complete. Mr. Edward Cripps, the registrar, had everything in order, and it was arranged that we should come very early so as to baffle the newspaper correspondents, who had already been worrying Mr. Cripps, and who hung about our house at Brighton with an inconvenient pertinacity. We had given Mr. Parnell's servant elaborate orders to await us, with Dictator in the phaeton, at a short distance from the house about eleven o'clock on the 25th, and told him he would be required as a witness at our wedding. This little ruse gave us the early morning of the 25th clear, as the newspaper men soon had these instructions out of the discomfited young man, who had been told not to talk to reporters.

On June 25th I was awakened at daybreak by my lover's tapping at my door and calling to me: "Get up, get up, it is time to be married!" Then a humming and excitement began through the house as the maids flew about to get us and breakfast ready "in time," before two of them, Phyllis Bryson, my very dear personal maid—who had put off her own marriage for many years in order to remain with me—and my children's old nurse, drove off to catch the early train to Steyning, where they were to be witnesses of our marriage. Phyllis was so determined to put the finishing touches to me herself that she was at last hustled off by Parnell, who was in a nervous fear that everyone would be late but the newspaper men. Phyllis was fastening a posy at my breast when Parnell gently but firmly took it from her and replaced it with white roses he had got for me the day before. Seeing her look of disappointment he said, "She must wear mine to-day, Phyllis, but she shall carry yours, and you shall keep them in remembrance; now you must go!"

He drove the maids down the stairs and into the waiting cab, going himself to the stables some way from the house, and returning in an amazingly short time with Dictator in the phaeton and with a ruffled-looking groom who appeared to have been sleeping in his livery—it was so badly put on. Parnell ordered him in to have a cup of tea and something to eat while he held the horse, nervously calling to me at my window to be quick and come down. Then, giving the groom an enormous "buttonhole," with fierce orders not to dare to put it on till we were well on our way, Parnell escorted me out of the house, and settled me in the phaeton with elaborate care.

As a rule Parnell never noticed what I wore. Clothes were always " things " to him. " Your things become you always " was the utmost compliment for a new gown I could ever extract from him ; but that morning, as he climbed in beside me and I took the reins, he said, " Queenie, you look lovely in that lace stuff and the beautiful hat with the roses ! I am so proud of you ! "

And I was proud of my King, of my wonderful lover, as we drove through that glorious June morning, past the fields of growing corn, by the hedges heavy with wild roses and " traveller's joy," round the bend of the river at Lancing, past the ruined tower where we had so often watched the kestrels hover, over the bridge and up the street of pretty, old-world Bramber into Steyning, and on to the consummation of our happiness.

Parnell hardly spoke at all during this drive. Only, soon after the start at six o'clock, he said, " Listen," and, smiling, " They are after us ; let Dictator go ! " as we heard the clattering of horses far behind. I let Dictator go, and he—the fastest (driving) horse I have ever seen—skimmed over the nine miles in so gallant a mood that it seemed to us but a few minutes' journey.

Mr. Cripps was in attendance, and Mrs. Cripps had very charmingly decorated the little room with flowers, so there was none of the dreariness usual with a registry marriage. As we waited for our witnesses to arrive—we had beaten the train !—my King looked at us both in the small mirror on the wall of the little room, and, adjusting his white rose in his frock-coat, said joyously, "It isn't every woman who makes so good a marriage as you are making, Queenie, is it? and to such a handsome fellow, too!" blowing kisses to me in the glass. Then the two maids arrived, and the little ceremony that was to legalise our union of many years was quickly over.

On the return drive my husband pulled up the hood of the phaeton, and, to my questioning look—for it was a hot morning—he answered solemnly, "It's the right thing to do." As we drove off, bowing and laughing our thanks to Mr. Cripps and the others for their kind and enthusiastic felicitations, he said, "How could I kiss you good wishes for our married life unless we were hooded up like this!"

Just as we drove out of Steyning we passed the newspaper men arriving at a gallop, and we peered out doubtfully at them, fearing they would turn and come back after us. But I let Dictator have his head, and, though they pulled up, they knew that pursuit was hopeless. My husband looked back round the hood of the phaeton, and the groom called out delightedly, "They've give up, and gone on to Mr. Cripps, sir."

On our return to Walsingham Terrace we had to run the gauntlet between waiting Pressmen up the steps to the house, but at my husband's imperious "Stand back; let Mrs. Parnell pass! Presently, presently; I'll see you presently!" they fell back, and we hid ourselves in the house and sat down to our dainty little wedding breakfast. Parnell would not allow me to have a wedding cake, because he said he would not be able to bear seeing me eat *our* wedding cake without him, and, as I knew, the very sight of a rich cake made him ill.

Meanwhile the reporters had taken a firm stand at the front door, and were worrying the servants to exasperation. One, a lady reporter for an American newspaper, being more enterprising than the rest, got into the house adjoining ours, which I also rented at that time, and came through the door of communication on the balcony into my bedroom. Here she was found by Phyllis, and as my furious little maid was too small to turn the American lady out, she slipped out of the door and locked it, to prevent further intrusion.

Then she came down to us in the dining-room, found on the way that the cook had basely given in to bribery, having " Just let one of the poor gentlemen stand in the hall," and gave up the battle in despair—saying, " Will Mrs. O'Shea see him, Mr. —— wants to know ? "

" Phyllis ! " exclaimed my husband in a horrified voice, " *what* do you mean ? *Who* is Mrs. O'Shea ? "

Poor Phyllis gave one gasp at me and fled in confusion.

Then my King saw some of the newspaper people, and eased their minds of their duty to their respective papers. The lady from America he utterly refused to see, as she had forced herself into my room, but, undaunted, she left vowing that she would cable a better " interview " than any of them to her paper. They were kind enough to send it to me in due course, and I must admit that even if not exactly accurate, it was distinctly "bright." It was an illustrated "interview," and Parnell and I appeared seated together on a stout little sofa, he clad in a fur coat, and I in a dangerously *décolleté* garment, diaphanous in the extreme, and apparently attached to me by large diamonds. My sedate Phyllis had become a stage "grisette" of most frivolous demeanour, and my poor bedroom—in fact, the most solid and ugly emanation of Early Victorian virtue I have ever had bequeathed to me—appeared to an interested American State as the "very utmost" in fluffy viciousness that could be evolved in the united capitals of the demi-mondaine.

I showed this "interview" to my husband, though rather doubtful if he would be amused by it; but he only said, staring sadly at it, "I don't think that American lady can be a very nice person."

After he had sent the reporters off, my King settled into his old coat again, and subsided into his easy chair, smoking and quietly watching me. I told him he must give up that close scrutiny of me, and that I did not stare at him till he grew shy.

"Why not?" he said. "A cat may look at a king, and surely a man may look at his wife!"

But I refused to stay indoors talking nonsense on so lovely a day, and we wandered out together along the fields to Aldrington. Along there is a place where they make bricks. We stood to watch the men at work, and Parnell talked to them till they went off to dinner. Parnell watched them away till they were out of sight, and then said, "Come on, Queenie, we'll make some bricks, too. I've learnt all about it in watching them!" So we very carefully made two bricks between us, and put them with the others in the kiln to burn. I suggested marking our two bricks, so that we might know them when we returned, but when we looked in the kiln some hours later they all appeared alike.

Then we got down to the sea and sat down to watch it and rest. Far beyond the basin at Aldrington, near the mouth of Shoreham Harbour, we had the shore to ourselves and talked of the future, when Ireland had settled down, and my King—king, indeed, in forcing reason upon that unreasonable land and wresting the justice of Home Rule from England —could abdicate; when we could go to find a better climate, so that his health might become all I wished. We talked of the summer visits we would make to Avondale, and of the glorious days when he need never go away from me. Of the time when his hobbies could be pursued to the end, instead of broken off for political work. And we talked of Ireland, for Parnell loved her, and what he loved I would not hate or thrust out from his thoughts, even on this day that God had made.

Yet, as we sat together, silent now, even though we spoke together still with the happiness that has no words, a storm came over the sea. It had been very hot all day, and a thunderstorm was inevitable; but, as we sheltered under the breakwater, I wished that this one day might have been without a storm.

Reading my thoughts, he said: "The storms and thunderings will never hurt us now, Queenie, my wife, for there is nothing in the wide world that can be greater than our love; there is nothing in all the world but you and I." And I was comforted because I did not remember death.

The news of our marriage was in all the evening papers, and already that night began the bombardment of telegrams and letters of congratulation and otherwise! The first telegram was to me, "Mrs. Parnell," and we opened it together with much interest and read its kind message from "Six Irish Girls" with great pleasure. The others, the number of which ran into many hundreds, varied from the heartiest congratulation to the foulest abuse, and were equally of no moment to my husband, as he made no attempt to open anything in the ever-growing heap of correspondence that for weeks I kept on a large tray in my sitting-room, and which, by making a determined effort daily, I kept within bounds.

"Why do you have to open them all?" he asked me, looking at the heap with the indolent disgust that always characterised him at the sight of many letters.

"Well, I like reading the nice ones, and I can't tell which they are till they're opened," I explained. "Now here is one that looks the very epitome of all that is good and kind outside—thick, good paper, beautiful handwriting—and yet the inside is unprintable!"

Parnell held out his hand for it, but I would not give anything so dirty into his hand, and tore it across for the wastepaper basket, giving him instead a dear little letter from a peasant woman in Ireland, who invoked more blessings upon our heads than Heaven could well spare us.

Little more than three months afterwards the telegrams and letters again poured into the house. This time they were messages of condolence, and otherwise. And again their message fell upon unheeding ears, for the still, cold form lying in the proud tranquillity of death had taken with him all my sorrow and my joy; and as in that perfect happiness I had known no bitterness, for he was there, now again these words of venom, speaking gladness because he was dead, held no sting for me, for he was gone, and with him took my heart.

The very many letters of true sympathy which reached me after my husband's death were put away in boxes, and kept for me till I was well enough for my daughter to read them to me. Among these were many from clergymen of all denominations and of all ranks in the great army of God. As I lay with closed eyes listening to the message of these hearts I did not know I seemed to be back in the little church at Cressing, and to hear my father's voice through the mists of remembrance, saying: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is *Charity*." . . .

Among our many wedding presents was a charming little alabaster clock from my husband's sister, Emily Dickinson. It was a ship's "wheel," and we were very gay over its coming, disputing as to which of us should henceforth be the "man at the wheel." Parnell's mother also was very sweet and kind to me, sending me several much prized letters. Other members of my husband's family also wrote very kindly to me, and I can still see his tender smile at me as he saw my appreciation of his family's attitude.

The presents we liked best, after Mrs. Dickinson's clock, were the little humble offerings of little value and much love sent by working men and women, by our servants, and by others of far countries and near. Parcels arrived from the four quarters of the globe, and many were beyond recognition on arrival, but the fragments were grateful to me as bearing a message of true homage to my King.

Of other feeling there was little among these wedding gifts, though one evening my eldest daughter, who was with me, remarked casually to me that she had confiscated a newly arrived " registered " parcel addressed to me. " Oh, but you must not," I exclaimed, " I want them all ! " But she answered gloomily that this parcel had contained a mouse, and " not at all the kind of mouse that anyone could have wanted for days past." So I subsided without further interrogation.

Once when Parnell and I were staying at Bournemouth we became very fond of some old engravings hanging in our hotel sitting-room, illustrating " The Dowie Dens of Yarrow," and now, through these fighting months in Ireland, we used this old ballad as a medium for private telegrams, as we could not be sure they would not fall into other hands. The idea took root when he first left me to attend what I feared would be a hostile meeting in Ireland. He had wired the political result to me, but had not said how he was feeling. I telegraphed to him : " O, gentle wind that bloweth south," and promptly came the reply to me: "He fareth well."

All through these fighting months in Ireland he telegraphed to me always in the morning and also in the evening of every day he was away from me, and whenever he could snatch a moment he wrote to me. He was in no way unhappy in this last fight, and had only the insidious "tiredness" that grew upon him with such deadly foreshadowing of the end we would not see given him a little respite, he could, he said, have enjoyed the stress and storm of battle. To bend these rebels in Ireland to his will became but a secondary driving force to that of gaining for Ireland the self-government to which he had pledged himself for her, and I think it gave that zest and joy in hardness to the battle that all the great fighters of the world seem to have experienced.

I am not giving all his letters of this time; just a few of the little messages of my husband's love in these last days I must keep for my own heart to live upon; but the two or three that I give are sufficient to show the high, quiet spirit of the man who was said to be "at bay." Letters, I think, rather of a king, serene in his belief in the ultimate sanity of his people and of the justice of his cause.

BALLINA,
March 24, 1891.

The reception here yesterday was magnificent, and the whole country for twenty-five miles from here to the town of Sligo is solid for us, and will vote 90 out of 100 for us, the priests being in our favour with one exception, and the seceders being unable to hold a meeting anywhere. I am to keep in this friendly district, and to hold meetings there, and shall not go outside of it.

The town of Sligo, and the district from there to Cliffony, is hostile, the priests being against us, and I shall not go into it, but we have a good friendly minority even in this district, whom our agents will canvass privately. You will see the situation on the map.

Wire me to Ballina, every day, which will be my headquarters; also write particulars if any news.

BIG ROCK QUARRIES, ARKLOW, CO. WICKLOW,
August 15, 1891.

MY OWN WIFIE,—Your telegram only received this evening, in consequence of my being at the mine.

I think you might fix the end of the year as the time you and I would guarantee the payment of the costs.* If Wontner accepts this or any modification of it which would give me, say, three months to pay, telegraph Pym as follows: "No." If he declines to accept, or you cannot come to any definite arrangement with Wontner by Tuesday at midday, telegraph Pym "Yes." I have written Pym advising him accordingly about the appeal, and sending the lodgment money, but it would be better if possible that you should telegraph Pym on Monday afternoon. I trust to be able to cross on Tuesday morning or evening at latest. It is very fine here, but I have had no shooting, and do not expect any, as I have to be in Dublin all day Monday arranging about new paper.—With best love,

YOUR OWN HUSBAND.

You should ask Wontner to telegraph you definitely as early as possible on Monday.

MORRISON'S HOTEL, DUBLIN,
September 1, 1891.

MY OWN WIFIE,—I have received Magurri's letter safely, and hope to be able to leave here on Wednesday (to-morrow) evening, sleeping at Holyhead, and visiting the place in Wales* next morning on my way back to London.

---

* Of the Divorce Case.

MacDermott says he does not think I can get the loan from Hibernian Bank concluded within a fortnight, but will hasten matters as much as possible. The bank and their solicitors approve the security and proposal generally, but it will take a little time to make the searches and go through other formalities which lawyers always insist upon in such cases.

By to-morrow I expect to have done as much as I possibly can for the present in the matter of the new paper. It has been a very troublesome business, as a dispute has arisen between different sections of my own friends as to who shall have the largest share in the management of the new organ. This dispute somewhat impedes progress and increases the difficulties. However, the matter is not so pressing, as the *Freeman* question is again postponed for another fortnight. I expect to make a satisfactory arrangement about my *Freeman* shares, under which I shall lose nothing by them. Kerr is making progress in getting up a small company to buy a steamer, and I think he may succeed.

I have been very much bored, as I am obliged to remain in the hotel all day every day, waiting to see people who may call about the different undertakings. I wonder whether you have been driving at all, and how the eyes are, and how you have been doing. You have not written to tell me.—With much love,

My own Little Wifie's Husband.

Morrison's Hotel, Dublin,
Monday, September 7, 1891.

My own Wifie,—I have told Kerr that he cannot have any of the first thousand, so he is going to manage without it for the present, so you may reckon on that amount.

The bank was to have given me that sum to-day, but a hitch occurred on Saturday which I removed to-day, and the board will meet to-morrow and ratify the advance.

---

* We had an idea of renting a house in Wales.

Your own Husband.

In great haste.

The trouble about the jealousies of would-be directors on the new board still continues, and have postponed selection till next week—crossing to-morrow night.

On my husband's return home from Ireland in September, after having established the *Irish Daily Independent,* he was looking so worn out and ill that I was thoroughly alarmed about his health. He was very cheerful and happy while he was at home, and I had much difficulty in keeping him quietly lying down to rest on the sofa. But, though he protested while following my wishes, I saw as I sat watching him while he slept that the tired, grey shadows were growing deeper upon his beautiful face, and that in sleep he had that absolute stillness which one only finds in very healthy children or in the absolutely exhausted sleep of adults.

I tried to induce him to see Sir Henry Thompson in town, but he would not consent—saying that he could not waste a moment of his little time at home, and that, though he did feel tired, that was all.

"I am not ill," he said, "only a little tired. Queenie, my wife, you do not *really* think I am ill, do you?"

Knowing the one weakness of his brave heart, his anger and terror at the idea of illness and of the far-off death that might divide us, I answered only that I thought he was *too* tired, that nothing, not even

Ireland, was worth it, and I besought him now at last to give it all up, and to hide away with me till a long rest, away from the turmoil and contention, had saved him from the tiredness that would, I feared, become real illness if he went on.

He lay watching me as I spoke, and, after a long pause, he answered, " I am in your hands, Queenie, and you shall do with me what you will; but you promised."

" You mean I promised that I would never make you less than——"

" Less than your King," he interrupted, " and if I give in now I shall be less than that. I would rather die than give in now—give in to the howling of the English mob. But if you say it I will do it, and you will never hear of it again from me, my love, my own wife." And as I gazed down into the deep, smouldering eyes, where the little flames always leapt out to meet mine, I knew I could not say it, I knew that in the depths of those eyes was more than even my love could fathom, that in the martyrdom of our love was to be our reparation.

I sent him off bright and happy to the last meeting at Creggs. As he drove off to the station and Dictator rounded the corner of the house, he turned, as usual, to wave to me, and raised the white rose in his buttonhole to his lips with an answering smile.

He sent me a telegram from London as he was starting from Euston Station, one from Holyhead, and another from Dublin. For the Creggs meeting he stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Mahoney, and his telegram from their house was cheerful, though he said he was not feeling very well.

In the few lines I had from him here I knew he was in much pain again from the rheumatism in his left arm. He always told me exactly how he was feeling, as he knew that unless he did this I would have suffered untold misery from apprehension while he was away. From Creggs he telegraphed that he was about to speak, and it was "terrible weather." I thought with satisfaction that I had put a special change into a bag for him, and he had promised not to be parted from it, so I knew he would find means of changing his things directly after the meeting. His "good night" telegram did not reassure me; he was in bad pain from the rheumatism, but hoped to get it out with a Turkish bath on the way home.

He stayed in Dublin to see about the new paper which, though "going" well, was a perpetual trouble to him owing to the petty jealousies of the staff. He crossed over from Ireland feeling very ill, with violent pains all over him; he was implored to go to bed, and remain there for a few days till he felt better, before starting for England; but he only replied: "No, I want to get home; I must go home!"

He telegraphed to me from Holyhead as usual, and directly he got to London, and before coming on to Brighton, he had a Turkish bath in London.

He seemed to me very weak when he got out of the buggy. I had sent a closed fly to meet him, as well as the buggy, but as a forlorn hope, for he would always be met by Dictator in the buggy at the station.

I helped him into the house, and he sank into his own chair before the blazing fire I had made, in spite of the warm weather, and said: "Oh, my Wifie, it is good to be back. You may keep me a bit now!"

I was rather worried that he should have travelled immediately after a Turkish bath, but he said it had done him much good. I did not worry him then, but after he had eaten a fairly good dinner I told him that I wanted him to have Sir Henry Thompson down the next day. He laughed at the idea, but I was very much in earnest, and he said he would see how he felt in the morning.

He told me that he had had to have his arm in a sling all the time he was away, but that he thought he had become so much worse because the change of clothes I had packed separately in a small bag (which he had promised not to be parted from) in case he had to speak in the rain, had been taken home in error by his host, and he had had to sit in his wet things for some hours.

I was much vexed when I heard this, for I always made such a point of his not keeping on damp things, and provided against it so carefully when starting him off.

He said: "It is no matter, really, I think, and I won't go away again till I'm really well this time. They were all so kind to me, but I was feeling so ill that I had to point out that breakfast was made for me, not I for breakfast, when I was expected to come down quickly for it. I do hate being away from home, especially when I feel ill."

After dinner that night he sat before the fire trying

THE HOUSE WHERE PARNELL DIED

10 Walsingham Terrace, Brighton

to smoke a cigar, but he did not care for it as usual, and presently threw it away half smoked. He wanted to "feel" I was there, he said, so I sat by his feet on the rug, and leant my head against his knee while he stroked my hair. I stopped his hand because I feared the pain might come on again, and held it while he smiled assent to my suggestion that he should try to sleep a little. Grouse and Pincher, our setter and terrier, had to come close by us, and, as they settled by his feet, he said: "This is really a beautiful rest."

He dozed now and then, and I could see how wan and exhausted the still, clear-cut face was, and I vowed to myself that he should not again leave my care until his health was completely re-established.

Presently he asked for his stick and wanted to go into the other room for a while, but he could not walk without my assistance, his legs were too weak to support him. I was terribly worried now, but did not let him see it, and only said: "Now you are up you must let me help you to bed, so that you can get all the rest you need—and you are not going to leave home again till you take me for a real honeymoon in a country where the sun is strong enough to get the cold out of your bones. We will get out of England this winter." And he answered: "So we will, Wifie, directly I get that mortgage through."

Then, as we made our painful way up the stairs—for the last time—he laughed at the Irish setter, who was trying to help him lift the stick he used, and said: "Grouse thinks we are doing this for his own special benefit." I undressed him, and got him into bed, and he said: "Come and lie down as quickly as you can, Wifie," but I rubbed him with the firwood oil, and packed his arm in the wool he so much believed in, before I lay down.

He dozed off, but woke shortly, and could not sleep again. He asked me if I thought the champagne Dr. Kenny had made him take in Dublin had made him worse, but I reassured him, for he had been so exhausted he had required something, and no doubt Dr. Kenny had known that it would do him good, although in a general way it was bad for him.

During the night I made him promise he would see a doctor in the morning. Presently he said: "I would rather write to Thompson, as he understands me." I said I would telegraph to him to come down, but this excited my husband, who said, "No, the fee would be enormous at this distance." I pointed out that his health was more precious than the quarries and saw-mills at Arklow, on which he was just proposing to spend some hundreds of pounds, but he put me off with, "We'll make it all right in the morning, Wifie."

Finding he still did not sleep, I gently massaged his shoulders and arms with oil, and wrapped him in wool again.

He talked a good deal, chiefly of the Irish peasantry, of their privations and sufferings, the deadly poverty and the prevalence of the very pain (rheumatism) from which he was suffering, in their case aggravated by the damp, insanitary cabins in which they lived. And he murmured under his breath: "There are no means at hand for calculating the people who suffered in silence during those awful years of famine." That was what J. H. Mohonagy said of the famine, from '79 to '80. And he went on: "I wish I could do something for them—the Irish peasantry—they are worth helping. I have always wished it, but there is so much between—and they 'suffer in silence,' Wifie."

In the morning he felt better, and was much happier about himself. He absolutely refused to let me send for Sir Henry Thompson, and, sitting up in bed after a good breakfast, smoked a cigar while he wrote notes for a speech. During his last absence I had bought a large engraving of Lord Leighton's picture "Wedded," and, seeing this hanging in the room, he made me bring it and put it up at the foot of the bed for him to see. He was very much amused at the muscular young couple in the picture, and waving his cigar at it said: "We are a fine pair, Wifie, hang us up where I can look at us."

I had ready for him to sign an agreement to rent a house near Merstham, Surrey, that we had arranged to take so that he could get to London more quickly, and have a change from the sea. It was a pretty little country house, and he had taken great interest in it. I would not let him sign it now, or do any business, but he made me read the agreement over to him, and said that part of our real "honeymoon" should be spent there. He later insisted upon writing to his solicitor (his brother-in-law, Mr. MacDermott) about a mortgage he was raising on his estate, as he wished to have the matter completed quickly. (It was not completed, owing to his death.)

On Sunday he was not so well, but insisted that what he had written to Sir Henry Thompson was enough, as he would answer at once. My persistence seemed to fret him so much that I desisted, and told him that I had sent for a local doctor, as I could not bear to be without advice about the pain.

He was a good patient in one way, scrupulously following his doctor's directions, but in another a very difficult patient, as he was so very easily depressed about himself, all the fatalism that was natural to him tending to overcome his immense desire for health. A short talk with the doctor who saw him seemed to inspire him with confidence, and he said he felt better.

That night (Sunday) he did not sleep, and this worried him a great deal, as he had a superstition that if he did not sleep for two consecutive nights he would die. I tried at first to reason him out of this idea, but he said he had always " felt " this, and had never before failed to sleep. I besought him to let me telegraph for Sir Henry Thompson now, but he would not allow it, and became so feverish at the idea that I did not press the point, though I determined to consult the doctor in attendance about this in the morning. Towards morning he became very feverish, and it was difficult to keep his skin in the perspiration that he desired.

That morning Sir Henry Thompson telegraphed recommending me to call in Dr. Willoughby Furner, but as Dr. Jowers was already in attendance, and my husband liked him, there was no reason to change. That day he was in much pain, afraid to move a finger because of it. He heard from Sir Henry Thompson and, after I read the letter to him, he said: "You see, sweetheart, I was right; Thompson says just what Jowers does; there's no need to have him down."

After my husband's death I received the following letters from Sir Henry Thompson:—

35 Wimpole Street, W.,
October 7, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Parnell,—I am indeed shocked and distressed by the news which the afternoon journals announce here to-day.

So little did I think when I received the letter written by my old esteemed patient, dated October 3, that his end was so near.

With the feelings which this shock have aroused I cannot do otherwise than ask permission to express my sincere sympathy and condolence in the terrible and, I imagine, even to you who must have known more of his health than anyone else, this sudden affliction. The more so as I think you accompanied him once, if not more than once, in his visits to me in Wimpole Street. Of such expression of feeling towards you in this great trial you will at least find multitudes ready to join, and may find some slight consolation in the knowledge that sympathy with you will be widely felt both here and in America.

Under present circumstances I cannot expect or wish to trouble you to communicate with me. But I should be deeply interested in knowing (for my private interest in him and in what befell him) what followed the communication I made to you, whether you had attendance (professional) on the spot before my letter arrived, and what was said, or supposed, to have been the cause of the fatal result, or any details which some friend could send me.

With renewed assurance of my deep sympathy,—Believe me, yours truly, HENRY THOMPSON.

I think I must have received one of his *very last* letters, if not his last.

35 WIMPOLE STREET, W.,
Saturday afternoon, October 10, 1891.

DEAR MRS. PARNELL,—I am very glad you have written me, if the doing so, or if the reply I may be able to send you, can in any way help to mitigate any one of the numerous and infinitely painful circumstances, or their influence, rather, on your mind just now.

Such inquiries as those which suggest themselves to you are so natural that it is impossible to repress them.

One never knows exactly what might have happened in any incident of life had some other course been taken. But whatever course may be supposed, it is useless to pursue it, since only one can ever be taken in this life, namely, that one which *is* chosen by the individual in every case.

In reference to that asked by you, I feel very strongly that the sad catastrophe was by no means the outcome of any one act—or omission to act—and is far more truly indicated in that passage in yours which describes him as saying to Dr. Jowers, "had he only been able to follow my advice *during the last few months*," etc. There is the gist of the matter! I doubt whether anything would have saved him when passing through London. A blow had been struck—not so heavy—apparently a light one; but his worn-out constitution, of late fearfully overtaxed by a spirit too strong for its bodily tenement, had no power to resist, and gave way, wholly unable to make any fight for itself against the enemy. Hence what would in a fairly robust state of health have been only a temporary conflict with a mild attack of inflammation, developed into a severe form, overwhelming the vital force with great rapidity and rendering all medical aid powerless. I don't believe that any medicine, any treatment, could have enabled his weakened condition to resist successfully. He wanted no medicine to combat the complaint. He wanted physical force, increased vitality to keep the attack at bay. I have nothing to say of the prescription, except that it appears to me quite appropriate under the circumstances, and these I have learnt from the public Press. Dr. Jowers is an experienced and most capable man, and I think you may rest assured that he could scarcely have been in safer hands.

If I were to regret anything it would be that he had not found a spare half-hour to come and see me *some time ago.* Let me see then how his strength was and whether he could not be fortified a little for the wearing life he was leading. But then these are acts of prudence and foresight which very few ardent men of action ever find time to take. Nevertheless, it is then that advice is really efficient. It is in nine times out of ten sought too late; when it is indeed a matter of little consequence what prescription is written, or, indeed, who has written it, provided only that it does no mischief.

I should very much have liked to see him again at any time. After the first visit I always knew my patient, and felt much interested in him, although I never showed any reference to the fact, preferring to follow his own lead in reference to name, a matter he refers to in the letter of the 3rd inst.

By the way, you know, of course, I received that letter only on Monday morning, and lost not an instant in replying, telegraphing that I was doing so.

You ask me to return it—"*his last letter*"—as I suspected. I cannot tell you how I was valuing it, and that I intended to place it among my most treasured souvenirs, of which I have many. But I cannot refuse it to his suffering and heart-broken widow, if she desires me to return it, and will do so. It consists only of a few professional words, a patient to his doctor—nothing more, and it is addressed by yourself—as I believe. It is not here—I am writing at the club; but if you still ask me I cannot hesitate an instant, and will send it to you.

Come and see me any time you are able, by and by. I will answer any inquiries you may wish to make. I am at home (only let me know a day beforehand, if you can) every morning from 9.30 to 12—not after, except by quite special arrangement.

With sincere sympathy, believe me, dear Mrs. Parnell, yours truly, HENRY THOMPSON.

My husband was in great pain on the Monday, and seemed to feel a sudden horror that he was being held down by some strong unseen power, and asked my help—thank God, always *my* help—to fight against it. He tried to get out of bed, although he was too weak to stand, and I had to gently force him back, and cover him up, telling him how dangerous a chill would be. He said: "Hold me tight then, yourself, till I can fight those others." Then he seemed to doze for a few minutes, and when he opened his eyes again it was to ask me to lie down beside him and put my hand in his, so that he could "feel" I was there. I did so, and he lay still, quite happy again, and spoke of the "sunny land" where we would go as soon as he was better. "We will be so happy, Queenie; there are so many things happier than politics."

He did not sleep that night, and the next morning (Tuesday) he was very feverish, with a bright colour on his usually white face. I wanted to send the dogs from the room, because I feared they would disturb him, but he opened his eyes and said: "Not Grouse; let old Grouse stay, I like him there."

His doctor said that for a day or two we could not look for much improvement. After his medicine that afternoon he lay quietly with his eyes closed, just smiling if I touched him. The doctor came in again, but there was no change, and he left promising to call early the next morning. During the evening my husband seemed to doze, and, listening intently, I heard him mutter " the Conservative Party."

Late in the evening he suddenly opened his eyes and said: " Kiss me, sweet Wifie, and I will try to sleep a little." I lay down by his side, and kissed the burning lips he pressed to mine for the last time. The fire of them, fierce beyond any I had ever felt, even in his most loving moods, startled me, and as I slipped my hand from under his head he gave a little sigh and became unconscious. The doctor came at once, but no remedies prevailed against this sudden failure of the heart's action, and my husband died without regaining consciousness, before his last kiss was cold on my lips.

There is little more to add. All that last night I sat by my husband watching and listening for the look and the word he would never give me again. All that night I whispered to him to speak to me, and I fancied that he moved, and that the fools who said he was dead did not really know. He had never failed to answer my every look and word before. His face was so peaceful; so well, all the tiredness had gone from it now. I would not open the door because I feared to disturb him—he had always liked us to be alone. And the rain and the wind swept about the house as though the whole world shared my desolation.

He did not make any " dying speech," or refer in any way at the last to his " Colleagues and the Irish people," as was at the time erroneously reported. I was too broken then and too indifferent to what any sensation-lovers put about to contradict this story, but, as I am now giving to the world the absolutely true account of the Parnell whom I knew and loved, I am able to state that he was incapable of an affectation so complete. The last words Parnell spoke were given to the wife who had never failed him, to the love that was stronger than death—" Kiss me, sweet Wifie, and I will try to sleep a little."

THE END

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